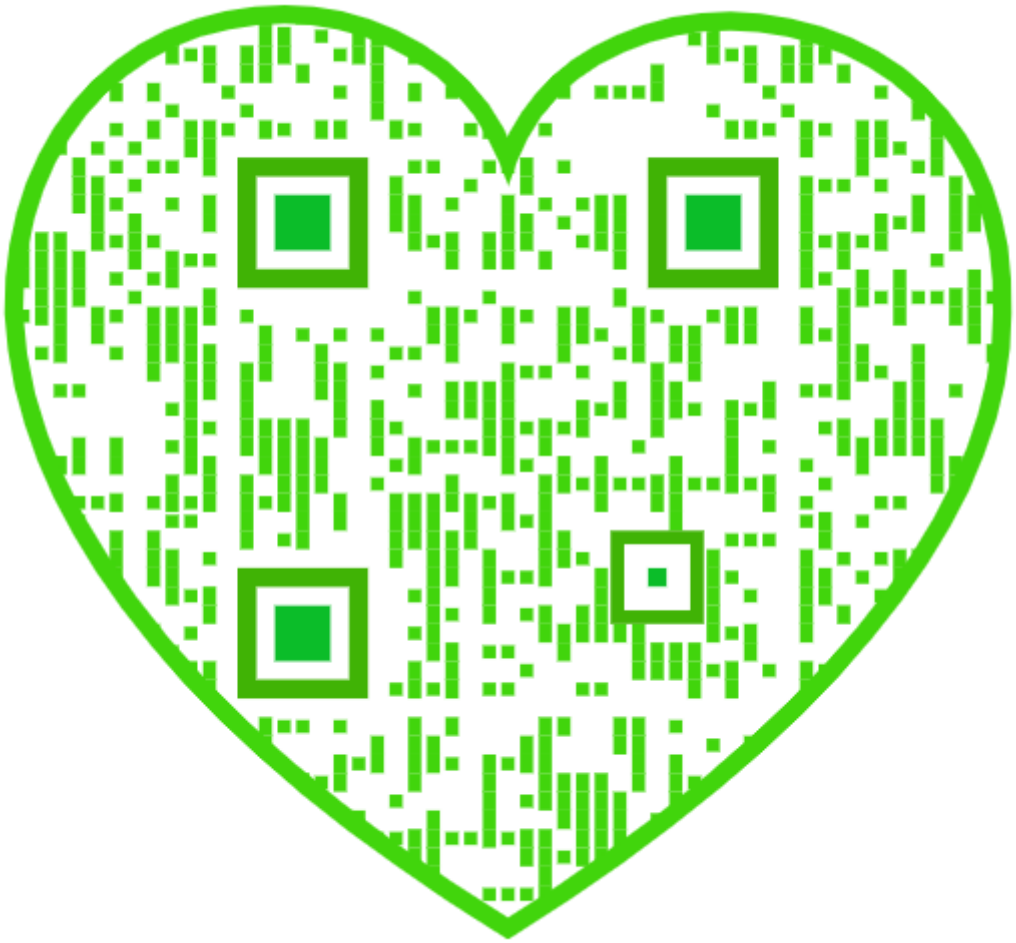

THE

SIXTH READER:

FOR THE

USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY

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AND

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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2. The selections are entirely free from sentiments of a *political* or *sectarian* character. There is not a line which may not be read without offense in any school, North or South, or by persons of any religious denomination.

3. The selections are unsurpassed in *excellence* and in *variety.* Every section of the country and all departments of English literature have been fairly represented, while foreign literature, ancient and modern, has not been overlooked.

4. The text (outside of the Exercises in Elocution) has not been disfigured by elocutionary marks and directions, which, when they are not entirely disregarded, too often serve only to bewilder the reader.

5. The Lessons in Elocution are not placed at the *beginning,* but are scattered over the book so as to tempt the learner to read them, and to make it more difficult for the Teacher to "skip" them.

6. The Rules and general directions for reading are at once simple, brief, comprehensive, and practical.

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TO TEACHERS.

We venture to express the hope that this closing volume of Newell & Creery's Series of Readers will deserve and receive the same kind reception which has been accorded to its predecessors. While, owing to difficulties inseparable from a new enterprise, the books are not free from blemishes, (which the publishers hope to remove in a subsequent edition,) yet we honestly believe that, when tried by a practical test in the school-room, they will be found at least equal to any reading books now in use. Every lesson has been written, or selected, with reference to the classes and the teachers that will probably use it, and with an experience of more than a quarter of a century with similar classes and teachers as a guide.

It is firmly believed that the methods of instruction suggested will be productive of the best results; but it must be acknowledged that, if a scholar becomes a good reader, the credit is due rather to the *teacher* than to the *book*. All that the book can do is to furnish good selections and some useful hints—the rest must be done by the teacher. No system of notation, however elaborate, can describe exactly how a passage should be read. For this reason the lessons have not been *marked*, except in a few instances, and in the short exercises. Enough has been done, however, to indicate how the teacher may mark a lesson so as to indicate the mode of reading, and it will be a very useful exercise to cause the scholars to copy a lesson and mark it, so as to show how they would read it.

In order to make the best use, or, indeed, any good use of this book, the Teacher should make a study of every lesson, in order to ascertain the general character of the piece, the style of reading that suits it, and the special point that should be enforced in that lesson. Although a great many important principles may be illustrated in every lesson, yet for the purpose

of concentrating the attention of the class, it will be found profitable to make some one principle prominent in one lesson. Articulation, pauses, emphasis, inflections, will thus be brought successively and forcibly to the attention of the scholars.

In like manner different styles of reading will be cultivated through the medium of selections adapted to that end. Avoiding the use of technical terms, it may be said in general that the following characteristic styles deserve special notice: "the simple and serious;" "the simple and lively;" "the simple and emotional;" "the elevated and unimpassioned:" "the elevated and impassioned;" "the humorous." The "elevated and impassioned" may be subdivided into the "argumentative," the "declamatory," and the "dramatic." Though a passage of moderate length may exhibit specimens of several of these styles, yet, ordinarily, one prevails and gives the tone to the reading.

It cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of both Teachers and Scholars, that all the rules and other aids which we employ must be kept subordinate to that which is the great aim of all reading, namely, to give the sense of what we read. To make reading a vehicle for the display of personal attractions, or of acquired graces of voice and gesture, is to degrade it from a highly intellectual operation to the level of a mechanical exhibition. Pleasant manners, graceful gestures, and a cultivated voice are very important auxiliaries, but they are only auxiliaries; *mind* is the principal thing.

When we show that we understand, and feel, and appreciate what we read, and when our reading enables those who listen to us to understand, feel and appreciate it, then we may truly be said to read well. It is the subject, and not the performer, that should be uppermost in the thoughts both of the audience and the reader. A lady may be sure she is dressed in the very best taste when no one notices how she is dressed. And it would be the very highest compliment that could be paid to a reader to be told, "I am not able to criticise your reading—I was thinking only of the subject." Of one thing the young reader may be sure: if he is thinking more of *how* he is reading than of *what* he is reading, he cannot achieve the highest success.

These remarks must not be understood as holding out any inducements to carelessness. Carelessness can produce no good results. Good reading is

an art; it requires care, study, and constant practice; and these must be continued until the sense of effort is lost, and habit becomes a second nature.

> "True ease in *reading* comes from art, not chance,
> As those move easiest who have learned to dance."

There is a strong temptation on the part of some even of the most successful teachers to attach too much importance to the cultivation of the voice; and this is sometimes carried to such an extent that a "Reading" is practised like a song, by constant iteration, until the proper notes are secured. With a few of the best voices, this generally results in a very excellent performance; but it is hardly worth the trouble that it costs. The power to comprehend at a glance the meaning of an author, to analyze the intricacies of a sentence, to catch instinctively the most prominent ideas and render them with due significance, is of infinitely more value than the ability to declaim or recite a few sensational paragraphs after weeks of practice.

This is not the place to enlarge upon "grammatical analysis." It is sufficient to say that a thorough knowledge, theoretical and practical, of the structure of a sentence is essential to all who aspire, in reading, to do more than repeat, machine-like, the intonations of another. It will not of itself make a *reader*, but no one can be a reader worthy of the name without it; and the power which it confers is not one to be used only on those rare occasions when one is called on to read in public, but is of constant service to us whenever we speak, or listen, or read in silence.

The advantage of mutual criticism, in class recitations, has been urged in the earlier numbers of this Series; but its utility increases as the class advances. The following method of class criticism is presented to the consideration of teachers.

Before calling on a scholar to read, the teacher assigns one topic of criticism to each of the other members of the class, until the topics are exhausted. When the reading is finished, the critics proceed in order as they have been named; when the criticisms are concluded, the other members of the class are called on for additional remarks; and, finally, the teacher reviews the whole.

The following, among other topics, may be assigned: The General Conception of the passage; Articulation; Time; Emphasis; Inflections; Pitch and Force; Quality; Variety.

The *General Conception.* Should the reading be simple, or elevated? impassioned, or unimpassioned? grave, or lively? serious, or humorous?

Articulation. Were any first syllables curtailed? Any final syllables obscured? Any short, final syllables made too long? Any unaccented middle vowels changed? Any consonants unsounded, or slurred? Any words joined together that should be separated? Any words separated that should be joined?

Time. Was the absolute time right? If not, was the error in the time spent *on* the words, or *between* the words? Were the pauses properly proportioned to the closeness of the connection between the clauses?

Emphasis. Were the right words made emphatic? Was the emphasis of the right kind? Were there too many emphatic words? Was there a *jerk* on the important words? Were there any unimportant words made prominent? Was the emphasis required by the sense, or introduced as an ornament? Was there a proper use of *phrase* emphasis, as well as of word emphasis?

Inflections. Were they made according to rule? If not, was there a good reason for breaking the rule? Did the voice slide smoothly up or down the inflected phrase, or was the inflection confined to the last word? Was the rising circumflex used instead of the rising inflection? Was a sudden fall of pitch used instead of the falling inflection?

Pitch and Force. Was the voice pitched too high or too low? Was the pitch raised where the force only should have been changed? In lowering the pitch was the force unnecessarily diminished? Was the last phrase of a sentence the weakest as well as the lowest? Was the proper use made of low pitch for the sake of emphasis? Was the monotone properly used?

Quality. Did the quality of the voice indicate correctly the nature of the emotions expressed? Was there any unnatural intonation? Any straining after effect? Did the reader read as he would have spoken under similar circumstances? Had he one voice for speaking and another for reading?

Variety. Was there a proper variety observed in time, inflections, pitch, force, and quality? Was there a regular recurrence of a certain tone at certain intervals, wearisome to the ear? Did every sentence begin exactly alike, and end on the same key by a sudden dropping of the voice?

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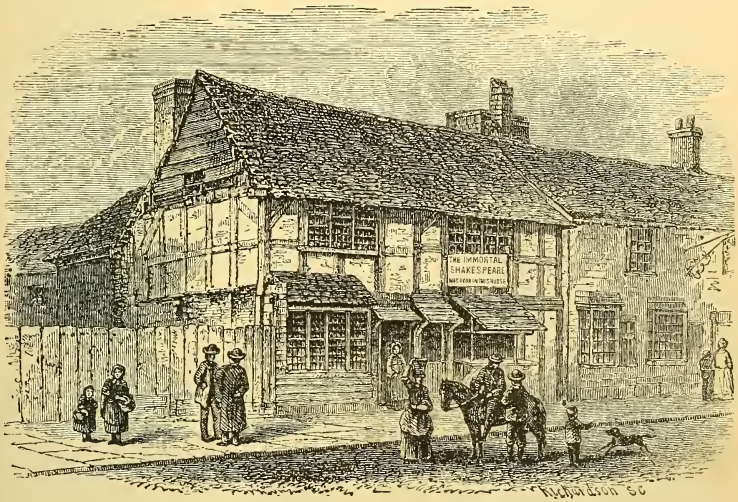
THE SIXTH READER.



I.—BIRTH-PLACE AND TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE.

1. I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offsprings in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple, but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

2. The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty

cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakespeare shot the deer, on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh. the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb!

3. The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakespeare's chair. It stands in the chimney nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England.

4. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say, I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me, that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of the devotees, that the chair had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

5. From the birth-place of Shakespeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired: the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom.

6. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up

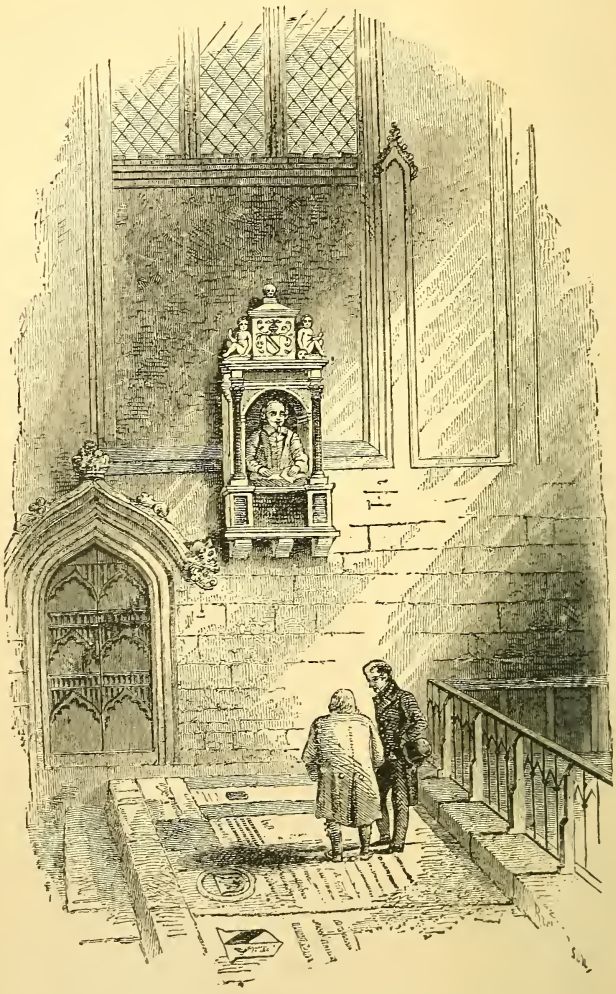
from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire.

7. In the course of my rambles I met with the gray-headed sexton, Edmonds, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage, looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows; and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort, which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low white-washed room, with a stone floor carefully scrubbed, served for parlor, kitchen and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser.

8. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family Bible and prayer book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thumbed volumes. An ancient clock, that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room, with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other. The fireplace, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip knot within its jambs.

9. In one corner sat the old man's granddaughter sewing, a pretty blue-eyed girl, and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony, whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who, I found, had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighboring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet "bosom scenes" of life that they are to be met with.

10. We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and



embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons and banners dropping piece-meal from the walls. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed

windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur.

11. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave, which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here;
> Blessed be he that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.

12. Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakespeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead, and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world: for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor.

13. The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since also, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakespeare.

14. Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a

full-length effigy of his old friend, John Combe, of usurious memory, on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare. His idea pervades the place; the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence: other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty.

15. As I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of Shakespeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the churchyard, I plucked a branch from one of the yew-trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

II.—THE ECHOES.

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear: how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle: answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

III.—ELOCUTION. 1.

The art of reading may be regarded as comprised in three distinct steps: mechanical reading, logical reading, and expressive reading. By mechanical reading we mean the correct naming of the words. By logical reading we mean the proper combination of words into phrases, clauses and sentences, with due attention to pauses, emphasis and inflection. By expressive reading we add to what is required by mechanical and logical reading such modulations of the voice as are pleasing to a cultivated ear, and at the same time give the natural expression to the emotions excited by the subject. Mechanical reading has regard principally to *sound;* logical reading to *sense:* and expressive reading to *taste* and *feeling.*

MECHANICAL READING.

This is the basis of all good reading, and deserves more attention than it usually receives. To pronounce all the words, or even all the ordinary words of our language, with proper accent, pure vowel sounds and distinct articulation, in a manner free from provincialisms, carelessness or pedantry, is a feat which very few are able to perform. But though perfection is almost unattainable, a reasonable amount of excellence may be secured by all young persons who are willing to give their attention to the subject. We say all *young persons*, for after the ear has been accustomed to certain tones, and the organs of speech have lost their flexibility, it is almost impossible to effect a change in the ordinary habits of speaking. An Irishman, a Scotchman, or a German, however well trained his voice may be, always betrays his nationality by his intonations. It is not safe, however, to pronounce that all tones and methods of utterance, to which we are unaccustomed, are improper.

Every country, or well marked geographical subdivision of a country, has its own provincialism of pronunciation, of which the inhabitants themselves are profoundly unconscious, while they have a keen perception of what they consider the peculiarities of their neighbors. That to which our ears have been accustomed from infancy becomes to us the standard of what is right, and we regard all variations from it as unwarranted, and sometimes even ridiculous. He who has traveled much, and has associated with persons of edu-

cation and refinement, will be most apt to be free from unpleasant provincialisms himself, and will be, at the same time, most tolerant of local peculiarities in the conversation of others.

When a person is young, the ear is sensitive, and the vocal organs are flexible; and, by the help of a good teacher, he can easily acquire a good pronunciation. A good pronunciation includes correct accentuation, pure and clear utterance of the vowel sounds, and distinct articulation.

Accentuation implies the dividing of words into syllables, and placing the stress of the voice on the proper syllable. It can be learned from the dictionary.

To acquire a good utterance of the vowel sounds, the reader is advised to practise on the following examples, in a loud voice, dwelling on the sounds of the long vowels.

1. *Long*—Bar, car, far, par, tar, father, rather, haunt, heart, guard, laugh, aunt, hearken, staunch, hearth.

   Short—Bat, fat, hat, rat, ask, blast, grant, china, comma, extra, sofa, America, mamma, mica, pica, quota, senna, soda, mortal, bridal, verbal, infant, dormant, sextant, contrary.

2. *Long*—Fate, fail, gate, gauge, hate, break, steak, ace, mace, place, chamber, cambric, matron, patron, inhale, inflame.

   Short—Bondage, coinage, cottage, village, courage, tillage, steerage, contemplate, deliberate, regulate, preponderate.

3. *Long*—All, ball, call, hall, pall, tall, palter, palsy, swarthy, thwart, award, broad, bought, storm, fraud, vault, shawl.

   Short—Cot, dot, plot, yacht, what, squat, swan, quash, soft, quarry, wander, yonder, jocund, comic, ponder, squander.

4. *Long*—Me, see, tree, beam, scream, seize, field, grieve, greasy, police, caprice, machine, conceive.

   Short—Recant, sedate, behave, debate, decamp, relate, relieve, believe, secede, behest, prevent, precede, receive, deceive, select,

5. *Long*—Bare, care, fare, lair, pair, stair, there, where, forbear, compare, impair, apparent, daring, careful.

   Short—Met, set, debt, mend, tend, send, mess, spell, fence, rent, meant, abet, cadet, tepid, tenet.

5. *Unaccented*—Camel, channel, cruel, fuel, barrel, gospel, libel, minstrel, calomel, citadel, anthem, emblem, diadem, poem, children, hundred, added, moment, guarded, essence.

6. *Short*—Bit, fit, sit, wit, skill, still, build, myth, fertile, reptile, servile, dactyl, mercantile, volatile, genuine, engine, famine, masculine, medicine, adamantine, juvenile, puerile.

7. *Long*—Note, rote, boat, coat, rode, roar, force, sore, coarse, hoarse, gross, prose, opponent, condolence.

Short—Molest, protest, promote, provide, procure, pronounced, profound, promote, protect, society, desolate, memory, arrogant, immolate, frivolous, retrograde, fellow, yellow, pillow.

8. *Long*—Cool, pool, fool, root, spool, brute, prude, rule, truce, plural.

Short—Bull, full, pull, wolf, could, bushel, pulpit, cushion.

9. *Long*—Cube, duke, mute, tube, tune, duty, music, stupid, tulip, tumult, demure, deduce, exude, compute.

Short—Deluge, fortune, globule, refuge, tribute, volume, emulate, regular, particular, manuscript, accurate, singular, natural, perpetuate, argument, document, fraudulent, voluptuous.

10. *Short*—Tub, but, nut, bluff, stuff, discomfit, abrupt, come, done, effrontery, doth, dost, front, compass, covet, thorough, cur, blur, curd, curl, furl, spur, stur, myrrh, surge, pearl, dearth, absurd, incur, murder, myrtle, wisdom, seldom.

11. *Long*—Ice, mice, slice, bide, stripe, blight, fright, cries, scythe, cypress, disguise, analyze, anodyne, proselyte, paralyze, occupies.

12. House, mouse, grouse, stout, flout, trout, round, mound, sound, mount, account, about, abound, around brown, drown, frown, town, coward, shower, towel, vowel.

13. Coil, foil, soil, spoil, joint, point, broider, loiter, parboil, turmoil, anoint, appoint, recoil, rejoice, oyster, voyage.

14. *Obscure*—Cedar, sister, nadir, honor, murmur, zephyr.

[For some additional remarks on these vowel sounds, see next lesson on Elocution, page 43.]

IV.—BOOKS AS SOURCES OF SELF-CULTIVATION.

1. The power of embodying and perpetuating thoughts and feelings in visible signs is assuredly one of man's most precious ornaments. By means of it, those who are now living are enabled to conjure into their presence the ancient world, as well as the most distant scenes and events of the present day, and to enjoy friendly converse with the great and wise men of every age. They may resuscitate into renewed life within themselves the wisest, the best, and the most noble thoughts and feelings which ever adorned the human mind. They have the whole treasure of the world's experience at their own disposal, and they may still follow the mightiest souls to the height of scientific, intellectual and moral pre-eminence, of which, without them, the world might never have had an idea.

2. Reading, however, is not unaccompanied with danger. Nay, in the present state of the literary world, abounding as it does with bad books, reading may be the source of irreparable evil. Accordingly, it is an essential duty for the educator to be most careful in his choice of books for the perusal of the youth under his charge. Let him not be led astray by fine-sounding names, and title pages prodigal of promises, nor by praise lavished in newspapers and reviews. On the contrary, he ought to lay it down as a rule, never to give his pupils a book to read until he has himself read it quite through, and found it, upon careful examination, to be suitable for them in an intellectual, as well as in a religious and moral point of view.

3. This is a rule from which he should never depart. There are books written intentionally for the perusal of youth, and so arranged that the poison is all kept up for the last few pages, at which stage of the work it necessarily produces the most pernicious effects, since the unwary heart of the young reader has already contracted a friendship with the author. Even supposing that the latter is in every respect worthy of confidence, as a man of principle and virtue, the teacher ought not on that account to dispense himself from the rule above mentioned. All works are not intended for all readers, and no one can judge so well as he what is fit for his pupils, and what not.

4. Besides taking this care in choosing their reading-books while they are under his immediate guidance, he should, moreover, im-

press upon them, with all the urgency of true affection, the necessity which there is that they should in after-life be guided by the opinion of a well-informed and conscientious friend, and neither read nor purchase a book of which he disapproves. Common prudence demands it. A library, or a booksellers's shop, is like a market, stocked not only with good articles of food, but also with such as are unwholesome and poisonous. In such a market-place no rational being would content himself with whatever came under his hand first, and greedily devour it; but he would, on the contrary, be very cautious in his purchases, in order not to buy a useless or dangerous article.

5. Among the other maladies to which human nature is subject, there is one which may be termed a *reading mania.* Excess in reading is injurious in many respects. Among other writings which are not suited for the perusal of the young, those should be named which are calculated to distract their thoughts from serious occupations, and awaken in their hearts an excessive tenderness of feeling. Even supposing the contents of such works are in themselves of an edifying nature, they are very apt to give rise to a passion for reading; and then the taste, once corrupted and accustomed to a false beauty and sweetness of style, feels disgust for wholesome nourishment, and seeks for food in silly and dangerous novels and romances.

6. Whoever labors under an inordinate desire of reading, and who, accordingly, reads without distinction every book which he can procure, will unavoidably come, sooner or later, upon bad and dangerous books. The hurried and superficial manner in which he reads is also hurtful to the mental powers. They are thereby overloaded with food, and like the body, under similar circumstances, become languid and unhealthy. "Not many things, but much:' such was a maxim of the ancients on this subject.

7. Read not many books, but read one book well. It matters not how much or little is read, but what *is* read should be read with a constant application of the mind. It is far better and far more profitable for the reader to study one book, so as to comprehend it thoroughly, and to see and feel the spirit and tendency of the writer, than to peruse a great number of books in such a manner as to touch only the surface.

8. This inordinate desire of reading being one of the principal distempers of the present age, the teacher should accustom his pupils

to read all his books slowly and with reflection, so as to be able to follow the whole train of thought, and to retain in their memory at least the more important points and divisions of the subject. In order to do this he should strongly advise them not to content themselves with one perusal of a book.

9. In perusing a work for the first time the reader is too little acquainted with the author's turn of thought, and his peculiarities of character or style. He is as a traveler passing through a foreign country for the first time. The multitude and variety of new impressions he receives are apt to form only a dim and confused mass in the mind. This, however, is not the case at a second or third perusal of the same book.

10. He has already contracted an acquaintance with the author; he knows his spirit and his manner of expressing himself; many things, which were at first dark and unintelligible, are now plain; many which before escaped his notice altogether, now start up before him; what was clear at first becomes now more so, and is more deeply impressed upon the memory. When there is question of works of more than ordinary importance, the trouble of a third, or even more frequent perusal, is always amply repaid.

STAPF.

V.—THE BIBLE.

1. THERE is a book, the treasure of a nation which has now become the fable and the reproach of the world, though in former days the star of the East, to whose pages all the great poets of the Western world have gone to drink in divine inspiration, and from which they have learned the secret of elevating our hearts and transporting our souls with superhuman and mysterious harmonies. This book is the Bible—The book of books. In it Dante saw his terrific visions; from it Petrarch learned to modulate the voice of his complainings; from that burning forge the poet of Sorrentum drew for the splendid brightness of his songs.

2. In the Bible are written the annals of heaven, of earth, and of the human race. In it, as in the Divinity itself, is contained that which was, which is, and which is to come. In its first page is recorded the beginning of time and of all things—in its last, the

end of all things, and of time. It begins with Genesis, which is an idyl; it finishes with the Apocalypse of St. John, which is a funeral hymn.

3. Genesis is beautiful as the first breeze which refreshed the world, as the first flower which budded forth in the fields, as the first tender word which humanity pronounced, as the first sun that rose in the East. The Apocalypse is sad, like the last throb of nature, like the last ray of light, like the last glance of the dying; and between that funeral hymn and that idyl we behold all generations pass, one after another, before the sight of God, and one after another, all nations.

4. There all catastrophes are related or predicted, and therefore immortal models for all tragedies are to be found there. There we find the narration of all human griefs, and therefore the Biblical harps resound mournfully, giving the tone to all lamentations and to all elegies. Who will again moan like Job, when driven to the earth by the mighty hand that afflicted him, he fills with his groanings and waters with his tears the valleys of Idumea?

5. Who will again lament as Jeremiah lamented, wandering around Jerusalem, and abandoned of God and men? Who will be mournful and gloomy, with the gloom and mournfulness of Ezekiel, the poet of great woes and tremendous punishments, when he gave to the winds his impetuous inspiration, the terror of Babylon? Who shall again sing like Moses, when, after crossing the Red Sea, he chanted the victory of Jehovah, the defeat of Pharaoh, the liberty of his people?

6. Who shall again chant a hymn of victory like that which was sung by Deborah, the sibyl of Israel, the amazon of the Hebrews, the strong woman of the Bible? And if from hymns of victory you pass to hymns of praise, what temple shall ever resound like that of Israel, when those sweet harmonious voices arose to heaven, mingled with the soft perfume of the roses of Jericho, and with the aroma of Oriental incense?

7. If you seek for models of lyric poetry, what lyre shall we find comparable to the harp of David, the friend of God, who listened to the sweet harmonies and caught the soft tones of the harps of angels? or to that of Solomon, the wisest and most fortunate of monarchs, the inspired writer of the song of songs; who put his wisdom into sentences and proverbs, and finished by pronouncing that all was vanity?

8. If you seek for models of bucolic poetry, where will you find them so fresh and so pure as in the Scriptural era of the patriarchate, when the woman and the fountain and the flower were friends, because they were all united—each one by itself the symbol of primitive simplicity and of candid innocence?

9. A prodigious book that, gentlemen, in which the human race began to read thirty-three centuries ago, and although reading it every day, every night, and every hour, have not yet finished its perusal. A prodigious book that, in which all is computed, before the science of calculation was invented; in which, without the study of the languages, we are informed of the origin of languages; in which, without astronomical studies, the revolutions of the stars are computed; in which, without historical documents, we are instructed in history; in which, without physical studies, the laws of nature are revealed.

10. A prodigious book that, which sees all and knows all; which knows the thoughts that arise in the heart of man, and those which are present to the mind of God; which views that which passes in the abysses of the sea, and that which takes place in the bosom of the earth; which relates or predicts all the catastrophes of nations, and in which are contained and heaped together all the treasures of mercy, all the treasures of justice, and all the treasures of vengeance.

11. A book, in short, gentlemen, which, when the heavens shall fold together like a gigantic scroll, and the earth shall faint away, and the sun withdraw its light, and the stars grow pale, will remain alone with God, because it is his eternal word, and shall resound eternally in the heavens.

DONOSO CORTES.

VI.—HORATIUS.

[This Lesson may be shortened for declamation by omitting stanzas 1 to 6 inclusive; also stanzas 11 to 14 inclusive; with the exception of the latter half of the second, commencing "Out spoke the consul roundly."]

FORTHWITH uprose the consul,
Uprose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spoke the consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down:
For since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The consul fix'd his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sate in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But the consul's brow was sad,
And the consul's speech was low,
And darkly look'd he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopp'd by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee!"
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man help'd the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portion'd;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now while the three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mix'd with commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Roll'd slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent
And look'd upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:

And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields and flew
To win the narrow pass.

And meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they pass'd, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turn'd their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have cross'd once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosen'd beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splash'd the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And toss'd his tawny mane;
And burst the curb and bounded,

Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rush'd headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turn'd he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank:
And when above the surges

They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place.
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sack'd the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LORD MACAULAY

VII.—BURNING OF MOSCOW.

1. The sight of the grotesque towers and venerable walls of the Kremlin first revived the Emperor's imagination, and rekindled those dreams of Oriental conquest which from his earliest years had floated in his mind. His followers, dispersed over the vast extent of the city, gazed with astonishment on the sumptuous palaces of the nobles and the gilded domes of the churches.

2. The mixture of architectural decoration and shady foliage, of Gothic magnificence and Eastern luxury, excited the admiration of the French soldiers, more susceptible than any other people of impressions of that description. Evening came on; with increasing wonder the French troops traversed the central parts of the metropolis, recently so crowded with passengers; but not a living creature was to be seen to explain the universal desolation. It seemed like a city of the dead.

3. Night approached; an unclouded moon illuminated those beautiful palaces—those vast hotels, those deserted streets; all was still—the silence of the tomb. The officers broke open the doors of some of the principal mansions in search of sleeping quarters. They found everything in perfect order; the bedrooms were fully furnished, as if guests were expected; the drawing-rooms bore the marks of having been recently inhabited; even the work of the ladies was on the tables, the keys in the wardrobes: but not an inmate was to be seen. By degrees a few of the lowest class of slaves emerged, pale and trembling, from the cellars, showed the way to the sleeping apartments, and laid open every thing which these sumptuous mansions contained; but the only account they could give was, that the inhabitants had fled, and that they alone were left in the deserted city.

4 But the terrible catastrophe soon commenced. On the night of the 13th of September, 1812, a fire broke out in the Exchange, behind the Bazaar, which soon consumed that noble edifice, and spread through a considerable part of the crowded streets in the vicinity. This, however, was but the prelude to more extended calamities.

5. At midnight on the 15th, a bright light was seen to illuminate the northern and western parts of the city; and the sentinels on duty at the Kremlin soon saw that the splendid buildings in those

quarters were in flames. The wind changed repeatedly in the night; but to whatever quarter it veered the conflagration extended itself; fresh fires were every instant seen breaking out in all directions; and Moscow soon exhibited the appearance of a sea of flame agitated by the wind. The French soldiers, drowned in sleep, or overcome by intoxication, were incapable of arresting its progress; and burning fragments, floating through the hot air, began to fall on the roofs and courts of the Kremlin. The fury of an autumnal tempest added to the horrors of the scene; it seemed as if the wrath of Heaven had combined with the vengeance of man to destroy the invaders in the city they had conquered.

6. But it was during the nights of the 18th and 19th that the conflagration attained its greatest violence. Then the whole city was wrapped in flames; and volumes of fire of various colors ascended to the heavens in many places, diffusing a prodigious light on all sides, and an intolerable heat. These masses of flame threw out a frightful hissing noise, and loud explosions, the effect of the vast stores of oil, tar, resin, spirits and other combustible materials, with which the greater part of the warehouses were filled.

7. Large pieces of canvas, unrolled from the outside of the buildings by the violence of the heat, floated on fire through the air, and sent down a flaming shower, which spread the conflagration in quarters the most remote from those where it originally commenced. The wind, previously high, was raised by the sudden rarefaction of the air, produced by the heat, to a perfect hurricane. The howling of the tempest drowned even the roar of the conflagration; the whole heavens were filled with the whirl of the masses of smoke and flame, which rose on all sides, and made midnight as bright as day; while even the bravest hearts, subdued by the sublimity of the scene, and the feeling of human impotence in the midst of such elemental strife, sank and trembled in silence.

8. The return of day did not diminish the terrors of the conflagration. An immense crowd of people, who had taken refuge in the cellars and vaults of buildings, came forth as the flames reached the dwellings; the streets were filled with multitudes flying in every direction with the most precious articles of furniture; while the French army, whose discipline this fearful event had entirely dissolved, assembled in drunken crowds, and loaded themselves with the spoils of the city. Never in modern times had such a scene

been witnessed. The men were loaded with valuable furniture and rich goods, which often took fire as they were carried along, and which they were obliged to throw down to save themselves.

9. Women had sometimes two or three children on their backs, and as many led by the hand, while, with trembling steps and piteous cries, they sought their devious way through the labyrinth of flame. Many old men, unable to walk, were drawn on hurdles, or wheelbarrows, by their children and grand-children, while their burned beards and smoking garments showed with what difficulty they had been rescued from death.

10. French soldiers, tormented by hunger and thirst, and released from all discipline by the horrors that surrounded them, not content with the booty in the streets, rushed headlong into the burning houses to ransack their cellars for wine and spirits, and beneath the ruins great numbers perished miserably, the victims of intemperance and the flames. Meanwhile the fire, fanned by the tremendous gale, advanced with frightful rapidity, devouring alike, in its course, the palaces of the great, the temples of religion, and the cottages of the poor.

11. For thirty-six hours the conflagration continued at its height, and in that time about nine-tenths of the city was destroyed. The remainder, abandoned to pillage and deserted by the inhabitants, offered no resources for the army. Moscow had been conquered, but the victors had gained only a heap of ruins.

12. Imagination cannot conceive the horrors into which the people who could not abandon their houses were plunged by this unparalleled sacrifice. Bereft of every thing, they wandered among the ruins, eagerly searching for missing relatives; the wrecks of former magnificence were ransacked equally by the licentious soldiery and the suffering natives, while numbers rushed in from the neighboring country to share in the general license.

13. The most precious furniture, splendid jewelry, East Indian and Turkish stuffs, stores of wine and brandy, gold and silver plate, rich furs, gorgeous hangings of silk and satin, were spread about in promiscuous confusion, and became the prey of the least intoxicated among the multitude. A frightful tumult succeeded to the stillness which had reigned in the city when the French troops first entered it. The cries of the pillaged inhabitants, the coarse imprecations of the soldiers, were mingled with the lamentations of

those who had lost parents, children, their all, in the conflagration. Pillage became universal; the ruins were covered with motley groups of soldiers, peasants, and marauders of all countries and aspects, seeking for the valuable articles they once contained.

ALISON.

VIII.—CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of *Death*
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke,
  Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not—
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd:
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!
  All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
  Noble Six Hundred!

TENNYSON.

IX.—SUCCESS THE REWARD OF MERIT.

1. Disappointed authors and artists often talk as if they were the victims of the world's stupidity or malice; as if men were unable or unwilling to appreciate them. Now, I know it is said that such things have been. There have been men of rare promise, but of a sensitive nature, who have been crushed by coldness and neglect, or by the hard and unfair criticism with which their first attempts were met. But this is far from being a common thing. The world likes to be amused and pleased. It is really interested in having something to praise.

2. This being so, how is it possible for a man of real merit to remain long unrecognized? Who can imagine that the great masterpieces of painting, or the great poems that have come down to us from the past, could have failed to excite the admiration of men? In fact, human judgment, when you take its suffrages over wide tracts and through the lapse of ages, is infallible. In a particular place it may warped by passion; in a particular time it may conform to an artificial standard; but give it time and room, and it is sure with unerring accuracy to detect the true.

3. It is as far as possible, then, from being the case that celebrated authors or celebrated artists have become great by accident. There may have been favorable circumstances. There were undoubtedly great gifts of nature; but there was also deep study and painful, persevering toil. I have been told that the manuscripts of a distinguished English poet show so many erasures that scarcely a line remains unaltered. The great cathedrals of Europe were the fruit of life-long labor. And these are but instances of a general rule

4. We go into the workshops in which some of the beautiful articles of merchandise are manufactured, and we see a great fire and hear the clank of machinery, and men are hurrying to and fro stained with dust and sweat. Now something like this has been going on to give birth to these beautiful creations in letters and arts which have delighted the world. There has been a great fire in the furnace of the brain, and each faculty of the mind has toiled to do its part, and there have been many blows with the pen, the pencil, or chisel, until the beautiful conception is complete. Such men are successful, because they deserve it. The approbation of the world did not create their success, it only recognized it.

Rev. F. S. Baker.

X.—ELOCUTION. 2.

MECHANICAL READING.

VOWEL SOUNDS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.

A careful examination of the vowel sounds on pages 24 and 25 will enable the student to make the following

OBSERVATIONS:

1. The long sounds differ from the short in time only and not in quality. For example, if the sound of *o* in *cot* is prolonged, it becomes *a* as in *call;* and if the sound of *a* in *pall* is shortened, it gives the sound of *o* in *pot.* This is a different use of the terms *long* and *short* from that found in Dictionaries. Ordinarily, the vowel sounds in *mate, mete, mite, mote, mute,* are called *long*; and those in *nat, net, nit, not, nut,* are considered as the corresponding *short* sounds; but we have thought it better to use the words *long* and *short* to denote a difference of time only.

2. All the long sounds are not of equal length; nor all short sounds of equal shortness. The *a* in *bar* is longer than the *i* in *mite;* and the *o* in *not* is shorter than the *o* in *nod.*

3. The letter *r* modifies the vowel sound before it. Generally speaking, it only lengthens it, as in *far, more, cur;* but sometimes it changes the sound as in *prayer,* and frequently obscures it in final syllables as in *honor, bitter, sulphur.*

4. The presence or absence of the accent makes a difference in the quantity, but not in the quality of a vowel sound. The sound of *o* in *convent* is exactly the same in quality as that of *o* in *confess,* but there is a great difference in time. The *o* in *molest* has the same sound as the *o* in *mote,* but the time is different. It is just such a difference as there is between sounding a whole note and a quarter note of the same pitch on the violin.

5. *A,* followed by *f, n,* or *s,* has sometimes a sound intermediate between *far* and *fat,* as in *raft, rant, ask.* But as some authors mark it in the one class, and some in the other, and as it is impossible for those who regard it as an intermediate sound to define it precisely, it has been thought best not to complicate the notation by assigning it a special place.

6. A sharp final consonant has a tendency to shorten, and a flat has a tendency to lengthen, the preceding vowel; as *bat, bad; sop, sob; but, bud.*

7. The nasal consonant *ng* modifies the preceding vowel, as *sang, sing, song, sung.*

EXERCISE FOR PRACTICE ON CONSONANT SOUNDS.

COGNATE CONSONANT SOUNDS.

The first of each pair of lines contains the *sharp*, or *surd* sound; the second contains the *flat* or *sonant* sound. The difference between *sharps* and *flats* will be best observed by reading in pairs, first the sharp and then the corresponding flat.

15. P—pan, pin, pall, par; rip, sop, cup, cap.
16. B—ban, bin, ball, bar; rib, rob, cub, cab.

17. F—fain, fear, fine, file; half, rough, laugh, staff.
18. V—vain, veer, vine, vile; halve, rove, lave, stave.

19. Th (sh'p) thin, thigh, thought; cloth, breath, saith, myth.
20. Th (flat) thine, thy, though; clothe, breathe, beneath, with.

21. T—tan, ten, tin, tun; mat, net, not, lit, right, brute.
22. D—Dan, den, din, dun; mad, Ned, nod, lid, ride, brewed.

23. K—Kate, could, cane, cash; brick, flock, hack, stack, duck.
24. G—gate, good, gain, gash; brig, flog, hag, stag, dug.

25. S—seal, sink, mis-sent; rice, spice, grace, loose, profuse.
26. Z—zeal, zinc, resent; rise, spies, graze, lose, refuse.

27. Sh (sh'p) shine, assure, emotion, emission, completion, pressure.
28. Sh (flat) azure, explosion, decision, adhesion, pleasure.

29. Ch—chest, choke, check, churn; ketch, marching, wretch
30. J—jest, joke, jack, adjourn, kedge, margin, ledge.

LIQUIDS.

31. L—let, learn, loud, like; fall, bell, file, fowl.
32. M—Man, men, mine, more, muse; rhyme, roam, psalm.
33. N—No, new, nice, news; mine, roan, cane, renown
34. R—(smooth) bar, far, war, bare, soar, hire, mere.
35. R—(trilled) ring, rise, rend, round, rang, rasp, wretch.

UNCLASSIFIED CONSONANT SOUNDS.

36. H—hand, heart, hang, house, hence, hind, hoist, hew.
37. Y—yet, you, use, yes, yon, year, young, yam.
38. W—wet, woo, won, wine, wan, wear. was, win.
39. Wh—why, when, where, whence, while, whilst, whine.
40. Ng—sang, bring, wrong, hung, thinking, reading, spelling.

XI.—SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

1. It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre, to an extent hitherto unknown, even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in palace of the victor were extinguished.

2. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drop on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard but the last sob of some weary wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

3. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre a band of gladiators were crowded together—their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingering upon their brows—when Spartacus, rising in the midst of that grim assemblage, thus addressed them:

4. "Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and yet never has lowered his arm. And if there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him step forth and say it. If there be three in all your throng dare face me on the bloody sand, let them come on!

5. "Yet, I was not always thus, a hired butcher, a savage chief of savage men. My father was a reverent man, who feared great Jupiter, and brought to the rural deities his offerings of fruits and flowers. He dwelt among the vine-clad rocks and olive groves at the foot of Helicon. My early life ran quiet as the brook by which I sported. I was taught to prune the vine, to tend the flock; and then, at noon, I gathered my sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute. I had a friend, the son of our neighbor; we led our flocks to the same pasture, and shared together our rustic meal.

6. "One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle that shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an

old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war meant; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why; and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my brow, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

7. "That very night the Romans landed on our shore, and the clash of steel was heard within our quiet vale. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the iron hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling.

8. "To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! it was my friend! He knew me—smiled faintly—gasped, and died. The same sweet smile that I had marked upon his face when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph.

9. "I told the Prætor he was my friend, noble and brave, and I begged his body, that I might burn it upon the funeral-pile, and mourn over it. Ay, on my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that boon, while all the Roman maids and matrons, and those holy virgins they call vestals, and the rabble, shouted in mockery, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale, and tremble like a child, before that piece of bleeding clay; but the Prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said,

10. "'Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans!' And he, deprived of funeral rites, must wander a helpless ghost, beside the waters of that sluggish river, and look, and look, and look in vain to the bright Elysian fields where dwell his ancestors and noble kindred. And so must you, and so must I, die like dogs!

11. "O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher sound than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through rugged brass and plaited mail, and warm it in the marrow of his foe! to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a smooth-cheeked boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back till thy yel-

low Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

12. "Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! the strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet odors from his curly locks, shall come, and with his lily fingers pat your brawny shoulders, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted meat; but to-morow he shall break his fast upon your flesh; and ye shall be a dainty meal for him!

13. "If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife; if ye are men, follow me! strike down yon sentinel, and gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like base-born slaves, beneath your master's lash! O! comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle."

I SEE before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him: he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!—BYRON.

XII.—THANATOPSIS.

To HIM who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form is laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,

Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead there reign alone.
So shalt thou rest: and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.
So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. Bryant.

XIII.—THE FATE OF ANDRÉ.

1. Never, perhaps, did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took, after capture, was to write a letter to General Washington, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous or interested purposes; asserting that he had been involuntarily an impostor; that, contrary to his intention, which was to meet a person for intelligence on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise; soliciting only, that, to whatever rigor policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed, due to a person who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable.

2. His request was granted in its fullest extent; for, in the whole progress of the affair, he was treated with the most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the Board of Officers, he met with every mark of indulgence, and was required to answer no interrogatory which could even embarrass his feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed everything that might involve others, he frankly confessed all the facts relating to himself; and, upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the board made their report. The members of it were not more impressed with the candor and firmness, mixed with a becoming sensibility, which he displayed, than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness.

3. He acknowledged the generosity of the behavior towards him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of

manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman who visited him after his trial, he said he flattered himself he had never been illiberal; but if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them. In one of the visits I made to him (and I saw him several times during his confinement), he begged me to be the bearer of a request to the general, for permission to send an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton.

4. "I foresee my fate," said he, "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me. There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness. I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well, to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or that others should reproach him, on the supposition of my having conceived myself obliged, by his instructions, to run the risk I did. I would not for the world, leave a sting in his mind that should imbitter his future days."

5. He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears in spite of his efforts to suppress them; and with difficulty collected himself enough afterwards to add: "I wish to be permitted to assure him, I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclination as to his orders." His request was readily complied with.

6. When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that since it was his lot to die, there was still a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference in his feelings; and he would be happy, if possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application, by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought this indulgence, being incompatible with the customs of war, could not be granted; and it was therefore determined, in both cases, to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

7. In going to the place of execution, he bowed familiarly, as he went along, to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked, with some emotion "Must I then die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the

mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added: "It will be but a momentary pang;" and springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself, with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had anything to say, he answered, "Nothing, but to request you will witness to the world, that I die like a brave man." Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies, he died universally esteemed and universally regretted.

8. There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of André. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. 'Tis said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments; which left you to suppose more than appeared.

9. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem: they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was pleasing; his address easy, polite and insinuating. By his merit he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project, the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

10. The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity; the clouds that surround him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that, in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy, and are more disposed, by compassion, to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

11. I speak not of André's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices

of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary, is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit André; while we could not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame that he once intended to prostitute a flag: about this a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great; let his misfortunes cast a veil over his errors.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

XIV.—THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through Heaven,
The spirits of the Seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And winter, with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild, touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.
'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,

And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man; and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shot resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day; and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! What power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity. On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wing at nightfall, and sinks down

To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion.
Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bold and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; and empire's rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down, like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and glorious blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time, the tomb builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he had wrought.

G. D PRENTICE.

XV.—STUDIES.

1. STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of, particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

2. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are per-

fected by experience; for natural abilities require study, as natural plants need pruning; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

3. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for studies teach not their own use—this wise men learn by observation. Read not to contradict and refute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to fine talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

4. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in part; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters—flashy things.

5. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

6. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; *natural* philosophy, deep; *moral*, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

BACON.

XVI.—THE FIRE-WORSHIPERS.

BUT see—he starts—what heard he then?
That dreadful shout! across the glen
From the land side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things that haunt that dell,
Its ghouls and dives, and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!
"They come—the Moslems come!"—he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his eyes:

"Now, spirits of the brave, who roam
Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!"
He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound
To their young loves, re-climb'd the steep
And gain'd the shrine—his chiefs stood round—
Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accurst,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.
And hark! again, again it rings;
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasm. Oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,
With their swords grasped, their eyes of flame
Turn'd on their chief—could doubt the shame,
Th' indignant shame with which they thrill
To hear those shouts, and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—
"What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die tamely—die alone?
Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No—God of Iran's burning skies!
Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.
No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder when their slaves
Tell of the Ghebers' bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"

MOORE.

XVII.—ELOCUTION. 3.

EXERCISE FOR PRACTICE ON COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANTS.

1. P combines with the sharps, t, s, th, sh;—wept, crept, slept, cropt; copse, hops, slops; depth; caption.

B combines with the flats, d, z;—webb'd, ribb'd, orb'd, sobb'd; robs; ribs, sobs, rubs.

The student will readily perceive on making the trial that P cannot combine with any flat consonant, nor B with any sharp consonant. The rule holds good universally: sharps combine with sharps only, and flats with flats.

2. F combines with the sharps, t, s, th;—aft, oft, sift, reft; laughs, quaffs; fifth; twelfth.

V combines with the flats, d, z;—braved, liv'd, halv'd, resolv'd, halves, braves, lives, roves, staves.

3. K combines with the sharps, t, s, sh;—compact, select, concoct, rock'd, brook'd, sulk'd; sex, six, socks; suction, action, friction.

G combines with the flats, d, z;—bagg'd, rigg'd, flogg'd, hugg'd, rags, brigs, frogs, slugs, eggs.

4. T combines with the sharps, s, ch;—rats, writs, rots, wretch.

D combines with the flats, z, j;—adz, rods, rides, sledge, midge.

5. S combines with the sharps, p, f, k, t, th;—spell, lisp, sphere, skill, ask, brisk, flask, husk; still, stall; last, most, press'd

Z combines with d;—razed, praised, analyzed, comprised.

6. Th (sharp) combines with s, sharp;—months, breaths, healths, plinths, fifths, myths, tenths, lengths.

Th (flat) combines with z (or s flat);—breathes, sheathes, clothes, lathes, writhes, scythes, wreathes, oaths.

7. Sh sharp combines with t;—wash'd, dish'd, crush'd.

Sh (flat) combines with d;—rouged.

8. Ch (sharp) combines with t;—arch'd, stitch'd, reach'd, scorch'd.

J combines with d;—waged, bilged, bulged.

RULE I.—A sharp consonant at the end of a word should be pronounced explosively; that is, with a sharp emission of the breath.

RULE II.—D final following a sharp sound (in the same syllable) must be pronounced as t, for a sharp and a flat sound cannot be combined.

EXAMPLES.

1. EXPLODE THE FINAL CONSONANTS; sharp, help, scalp, encamp, ingulf, myself, stuck, thick, bolt, dolt, wilt, quilt, insult, complete, debate, stealth, mirth, dearth, death, crash, crush, church, wretch.

2. Engulf'd, laugh'd, quaff'd, oppress'd, bless'd, flock'd, stock'd, duck'd, spiced, produced, march'd, scorch'd, clutch'd, switch'd, preach'd, attack'd, rebuked, drowned, succumbed.

The liquids (*l*, *m*, *n*, *r*) combine easily with other consonant sounds, whether sharp or flat; as, bolt, bold; hemp, hems; sent, send; heart, hard

EXERCISES ON DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

1. Wat, what; witch, which; were, where; Wye, why; wile, while; wit, whit; way, whey; wet, whet; wig, whig; wen, when.

2. Shred, shrew, shriek, shrill, shrine, shrink, shrub, shrimp, shrug.

3. Beasts, priests, breasts, guests, posts, costs, lasts, busts, rusts, coasts, trusts, consists, hearths, breaths, earths, fifths, twelfths.

4. Thirst, burst, worst, first; thirsts, bursts, worsts; thrust, thrusts; ax, acts; picks, picts; ducks, ducts; sex, sects, texts.

5. Elm, (not el'm,) helm, whelm, film, elms, helms, whelms, films

6. Send, friend, sound, bound; sends, friends, sounds, bounds.

7. Sense, tent*s*; tense, tent*s*; presence, present*s*; prince, print*s*; consonance, consonant*s*; commence, comment*s*.

8. Land*s*cape, friend*s*hip, husband*m*an, gent*l*eman, gover*n*ment, soft*l*y, direct*l*y.

9. Asks, basks, risks, tusks, breadths, products, asterisks, bracts.

10. Thwack, thwart, thread, thrum, thrifty, thrice, thrown.

11. Length, strength, lengthen, strengthen, lengthened, strengthened, lengthen'dst, strengthen'dst.

12. Whelm'st, robb'st, doom'st, sent'st, sheath'st, breath'st, think'st, hurl'st, troubl'st, dazzl'st, fold'st, held'st.

13. Addedst, guidedst, commandedst, succumbedst, entreatedst, quenchedst, drownedst, provokedst, transactedst.

14. Lov'dst, griev'dst, form'dst, curb'dst, prob'dst, begg'dst.

15 The bark that held the *prince* went down.
The ship that held the *prints* went down.

16. I saw him under the *awn*ing in the *morn*ing.

17. My assist*ants* came to his assist*ance*.

18. With all his *faults*, he was not *false*.

19. He was asked to cast the last cask overboard.

20. A pillow of down, and a pillar of stone.

21. But, my dear, my idea is different.

22. Amidst the mists, with angry boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts
And still he insists he see the ghosts.

23 When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow.

It will be found a useful exercise to analyze the words in this and the preceding lessons on Elocution, by naming the elementary sounds that compose them, one by one. They may also be written by means of the numbers prefixed to the sounds in Lessons III. and X, placing a dot under the figure that denotes a short vowel.

Thus, whelm'dst is composed of the sounds marked 39, 5̣, 31, 32, 22, 25, 21; carries=23, 1̣, 34, 34, 3̣, 25.

Analyze the following words: mischievous, gentleman, fellowship, calculate, presumptuous, barrel, towel, thoughtest, circular, tolerable.

Pronounce the words indicated by the following figures: 37, 3̣, 21; 30, 8̣, 22, 6, 27, 10, 25; 4̣, 23, 38, 21, 14, 34.

XVIII.—REPUBLICS.

1. The name of Republic is inscribed upon the most imperishable monuments of the species, and it is probable that it will continue to be associated, as it has been in all past ages, with whatever is heroic in character, and sublime in genius, and elegant and brilliant in the cultivation of arts and letters. It would not be difficult to prove that the base hirelings who have so industriously inculcated a contrary doctrine, have been compelled to falsify history and abuse reason.

2. It might be asked, triumphantly, what land has ever been visited with the influences of liberty, that has not flourished like the spring? What people has ever worshiped at her altars without kindling with a loftier spirit and putting forth more noble energies? Where has she ever acted that her deeds have not been heroic? Where has she ever spoken, that her eloquence has not been triumphant and sublime?

3. With respect to ourselves, would it not be enough to say that we live under a form of government and in a state of society to which the world has never yet exhibited a parallel? Is it then nothing to be free? How many nations, in the whole annals of human kind, have proved themselves worthy of being so? Is it nothing that we are republicans?

4. Were all men as enlightened, as brave, as proud as they ought to be, would they suffer themselves to be insulted with any other title? Is it nothing, that so many independent sovereignties should be held together in such a confederacy as ours? What does history teach us of the difficulty of instituting and maintaining such a polity, and of the glory that, of consequence, ought to be given to those who enjoy its advantages in so much perfection and on so grand a scale?

5. For, can anything be more striking and sublime, than the idea of an imperial republic, spreading over an extent of territory more immense than the empire of the Cæsars, in the accumulated conquest of a thousand years—without præfects, or proconsuls, or publicans—founded in the maxims of common sense—employing within itself no arms but those of reason—and known to its subjects only by the blessings it bestows or perpetuates, yet capable of directing, against a foreign foe, all the energies of a military despotism,—a republic,

in which men are completely insignificant, and principles and laws exercise, throughout its vast dominion, a peaceful and irresistible sway, blending in one divine harmony such various habits and conflicting opinions, and mingling in our institutions the light of philosophy with all that is dazzling in the associations of heroic achievement and extended domination, and deep-seated and formidable power.

LEGARE.

XIX.—INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon.
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day:
With neck out thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as, perhaps, he mused "My plans,
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect,
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through,)
You looked twice, ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you, Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon,
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed: his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

XX.—THE QUARREL SCENE FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

Enter Cassius, Trebonius, Titinius, Pindarus.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them,—

Bru. Cassius, be content:
Speak your griefs softly—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid your commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground. [*Exeunt* Pindarus.

Bru. Metellus, do the like:— [*Exeunt* Metellus
And let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Tent of Brutus.*

Enter Cassius *and* Brutus.

Cas That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last,

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March—the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. Ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this!

Bru. [*Nearer.*] All this? ay, more!—Fret till your proud heart break.—
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble: Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth—yea, for my laughter—
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me, every way you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace: you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much on my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
No, Cassius, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not!

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—He was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman: all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar: for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
Oh, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as a flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand. [*Both embrace.*

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. Oh Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKESPEARE.

XXI.—THE VIRGINIAN GENTLEMAN.

1. FRANK MERIWETHER is now in the meridian of life; somewhere close upon forty-five. Good cheer and a good temper both tell well upon him. The first has given him a comfortable full figure, and the latter certain easy, contemplative habits, that incline him to be lazy and philosophical. He has the substantial planter look that belongs to a gentleman who lives on his estate, and is not much vexed with the crosses of life.

2. I think he prides himself on his personal appearance, for he has a handsome face, with a dark blue eye, and a high forehead that is scantily embellished with some silver-tipped locks that, I observe, he cherishes for their rarity; besides, he is growing manifestly attentive to his dress, and carries himself erect, with some secret consciousness that his person is not bad. It is pleasant to see him when he has ordered his horse for a ride into the neighborhood, or across to the court-house.

3. On such occasions, he is apt to make his appearance in a coat of blue broadcloth, astonishingly new and glossy, and with a redundant supply of plaited ruffle strutting through the folds of a Marseilles waistcoat; a worshipful finish is given to this costume by a large straw hat, lined with green silk. There is a magisterial fulness in his garments that betokens condition in the world, and a heavy bunch of seals, suspended by a chain of gold, jingles as he moves, pronouncing him a man of superfluities.

4. It is considered rather extraordinary that he has never set up for Congress; but the truth is, he is an unambitious man, and has a great dislike to currying favor—as he calls it. And, besides, he is thoroughly convinced that there will always be men enough in Virginia, willing to serve the people, and therefore does not see why he should trouble his head about it.

5. Some years ago, however, there was really an impression that he meant to come out. By some sudden whim, he took it into his head to visit Washington during the session of Congress, and returned, after a fortnight, very seriously distempered with politics. He told curious anecdotes of certain secret intrigues which had been discovered in the affairs of the capital, gave a pretty clear insight into the views of some deep-laid combinations, and became, all at once, painfully florid in his discourse, and dogmatical to a degree that made his wife stare.

6. Fortunately, this orgasm soon subsided, and Frank relapsed into an indolent gentleman of the opposition; but it had the effect to give a much more decided cast to his studies, for he forthwith discarded the Whig and took to the Enquirer, like a man who was not to be disturbed by doubts; and as it was morally impossible to believe what was written on both sides, to prevent his mind from being abused, he, from this time forward, gave an implicit assent to all the facts that set against Mr. Adams.

7. The consequence of this straightforward and confiding deportment was an unsolicited and complimentary notice of him by the executive of the state. He was put into the commission of the peace, and, having thus become a public man against his will, his opinions were observed to undergo some essential changes.

8. He now thinks that a good citizen ought neither to solicit nor decline office; that the magistracy of Virginia is the sturdiest pillar that supports the fabric of the constitution; and that the people, "though in their opinions they may be mistaken, in their sentiments they are never wrong"—with some other such dogmas, that, a few years ago, he did not hold in very good repute. In this temper, he has, of late, embarked upon the mill-pond of county affairs, and, notwithstanding his amiable and respectable republicanism, I am told he keeps the peace as if he commanded a garrison, and administers justice like a cadi.

9. He has some claim to supremacy in this last department; for, during three years of his life, he smoked cigars in a lawyer's office at Richmond; sometimes looked into Blackstone and the Revised Code; was a member of a debating society that ate oysters once a week during the winter; and wore six cravats and a pair of yellow-topped boots as a blood of the metropolis. Having in this way qualified himself for the pursuits of agriculture, he came to his estate a very model of landed gentlemen.

10. Since that time, his avocations have had a certain literary tincture; for, having settled himself down as a married man, and got rid of his superfluous foppery, he rambled with wonderful assiduity through a wilderness of romances, poems and dissertations, which are now collected in his library, and, with their battered blue covers, present a lively type of an army of Continentals at the close of the war, or an hospital of veteran invalids. These have all, at last, given way to the newspapers—a miscellaneous study very enticing to gentlemen in the country—that have rendered Meriwether a most discomfiting antagonist in the way of dates and names.

11. He has great suavity of manners, and a genuine benevolence of disposition that makes him fond of having his friends about him; and it is particularly gratifying to him to pick up any genteel stranger within the purlieus of Swallow Barn and put him to the proof of a week's hospitality, if it be only for the pleasure of exercising his rhetoric upon him. He is a kind master, and considerate toward

his dependants, for which reason, although he owns many slaves, they hold him in profound reverence, and are very happy under his dominion. All these circumstances make Swallow Barn a very agreeable place, and it is, accordingly, frequented by an extensive range of his acquaintances.

12. There is one quality in Frank that stands above the rest. He is a thorough-bred Virginian, and, consequently, does not travel much from home, exept to make an excursion to Richmond, which he considers emphatically as the centre of civilization. Now and then he has gone beyond the mountain, but the upper country is not much to his taste, and, in his estimation, only to be resorted to when the fever makes it imprudent to remain upon the tide.

13. He thinks lightly of the mercantile interest, and, in fact, undervalues the manners of the cities generally; he believes that their inhabitants are all hollow-hearted and insincere, and altogether wanting in that substantial intelligence and honesty that he affirms to be characteristic of the country. He is a great admirer of the genius of Virginia, and is frequent of his commendation of a toast in which the State is compared to the mother of the Gracchi; indeed, it is a familiar thing with him to speak of the aristocracy of talent as only inferior to that of the landed interest—the idea of a freeholder inferring to his mind a certain constitutional pre-eminence in all the virtues of citizenship, as a matter of course.

14. The solitary elevation of a country gentleman, well to do in the world, begets some magnificent notions. He becomes as infallible as the Pope; gradually acquires a habit of making long speeches; is apt to be impatient of contradiction, and is always very touchy on the point of honor. There is nothing more conclusive than a rich man's logic anywhere, but in the country, among his dependants, it flows with the smooth and unresisted course of a gentle stream, irrigating a verdant meadow, and depositing its mud in fertilizing luxuriance.

15. Meriwether's sayings about Swallow Barn import absolute verity—but I have discovered that they are not so current out of his jurisdiction. Indeed, every now and then, we have some obstinate discussions when any of the neighboring potentates, who stand in the same sphere with Frank, come to the house; for these worthies have opinions of their own, and nothing can be more dogged than the conflict between them.

16. They sometimes fire away at each other with a most amiable and unconvincible hardihood for a whole evening, bandying interjections, and making bows, and saying shrewd things with all the courtesy imaginable; but for unextinguishable pertinacity in argument, and utter impregnability of belief, there is no disputant like your country gentleman who reads the newspapers. When one of these discussions fairly gets under weigh, it never comes to an anchor again of its own accord—it is either blown out so far to sea as to be given up for lost, or puts into port in distress for want of documents—or is upset by a call for the bootjack and slippers—which is something like the previous question in Congress.

17. If my worthy cousin be somewhat over-argumentative as a politician, he restores the equilibrium of his character by a considerate coolness in religious matters. He piques himself upon being a high-churchman, but he is only a rare frequenter of places of worship, and very seldom permits himself to get into a dispute upon points of faith. If Mr. Chub, the Presbyterian tutor in the family, ever succeeds in drawing him into this field, as he occasionally has the address to do, Meriwether is sure to fly the course. He gets puzzled with Scripture names, and makes some odd mistakes between Peter and Paul, and then generally turns the parson over to his wife, who, he says, has an astonishing memory.

JOHN P. KENNEDY

XXII.—ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

1. O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be a companion of thy course?

2. The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds and laughest at the storm.

3. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth!

4. Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

OSSIAN.

XXIII.—THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How HARD, when those who do not wish to lend, thus lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish with literary Hooks—
Who call and take some favorite tome, but never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home, by making one at you.
I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, last winter sore was shaken:
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left, nor could I save my "Bacon;"
And then I saw my "Crabbe," at last, like Hamlet, backward go;
And as the tide was ebbing fast, of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down, which makes me thus a talker;
And once, when I was out of town, my "Johnson" proved a "Walker."
While studying, o'er the fire, one day, my "Hobbes," amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away, and carried off my "Coke."

They pick'd my "Locke," to me far more than Bramah's patent worth,
And now my losses I deplore without a "Home" on earth.
If once a book you let them lift, another they conceal,
For though I caught them stealing "Swift," as quickly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf, where late he stood elated;
But what is strange, my "Pope" himself is excommunicated.
My little "Suckling" in the grave is sunk to swell the ravage;
And what was Crusoe's fate to save, 'twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put my frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote," my "Bunyan" has been gone.
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppress'd; my "Taylor," too, must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, in vain I offer'd "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see the "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee," oh! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"
I tried to laugh, old care to tickle, yet could not "Tickle" touch;
And then, alack! I miss'd my "Mickle"—and surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed, my sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid," nor even use my "Hughes;"
My classics would not quiet lie, a thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry, my "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away; I suffer from these shocks,
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray," there's gray upon my locks;
I'm far from "Young," am growing pale, I see my "Butler" fly;"
And when they ask about my ail, 'tis "Burton" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns, and thus my griefs divide;
For oh! they cured me of my "Burns," and eased my "Akenside."
But all I think I shall not say, nor let my anger burn,
For, as they never found me "Gay," they have not left me "Sterne."

THOMAS HOOD.

XXIV.—ELOCUTION. 4.

LOGICAL READING.

Logical reading consists in combining words properly into phrases, clauses, and sentences; in assigning to each word the due degree of importance in its phrase; to each phrase its proper rank in its clause; and to each clause its proper place in the sentence. For this purpose it is necessary to understand the meaning of the author, the structure of the sentences in which that meaning is developed, and the use of *pauses*, *emphasis* and *inflections*.

PAUSES.

Every sentence consists of parts. The principal use of pauses is to separate these parts from each other; the longer and more important parts generally requiring the longer pauses, and the shorter and less important parts the shorter pauses. Every simple sentence is made up of a *subject* and a *predicate*, and the longest pause is usually between these parts; "God—is love." "Honesty—is the best policy." "Socrates and Plato—were the most eminent philosophers of Greece." "My life—is like the summer rose." "To be weak—is miserable. But when the subject of a sentence is a pronoun, we do not separate it from its verb; as, "We know neither the day nor the hour." "Who knows the power of Thy wrath?"

When a sentence can be divided into several independent propositions, the close of each proposition is marked by a long pause. When a proposition can be divided into clauses, the clauses are separated by shorter pauses. And when a clause can be divided into phrases, the phrases are separated by pauses still shorter. Thus, the use of pauses is to break up discourse into paragraphs, a paragraph into sentences, a sentence into clauses, and a clause into phrases; and the length of the pause is proportioned to the length and importance of the element which it closes.

The following rules will be found useful in guiding the young reader to a practical knowledge of this important subject, though they do not cover every point, and must not be pressed too closely in some cases:

RULE III.—Pause between the subject and the predicate following it, except the subject be an unimportant word.

Beauty—is but a vain and fleeting good.
Business—sweetens pleasure, as labor—sweetens rest.

RULE V.—Pause before and after a phrase or clause coming between a subject nominative and its verb.

Paul—the Apostle of the Gentiles—was eminent for his zeal and knowledge.
The Envoy—having accomplished his business—has safely returned.
His conduct—viewing it in the most favorable light—is discreditable.

RULE V.—Pause where an important word or phrase is omitted by ellipsis.

Some place their bliss in action, some—in ease.

RULE VI.—Pause before a phrase introduced by a relative pronoun, or by the conjunction, that.

O, how wretched is that poor man—that hangs on princes' favors!
We are persuaded—that the good alone are happy.

RULE VII.—Pause before connecting particles (prepositions, conjunctions and conjunctive adverbs) unless they connect single words merely.

Now—for the fight; now—for the cannon peal.
Come—as the winds come, when forests are rended.
Get what you can—and what you get, hold.

RULE VIII.—Pause before an infinitive phrase.

I come to bury Cæsar—not to praise him!
Dare—to do right: dare—to be true.

RULE IX.—Pause before and after an emphatic word.

BACK—to thy punishment, false fugitive.
STRIKE—till the last armed foe expires.

RULE X.—Pause after an inverted phrase.

Remote from towns—he ran his godly race.

RULE XI.—Pause before and after all independent and parenthetical expressions.

And what is death—my friends—that I should fear it?
I am a beggar born—she said—and not the Lady Clare.

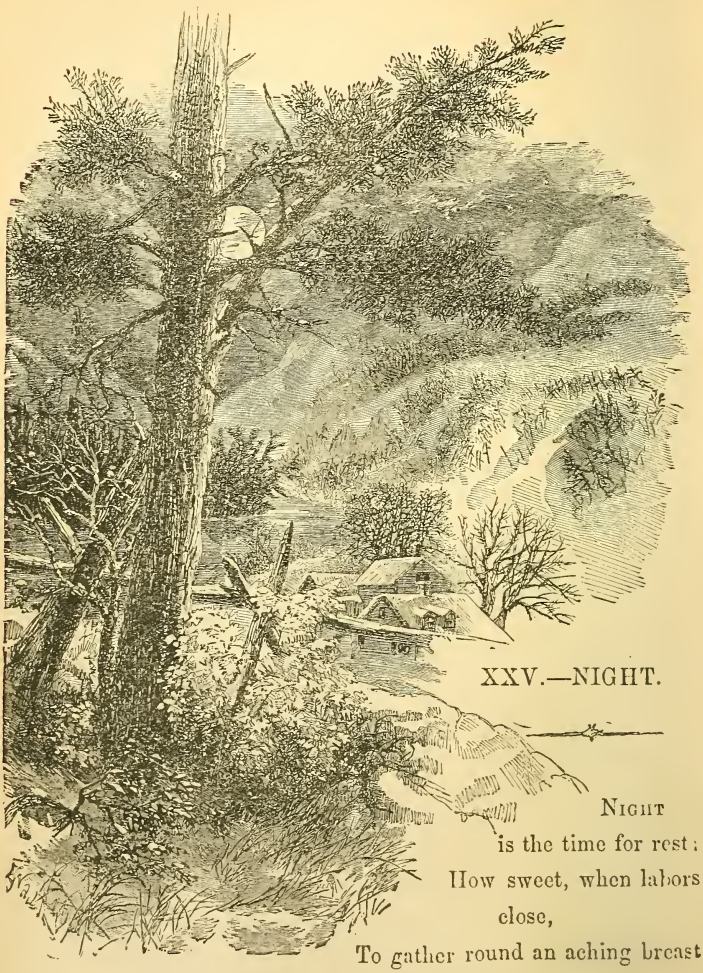
RULE XII.—Pause after the conjunctions, but, for, and because.

He must increase; but—I must decrease.

RULE XIII.—Pause where the sense begins to form.

If it were done when 'tis done—then it were well if 'twere done quickly.

RULE XIV.—Pause when the sense is complete.



XXV.—NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed?

Night is the time for dreams—
The gay romance of life,

When truth that is, and truth that seems,
  Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah, visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are?

Night is the time to weep;
  To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
  The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch;
  On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
  The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
  Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
  Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse:
  Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
  Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray:
  Our Savior oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away:
  So will his followers do—

Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends. Such death be mine!

MONTGOMERY.

XXVI.—THE ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

1. "LOOK from that window, Roland," said the Queen; "see you amongst the several lights which begin to kindle, and to glimmer palely through the gray of the evening from the village of Kinross—seest thou, I say, one solitary spark apart from the others, and nearer, it seems, to the verge of the water? It is no brighter at this distance than the torch of the poor glow-worm, and yet, my good youth, that light is more dear to Mary Stuart than every star that twinkles in the blue vault of heaven.

2. "By that signal, I know that more than one true heart are plotting my deliverance; and without that consciousness, and the hope of freedom it gives me, I had long since stooped to my fate, and died of a broken heart. Plan after plan has been formed and abandoned, but still the light glimmers; and while it glimmers, my hope lives. O! how many evenings have I sat musing in despair over our ruined schemes, and scarce hoping that I should again see that blessed signal; when it has suddenly kindled, and like the lights of Saint Elmo in a tempest, brought hope and consolation, where there was only dejection and despair!"

3. "If I mistake not," answered Roland, "the candle shines from the house of Blinkhoolie, the gardener." "Thou hast a good eye," said the Queen; "it is there where my trusty lieges—God and the saints pour blessings on them!—hold consultation for my deliverance. The voice of a wretched captive would die on these blue

waters, long ere it could mingle in their council; and yet I can hold communication—I will confide the whole to thee—I am about to ask those faithful friends if the moment for the great attempt is nigh. Place the lamp in the window, Fleming."

4. She obeyed, and immediately withdrew it. No sooner had she done so, than the light in the cottage of the gardener disappeared. "Now count," said Queen Mary, "for my heart beats so thick that I cannot count myself."

5. The Lady Fleming began deliberately to count one, two, three, and when she had arrived at ten, the light on the shore again showed its pale twinkle. "Now our Lady be praised!" said the Queen; "it was but two nights since, that the absence of the light remained while I could tell thirty. The hour of deliverance approaches. May God bless those who labor in it with such truth to me!—alas! with such hazard to themselves—and bless you, too, my children!"

6. "And now for the signal from the shore!" exclaimed Catherine; "my bosom tells me we shall see this night two lights instead of one gleam from that garden of Eden. And then, Roland, do your part manfully, and we will dance on the green sward like midnight fairies."

7. Catherine's conjecture misgave not, nor deceived her. In the evening two beams twinkled from the cottage, instead of one; and the page heard, with beating heart, that the new retainer was ordered to stand sentinel on the outside of the castle. When he intimated this news to the Queen, she held her hand out to him—he knelt, and when he raised it to his lips in all dutiful homage, he found it was damp and cold as marble. "For God's sake, madam, droop not now—sink not now."

8. "Call upon Our Lady, my Liege," said the Lady Fleming—"call upon your tutelar saint." "Call the spirits of the hundred kings you are descended from!" exclaimed the page; "in this hour of need, the resolution of a monarch were worth the aid of a hundred saints."

9. "O! Roland Græme," said Mary, in a tone of deep despondency, 'be true to me—many have been false to me. Alas! I have not always been true to myself! My mind misgives me that I shall die in bondage, and that this bold attempt will cost all our lives. It was foretold me by a soothsayer in France, that I should die in prison,

and by a violent death, and here comes the hour. O, would to God it found me prepared!"

10. "Madam," said Catherine Seyton, "remember you are a Queen. Better we all died in bravely attempting to gain our freedom, than remain here to be poisoned, as men rid them of the noxious vermin that haunt old houses."

11. "You are right, Catherine," said the Queen; "and Mary will bear her like herself. But, alas! your young and buoyant spirit can ill spell the causes which have broken mine. Forgive me, my children, and farewell for a while—I will prepare both mind and body for this awful venture."

12. They separated, till again called together by the tolling of the curfew. The Queen appeared grave, but firm and resolved; the Lady Fleming, with the art of an experienced courtier, knew perfectly how to disguise her inward tremors; Catherine's eye was fired, as if with the boldness of the project, and the half smile which dwelt upon her beautiful mouth seemed to contemn all the risk and all the consequences of discovery; Roland, who felt how much success depended on his own address and boldness, summoned together his whole presence of mind, and if he found his spirits flag for a moment, cast his eye upon Catherine, whom he thought he had never seen look so beautiful.

13. "I may be foiled," he thought, "but with this reward in prospect, they must bring the devil to aid them ere they cross me." Thus resolved, he stood like a greyhound in the slips, with hand, heart, and eye intent upon making and seizing opportunity for the execution of their project.

14. The keys had, with the wonted ceremonial, been presented to the Lady Lochleven. She stood with her back to the casement, which, like that of the Queen's apartment, commanded a view of Kinross, with the church, which stands at some distance from the town, and nearer to the lake, then connected with the town by straggling cottages. With her back to the casement, then, and her face to the table, on which the keys lay for an instant while she tasted the various dishes which were placed there, stood the Lady of Lochleven, more provokingly intent than usual—so at least it seemed to her prisoners—upon the huge and heavy bunch of iron, the implements of their restraint.

15. Just when, having finished her ceremony as taster of the Queen's table, she was about to take up the keys, the page, who stood beside her, and had handed her the dishes in succession, looked sidewise to the churchyard and exclaimed he saw corpse-candles in the vault. The Lady of Lochleven was not without a touch, though a slight one, of the superstitions of the time; the fate of her sons made her alive to omens, and a corpse-light, as it was called, in the family burial-place, boded death.

16. She turned her head towards the casement—saw a distant glimmering—forgot her charge for one second, and in that second were lost the whole fruits of her former vigilance. The page held the forged keys under his cloak, and with great dexterity exchanged them for the real ones. His utmost address could not prevent a slight clash as he took up the latter bunch. "Who touches the keys?" said the Lady; and while the page answered that the sleeve of his cloak had touched them, she looked around, possessed herself of the bunch which now occupied the place of the genuine keys, and again turned to gaze at the supposed corpse-candles.

17. "I wish your Grace and your company a good evening. Randal attend us." And Randal, who waited in the ante-chamber after having surrendered his bunch of keys, gave his escort to his mistress as usual, while, leaving the Queen's apartments, she retired to her own.

18. "To-morrow?" said the page, rubbing his hands with glee as he repeated the Lady's last words, "fools look to to-morrow, and wise folk use to-night. May I pray you, my gracious Liege, to retire for one half hour, until all the castle is composed to rest? I must go and rub with oil these blessed implements of our freedom. Courage and constancy, and all will go well, provided our friends on the shore fail not to send the boat you spoke of."

19. "Fear them not," said Catherine, "they are true as steel—if our dear mistress do but maintain her noble and royal courage." "We have but brief time," said Queen Mary; "one of the two lights in the cottage is extinguished—that shows the boat is put off." "They will row very slow," said the page, "or kent where depth permits, to avoid noise. To our several tasks—I will communicate with the good Father."

XXVII.—THE ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE—(Continued).

1. At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of a staircase that descended from the Queen's apartment. "Now turn smooth and softly, thou good bolt," said he, "if ever oil softened rust!" and his precautions had been so effectual, that the bolt revolved with little or no sound of resistance. He ventured not to cross the threshold, but exchanging a word with the disguised Abbot, asked if the boat were ready?

2. "This half hour," said the sentinel. "She lies beneath the wall, too close under the islet to be seen by the warder, but I fear she will hardly escape his notice in putting off again." "The darkness," said the page, "and our profound silence, may take her off unobserved, as she came in. Hildebrand has the watch on the tower —a heavy-headed knave, who holds a can of ale to be the best headpiece upon a night-watch. He sleeps for a wager." "Then bring the Queen," said the Abbot, "and I will carry Henry Seyton to assist them to the boat."

3. On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair, under the guidance of Roland Græme, and were received at the wicket-gate by Henry Seyton and the churchman. The former seemed instantly to take upon himself the whole direction of the enterprise. "My Lord Abbot," he said, "give my sister your arm—I will conduct the Queen—and that youth will have the honor to guide Lady Fleming."

4. This was no time to dispute the arrangement, although it was not that which Roland Græme would have chosen. Catherine Seyton, who well knew the garden path, tripped on before like a sylph, rather leading the Abbot than receiving assistance—the Queen, her native spirit prevailing over female fear and a thousand painful reflections, moved steadily forward, by the assistance of Henry Seyton—while the Lady Fleming encumbered with her fears and her helplessness, Roland Graeme, who followed in the rear, and who bore under the other arm a packet of necessaries belonging to the Queen.

5. The door of the garden which communicated with the shore of the islet, yielded to one of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not until he had tried several—a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them, the men couched along the bottom to secure them from observation.

6. Henry Seyton placed the Queen in the stern; the Abbot offered to assist Catherine, but she was seated by the Queen's side before he could utter his proffer of help; and Roland Græme was just lifting Lady Fleming over the boat-side, when a thought suddenly occurred to him, and exclaiming "Forgotten, forgotten! wait for me but one half minute," he replaced on the shore the helpless lady of the bedchamber, threw the Queen's packet into the boat, and sped back through the garden with the noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

7. "By Heaven, he is false at last!" said Seyton; "I ever feared it!" "He is as true," said Catherine, "as Heaven itself, and that I will maintain." "Be silent, minion," said her brother, "for shame, if not for fear. Fellows, put off, and row for your lives!" "Help me, help me on board!" said the deserted Lady Fleming, and that louder than prudence warranted.

8. "Put off—put off," cried Henry Seyton; "leave all behind, so the Queen is safe." "Will you permit this, madam?" said Catherine, imploringly; "you leave your deliverer to death. "I will not," said the Queen. "Seyton I command you to stay at every risk." "Pardon me, madam, if I disobey," said the intractable young man; and with one hand lifting in lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat.

9. She was two fathoms' length from the shore, and the rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Græme, arriving, bounded from the beach and attained the boat, overturning Seyton, on whom he lighted. The youth swore a deep but suppressed oath, and stopping Græme as he stepped toward the stern, said, "Your place is not with high born-dames—keep to the head and trim the vessel. Now give way—give way. Row, for God and the Queen!"

10. The rowers obeyed, and began to pull vigorously. "Why did you not muffle the oars?" said Roland Græme; "this dash must awaken the sentinel. Row, lads, and get out of reach of shot; for

had not old Hildebrand, the warder, supped upon poppy-porridge. this whispering must have waked him." "It was all thine own delay," said Seyton; "thou shalt reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters."

11. But Roland's apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. "A boat—a boat!—bring to, or I shoot!" And as they continued to ply their oars, he called aloud, "Treason! treason!" rung the bell of the castle, and discharged his harquebuss at the boat.

The ladies crowded on each other like startled wild-fowl, at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed, and their escape discovered.

13. "Pull!" again exclaimed Seyton; "Stretch to your oars, or I will spur you to the task with my dagger—they will launch a boat immediately." "That is cared for," said Roland; "I locked gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts of iron can keep men within stone walls. And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven, and give the keys to the Kelpie's keeping."

14. As the heavy keys plunged in the lake, the Abbot, who till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, "Now, bless thee, my son! thy ready prudence puts shame on us all."

15. "I knew," said Mary, drawing her breath more freely, as they were now out of reach of the musketry—"I knew my squire's truth, promptitude and sagacity. I must have him, dear friends, with my no less true knights, Douglas and Seyton—but where, then, is Douglas?"

16. "Here, madam," answered the deep and melancholy voice of the boatman who sat next her, and who acted as a steersman. "Alas! was it you who stretched your body before me," said the Queen, "when the balls were raining around us?" "Believe you," said he, in a low tone, "that Douglas would have resigned to any one the chance of protecting his Queen's life with his own?"

17. The dialogue was here interrupted by a shot or two from one of those small pieces of artillery called falconets, then used in defending castles. The shot was too vague to have any effect, but the broader flash, the deeper sound, the louder return which was made by the midnight echoes of Bennarty, terrified and imposed silence on the liberated prisoners.

18. The boat was run alongside of a rude quay or landing-place, running out from a garden of considerable extent, ere any of them again attempted to speak. They landed, and while the Abbot returned thanks aloud to Heaven, which had thus far favored their enterprise, Douglas enjoyed the best reward of his desperate undertaking, in conducting the Queen to the house of the gardener.

SIR W. SCOTT.

XXVIII.—GEMS

RELIGION.

1. IF a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse. S. T. COLERIDGE.

2. He that is a good man, is three-quarters of his way towards the being a good Christian, wheresoever he lives, or whatsoever he is called. SOUTH.

3. If you bring up your children in a way which puts them out of sympathy with the religious feelings of the nation in which they live, the chances are that they will ultimately turn out ruffians or fanatics, and one as likely as the other. S. T. COLERIDGE.

4. Let it not be imagined that the life of a good Christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess; for he only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others infinitely greater. PASCAL.

5. Philosophy is a goddess whose head indeed is in heaven, but whose feet are upon earth; she attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs; she can teach us to hear of

the calamities of others with magnanimity; but it is religion only that can teach us to bear our own with resignation. COLTON.

6. It is one thing to take God and Heaven for your portion, as believers do, and another thing to be desirous of it, as a reserve when you can keep the world no longer. It is one thing to submit to Heaven, as a lesser evil than Hell, and another thing to desire it as a greater good than earth. It is one thing to lay up treasures and hopes in heaven, and seek it first, and another thing to be contented with it in our necessity, and to seek the world before it and give God what the flesh can spare. Thus differeth the religion of serious Christians and of carnal, worldly hypocrites. BAXTER.

7. Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—live for it. COLTON.

8. There are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual. COLTON.

9. Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than Honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle Peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be
Thy God's and truth's; then, when thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. SHAKESPEARE.

SIN.

10. Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the further on we go, the more we have to come back. BARROW.

11. Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer, and the murderer of the world; use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used. Kill it before it kills you; and though it kill your bodies, it shall not be able to kill your souls; and though it bring you to the grave, as it did your Head, it shall not be able to keep you there. BAXTER.

XXIX.—ELOCUTION 5.

PAUSES—(CONTINUED).

1. Next in importance to knowing *where* to pause is to know *how long* to pause; but for this no definite rules can be laid down. Pauses, like notes in music, have a uniform ratio to each other; but the absolute time which they occupy depends on the nature of the subject-matter and, to some extent, on the temperament of the reader.

2. In a sentence of considerable length, we can usually distinguish at least three varieties of pauses, exclusive of the closing pause. This will be made evident by reading the following passage, as it is marked. The shortest pause is marked by one hyphen; a pause of twice the length, by two hyphens; and one three times as long by three hyphens.

High - - on a throne - of royal state - - which far
Outshone the wealth - of Ormus and of Ind - -
Or - where the gorgeous East - with richest hand -
Showers - on her kings - barbaric pearl and gold - - -
Satan - - exalted - sat.

3. The treble hyphen divides the sentence into its two principal parts, which we may call, with sufficient exactness for rhetorical purposes, the subject and the predicate. The predicate is divided by the double hyphen into four parts, and these parts are subdivided by single hyphens into elementary phrases. In addition to the pauses that we have marked, a delicate ear will distinguish a slight suspension of the voice after the words *far*, *outshone*, *Ormus*, and *pearl*. It will be seen from this example that the ability to analyze a sentence is indispensable to a good reader.

4. The punctuation marks are omitted from the following passage, in order to afford exercise to the student in applying the rules for rhetorical pauses. The poem should be written out and separated into its elements by hyphens, after the model given above, and the rule for each pause should be referred to by number.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

How blest Thy creature is O God
When with a single eye
He views the lustre of Thy word
The day spring from on high

Through all the storms that veil the skies
And frown on earthly things
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes
With healing on his wings

The glorious orb whose golden beams
The fruitful year control
Since first obedient to Thy word
He started from the goal

Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart
But Jesus 'tis Thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart

COWPER.

XXX.—ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPER.

SCENE.—*The inside of a Tent, in which the* PATRIARCH ABRAHAM *and a* PERSIAN TRAVELER, *a Fire-Worshiper, are sitting awhile after supper.*

Fire-Worshiper [*aside*]. What have I said, or done, that by degrees
Mine host hath changed his gracious countenance,
Until he stareth on me, as in wrath!
Have I, 'twixt wake and sleep, lost his wise lore?
Or sit I thus too long, and he himself
Would fain be sleeping? I will speak to that.
[*Aloud.*] Impute it, O my great and gracious lord!
Unto my feeble flesh, and not my folly,
If mine old eyelids droop against their will,
And I become as one that hath no sense
Even to the milk and honey of thy words.—
With my lord's leave, and his good servant's help,
My limbs would creep to bed.
Abraham [*angrily quitting his seat.*] In this tent, never.
Thou art a thankless and an impious man.

Fire-W. [*rising in astonishment.*] A thankless and an impious man! Oh, sir,
My thanks have all but worship'd thee.
Abraham. And whom
Forgtten? like the fawning dog I feed,
From the foot-washing to the meal, and now
To this thy cramm'd and dog-like wish for bed,
I've noted thee; and never hast thou breathed
One syllable of prayer, or praise, or thanks,
To the great God who made and feedeth all.
Fire-W. Oh, sir, the god I worship is the Fire,
The god of gods; and seeing him not here,
In any symbol, or in any shrine,
I waited till he bless'd mine eyes at morn,
Sitting in heaven.
Abraham. O foul idolater!
And darest thou still to breathe in Abraham's tent?
Forth with thee, wretch; for he that made thy god,
And all thy tribe, and all the host of heaven,
The invisible and only dreadful God,
Will speak to thee this night, out in the storm,
And try thee in thy foolish god, the Fire,
Which with his fingers he makes lightnings of.
Hark to the rising of his robes, the winds,
And get thee forth, and wait him.

[*A violent storm is heard rising.*

Fire-W. What! unhoused;
And on a night like this! me, poor old man,
A hundred years of age!
Abraham [*urging him away.*] Not reverencing
The God of ages, thou revoltest reverence.
Fire-W. Thou hadst a father;—think of his gray hairs,
Houseless, and cuff'd by such a storm as this.
Abraham. God is thy father, and thou own'st not him.
Fire-W. I have a wife, as aged as myself,
And if she learn my death, she'll not survive it,
No, not a day; she is so used to me;

So propp'd up by her other feeble self.
I pray thee, strike us not both down.
Abraham [*still urging him.*] God made
Husband and wife, and must be own'd of them
Else he must needs disown them.
Fire-W. We have children,—
One of them, sir, a daughter, who, next week,
Will all day long be going in and out,
Upon the watch for me; she, too, a wife,
And will be soon a mother. Spare, oh, spare her!
She's a good creature, and not strong.
Abraham. Mine ears
Are deaf to all things but thy blasphemy,
And to the coming of the Lord and God,
Who will this night condemn thee.

Abraham [*pushes him out; and remains alone, speaking.*]

For if ever
God came at night-time forth upon the world,
'Tis now this instant. Hark to the huge winds,
The cataracts of hail, and rocky thunder,
Splitting like quarries of the stony clouds,
Beneath the touching of the foot of God!
That was God's speaking in the heavens,—that last
And inward utterance coming by itself.
What is it shaketh thus thy servant, Lord,
Making him fear, that in some loud rebuke
To this idolater, whom thou abhorrest,
Terror will slay himself? Lo, the earth quakes
Beneath my feet, and God is surely here.

[*A dead silence; and then a still small voice.*]

The Voice. Abraham!
Abraham. Where art thou, Lord? and who is it that speaks
So sweetly in mine ear, to bid me turn
And dare to face thy presence?
The Voice. Who but He
Whose mightiest utterance thou hast yet to learn?
I was not in the whirlwind, Abraham;

I was not in the thunder, or the earthquake;
But I am in the still small voice.
Where is the stranger whom thou tookest in?
Abraham. Lord, he denied thee, and I drove him forth.
The Voice. Then didst thou do what God himself forebore
Have I, although he did deny me, borne
With his injuriousness these hundred years,
And couldst thou not endure him one sole night,
And such a night as this?
Abraham. Lord! I have sinn'd,
And will go forth, and if he be not dead,
Will call him back, and tell him of thy mercies
Both to himself and me.
The Voice. Behold, and learn:

[*The Voice retires while it is speaking; and a fold of the tent is turned back, disclosing the* FIRE-WORSHIPER, *who is calmly sleeping, with his head on the back of a house lamb.*

Abraham. O loving God! the lamb itself's his pillow,
And on his forehead is a balmy dew,
And in his sleep he smileth. I meantime,
Poor and proud fool, with my presumptuous hands,
Not God's, was dealing judgment on his head,
Which God himself had cradled!—Oh, methinks
There's more in this than prophet yet hath known,
And Faith, some day, will all in Love be shown.

XXXI.—A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

GIRT round with rugged mountains,
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies.
And watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
Lies on our earth below!

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Midnight is there; and silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town;
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep;
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know
Of how the town was saved one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange.
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When, suddenly, strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.

The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk;
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

One day out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down;
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange, uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees,
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried: "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker;
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part);
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains
Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again);
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste, and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed:
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past:
She looks up; clouds are heavy!
Why is her steed so slow?
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster," she cries; "O faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime;
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight,
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror;
She leans upon his neck

To watch the flowing darkness:
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam!
And see, in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned:
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land;
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The charger and the maid.

And when to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour:
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

MISS A. A. PROCTOR.

XXXII.—REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

"Lord Thurlow," says Mr. Butler, "was at times superlatively great. It was the good fortune of the reminiscent to hear his celebrated reply to the Duke of Grafton, during the inquiry into Lord Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital.

"His Grace's action and delivery, when he addressed the House, were signally dignified and graceful; but his matter was not equal to his manner. He reproach Lord Thurlow with his plebian extraction, and his recent admission into the Peerage: particular circumstances caused Lord Thurlow's reply to make a deep impression on my mind. His Lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil, but visible impatience. Under these circumstances he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. He rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addressed the House; then, fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder, he said—

1. I AM amazed at the attack the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident?

2. To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage.

3. Nay, more; I can say, and will say, that as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honorable house, as keeper of the

great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered,—as a man, I am at this moment as respectable,—I beg leave to add,—I am at this time as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

LORD THURLOW.

XXXIII.—TIME GOES BY TURNS.

THE loppëd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
Not endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

SOUTHWELL.

XXXIV.—THE JOURNEY OF A DAY—A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

1. Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

2. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring; all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

3. Thus he went on, till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove, that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation: he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was traveling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

4. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop, by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls.

5. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but, remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path,

which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

6. Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river, that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region, with innumerable circumvolutions.

7. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered around his head.

8. He was now roused, by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

9. He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power—to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage, and fear, and ravage, and extirpation: all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

10. Thus, forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labor, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down, in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the

glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and, finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

11. When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither: I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of this wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

12. "Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes, of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety, towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end.

13. "We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides: we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return.

14. "But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish,

but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

15. "Happy are they, my son, who shall learn, from thy example, not to despair, but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

DR. SAML. JOHNSON.

XXXV.—THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid:
"O, Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save;
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live! with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed!
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;

Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly
"Revenge, or death," the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:
O, bloodiest picture in the book of time—
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career!
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusco fell.

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultous murder shook the midnight air;
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the ramparts yield a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay;
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry.

O righteous Heaven, ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept thy sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance, where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead,
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled,

Friends of the world, restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van;
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own.
O, once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land, shall see
That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free;
A little while along thy saddening plains
The starless night of desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven;
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world.

CAMPBELL.

XXXVI.—CHARITY.

1. But the age of Chivalry is gone. All things—kingdoms, cities, systems, habits—wear out and perish. So wrote Edmund Burke in that noble passage where all the chivalry of his own high nature flashed out in anger at the insult that France, degraded into rationalism, had cast on a fair and innocent woman—Marie Antoinette. He was right. France will never be able to cleanse from its escutcheon the stain of that murdered lady's blood. "The age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded." Progress, the Juggernaut of our idolatry, crushes under its remorseless wheels many a harmless superstition, a kindly tradition, and gracious habit of the past.

2. Woman asks not loyalty now-a-days. The dignified submission, the tender regard for her sex and weakness, the homage of the heart with which every man, not wholly debased, delights to regard her, she slights and repudiates, and demands instead liberty and equality. Be it so. The world does move. War acknowledges now no truce of God, no holydays; and, by a queer coincidence,

many of the bloodiest battles of modern times have been fought on Sunday. There is small immunity for vine-dresser or olive-grower now, and we can fancy what short work a foraging party would make of the shepherd and his flock.

3. Our improved projectiles spare neither shrine nor spire; and modern reason would laugh at the superstition which would spare a foe because he had sought asylum by the altar or the cross. The world has moved. Relieved of ancient restraint, war has resumed all its pagan ferocity, with the additional improvements in the machinery for killing which modern inventiveness has devised. A more complete disregard of the immemorial rights of war, of courtesy, of chivalry, of Christianity—a harder insensibility to the waste of human life have never been shown than by the armies of the civilized nations within the last twenty years.

4. Witness the sack of Kertch, an unfortified, ungarrisoned city, in the Crimean war; the "loot" in China; the devilish vengeance wreaked on the Sepoys, blown into atoms from the cannon's mouth; the wholesale devastation of Poland; the atrocities inflicted on Crete to-day—these are some of the instances of superior civilization which our nineteenth century—our golden age of knowledge and enlightenment—exhibits to an admiring world. Cromwell, the merciless hero of the Puritans, has found an eulogist. Frederick of Prussia has a Carlyle to recommend him. When shall full justice be done to Alaric, and Attila be recognized as the pacificator and benefactor of mankind?

5. But modern philosophers have devised a happy knack of dealing with all disasters not their own, and lull themselves into contentment with the easy conviction that "whatever is, is best"—a very consoling creed. Nay, I perceive that a too sensitive philanthropy hesitates to relieve human suffering from a fear lest such suffering should be the result of error and sin, and every attempt to mitigate it should thwart the vengeful designs of an angry God. Far from us, oh! far from us be this impious thought!

6. The God we serve is not Jupiter, grasping the red lightning of destruction; not Mars, the avenging and triumphant; not Pallas Athené, all armed, the personification of reason—cold, pitiless, severe; our heaven is no Valhalla, where round the celestial festive board only conquerors are seated. We pray to "our Father," and we are His children, white men, black men, red men—they that

dwell in the palace or languish in the jail, all living on His bounty and hopeful of His mercy and forgiveness. With us Charity is not a matter of reason, or calculation, or sentiment, but of duty and religion; and to our charity no barrier can be known; nor can any difference of race, or creed, or language, or color, exclude any sufferer from his right to a place in the great brotherhood of man.

O'Gorman.

XXXVII.—ELOCUTION. 6.

LOGICAL READING.

EMPHASIS.

1. In a word of several syllables one syllable is generally pronounced with more force than the others; this force we call accent.

2. Words of more than three syllables have two accents—the primary or principal, and a secondary or slighter accent: thus in the word *separating*, the first syllable has the primary accent, and the third has the secondary accent.

3. In a very long word we may detect as many as three or four accents: thus, in the word *incomprehensibility* the principal accent is on the sixth syllable, but there is a distinct accent on the first, second, and third syllables.

4. The words in a phrase are combined in the same way as the syllables in a word; some words are accented, and some are unaccented; and of the accented words, one may have the primary and another the secondary accent. In the sentence, "He was an honest man," *was* and *an*, are unaccented; the other words are accented but in different degrees, the principal accent being on the word *honest*, and a slighter accent on *he* and *man*. It is impossible to read even the most unimpassioned discourse without observing this difference of accent.

5. When a high degree of prominence is given to one word over another, it is called emphasis.

6. With regard to the prominence given them in the reading of a sentence, words may be divided into—*unaccented*, (or feeble), *accented*, (or medium), and *emphatic* (or strong). There are almost as many shades of emphasis as there are shades of color, but it will be sufficient for our purpose to recognize three prominent degrees, *full*, *strong*, and *very strong*.

7. Articles, pronouns, auxiliary verbs, the verb to be, and prepositions belong generally to the class of unaccented words. Nouns, adjectives, verbs, adverbs, are generally either accented or emphatic.

8. When two or more accented words come together in a phrase, only one of them takes the primary accent, and generally speaking this accent is placed on the modifying word. "An honest man is the noblest work of God." *An*, *is*, *the*, *of*, are unaccented; the other words are accented—*honest*, *God*, and *noblest*, taking the primary accent, and *man*, and *work*, taking the secondary accent.

9. It is especially in reading poetry that young readers make mistakes in the accentuation of words, the tendency being to mark the words according to the rhythm and not according to the sense.

10. "My heart strings round thee cling, close as thy bark, old friend,
Here shall the wild birds sing, and still thy branches bend."

In reading these lines there is a tendency to accent, *as*, and *shall*, and to leave *old* unaccented; but *as*, and *shall*, should be unaccented, and the primary accent should be on *old*, and not on *friend*.

11. In the following Lesson the words bearing the primary accent are marked with a grave (\`); words bearing the secondary accent are marked with an acute (′); and words having full emphasis are in s p a c e d letters. The words not marked should have no accent.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now:
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lips and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.

For mâny generâtions pâst
Hère is our fâmily trèe:
My mothèr's hând thís bíble clàsp'd;
Shé, dyíng, gàve it mè.

My fâther reád this hòly boók
To bròthers, sìsters, deár;
How càlm was my poór mòther's loók,
Who leârned Gòd's wórd to heár!
Her àngel fâce—I seé it yét!
Whát thrilling mémories cóme!
Agàin thât líttle groúp is mét
Within the wálls of hòme!

Thóu trùest friénd mán èver knéw,
Thy còństancy I've trìed:
When àll were f a l s e I foúnd theè t r u e!
My coùnsellor and gùide.
The mínes of eàrth nò treásure givé
That could thìs vólume búy:
In teáching me the wáy to l i v e,
It taúght me how to d i e.

The following passage gives us an example of the several degrees of emphasis:

DOWN, soothless insulter! I trúst nòt the tále;
For never shall Àlbin a déstiny meét
Sò b l a c k with dishònor, sò f o u l with retrèat.
Though my périshing rànks should be stréwed in their gòre,
Like o c e a n w e e d s hèaped on the sùrf-beaten shóre,
LOCHIEL, ùntaínted by flight or by chàins,
While the kíndling of life in his bòsom remáins,
Shàll v i c t o r exult, or in d e a t h be làid lòw,
With his b a c k to the f i e l d and his f e e t to the f o e!
And, leáving in bàttle nò blót on his náme,
Loòk p r o u d l y to heáven from the deáth-bed of fáme.

Campbell.

RULE XV.—Words similarly placed in a sentence have similar emphasis.

I will open r i v e r s in high places, and f o u n t a i n s in the midst of the valleys: I will make the w i d e r n e s s a pool of water and the d r y l a n d springs of water.

Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth.

Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth?

RULE XVI.—Contrasted words have similar emphasis, and if the contrast is not expressed but only implied, strong emphasis is required.

I must say that the peerage solicited ME, not I the peerage.

It is a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance.

We make provision for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

The SOUL, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

Go, show your SLAVES how choleric you are,
And make your BONDMEN tremble.

RULE XVII.—Words expressing important ideas or strong emotions must be made emphatic.

The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. DEATH sat at the prow and no man beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, DEATH was the pilot that steered the craft.

COME ONE, COME ALL, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

RULE XVIII.—A pronoun modified by a relative phrase becomes emphatic.

And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.

It would be a great mistake to limit our ideas of emphasis to loudness or force. Any device by which a word or phrase can be separated momentarily from its connexion and held up to the attention of the hearers is emphasis. Good readers are sparing in their use of *force* as a means of securing emphasis. Nothing can be more unpleasant to a cultivated ear, than to hear a person pounce on all the

important words of a sentence, and fling them away with a jerk. The slightest variation of tone, a look, even, will often convey more emphasis than an increase of loudness. And to express the most intense passion, a low and strong tone is frequently the only appropriate delivery. It will easily be perceived that the emphasis demanded by humor, irony, sarcasm, or pathos, is an emphasis of *quality* rather than of *quantity* of voice.

XXXVIII.—THE MISER.

An old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Though the night was dark and chill,
And mournfully over the frozen earth
The wind sobbed loud and shrill.
His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,
And dim, but not with tears;
And his skeleton form had wasted away
With penury more than years.

A rushlight was casting its fitful glare
O'er the damp and dingy walls,
Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
And the venomous spider crawls;
But the meanest thing in this lonesome room
Was the miser all worn and bare,
When he sat like a ghost on an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door,
And every nook he had scanned,
And felt the fastening o'er and o'er,
With his cold and skinny hand;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And startled and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the miser; "I'm safe at last
From the night so cold and drear,
From the drenching rain and the driving blast,
With my gold and treasure here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, 'tis true;
Yet if I should light that fire again
It would cost me a cent or two.

"But I'll take a sip of the precious wine;
It will banish my cold and fears;
It was given long since by a friend of mine;
I have kept it for many years."
So he drew a flask from a moldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide;
And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took
And his bosom swelled with pride.

"Let me see; let me see!" said the miser then;
"'Tis some sixty years or more
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up the glittering store;
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
As my crowded chest will show;
I've more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow.

"From the Orient realm I have rubies bright,
And gold from the famed Peru;
I've diamonds would shame the stars of night,
And pearls like the morning dew;
And more I'll have—ere the morrow's sun
His rays from the west shall fling—
That widow, to free her prisoned son,
Shall bring me her bridal ring!"

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone like the clouds in the west,
With the sun in their splendor hid;

And gem after gem, in precious store,
Is raised with exulting smile;
And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er,
In many a glittering pile.

Oh, why comes the flush on his pallid brow,
While his eyes like his diamonds shine?
Why writhes he thus in such torture now?
What was there in the wine?
His lonely seat he strove to regain;
To crawl to his nest he tried;
But finding his efforts were all in vain,
He clasped his gold, and—*died.*

CAPT. G. W. CUTTER.

XXXIX.—COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

1. THE question has been sneeringly asked, Of what practical benefit is the knowledge of Greek and Latin, and the higher branches of mathematics, to those who do not intend to enter the learned professions. Persons who propound such questions seem to have lost sight of the fact, that the great and paramount object of education is, the development and strengthening of the powers of the mind, and that that important end can only be attained by exercising and disciplining the mental faculties.

2. Now, every one who has bestowed the least consideration on the subject must know that nothing is better calculated to fix the attention, and to induce thought and reflection, than the study of the dead languages and the mathematics. Indeed, it is obvious that not one step can be taken in these studies without bringing nearly all the mental powers into active operation. It is therefore manifest, that, without insisting for the present at all on the manifold other advantages resulting from a proficiency in classic literature, and the mathematical and natural sciences, the study of these branches of knowledge is, at any rate, of incalculable benefit, as the means of accomplishing the great end of education—the improvement of the mind.

3. It is said that Wisdom does not speak to her followers in Latin,

Greek, and Hebrew only, but that she teaches her sublime lessons in the pages of Shakespeare, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, and a brilliant constellation of other authors, who have all written in our own nervous vernacular. This is true. But let me ask, What class of readers nourish their minds with the strong, healthy, and invigorating food set before them by these writers? Certainly not those whose taste has been cloyed, and whose powers of digestion have been enfeebled, if not entirely destroyed, by feeding on the pap and sweetmeats of most of the popular authors of the day.

4. Not one reader in a thousand who pores with delight over the glittering inanities of Bulwer, or the vapid sentimentalities of James, will ever venture to read a hundred lines of the Paradise Lost, or a single scene of Hamlet. There is a craving and insatiable appetite for novelty, which is constantly increased by the trash it feeds on. How can this mental malady be cured, unless it be by forming the taste and judgment of the youthful student by a careful study and contemplation of the great models of antiquity? In them alone do we find that wonderful artistic perfection which the moderns have attempted to imitate in vain.

5. Homer, as a poet, Demosthenes, as an orator, and Thucydides, as an historian, still stand, each in his own department, in solitary grandeur, unrivaled and unapproachable. "The poems of Homer," says Dr. Johnson, "we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new-name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

6. Reference is frequently made, by those who take the opposite view of this subject, to instances of what are called self-made men, for the purpose of proving that a liberal education is not an essential requisite for the attainment of intellectual distinction. We are told that the Bard of Avon "had little Latin, and less Greek;" that Robert Burns was a peasant; that Pope was the best Greek scholar of his age, and has translated the sublime poetry of Homer into English, with all the vigor and freshness of the original; yet he never was inside of a college. All this is true; and other examples might be added to the list. But, allow me to ask, what does this prove against the correctness of the propositions which we have been endeavoring to establish?

7. There are exceptions to all general rules, and one of the most familiar maxims of logic is, that the exception proves the rule. Now that we meet occasionally with a mind so happily organized, and endowed with such a degree of energy and will, as to grapple successfully with the disadvantages of a neglected or stinted education, and "climb the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," does surely not prove any thing against the benefits and necessity of collegiate instruction and discipline. Besides, who can tell, except those that have gone through the ordeal, by what privation, labor and application such persons have been enabled to travel over the rugged paths to knowledge, and thereby provide something like a substitute for early and regular training? And how many have ever been successful in the attempt? Not one in ten thousand. C. ROSELIN.

XL.—MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile:
And, home returning, soothly swear—
Was never scene so sad and fair!

* * * * * * *

Again on the knight look'd the churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong and his courage was high:
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay;
The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glisten'd with the dew of night!
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clench'd postern-door
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty, and light, and small;
The keystone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lis, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capitol flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
Shook to the cold-night wind of heaven

Around the screened altar's pale!
And there the dying lamps did burn
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne,
And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honors of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreath to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Show'd many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed.
Full in the midst, his cross of red—
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

SCOTT.

XLI.—GEMS

OBEDIENCE.

1.—FILIAL Obedience is the first and greatest requisite of a State; by this we become good subjects, capable of behaving with just subordination to our superiors, and grateful dependents on heaven; by this we become good magistrates; for early submission is the truest lesson to those who would learn to rule. By this the whole State may be said to resemble one family. GOLDSMITH.

2. It is a matter of high commendation to know how to command as well as to obey; to do both these things well is the peculiar quality of a distinguished citizen. ARISTOTLE.

3. A very small offence may be a just cause for great resentment: it is often much less the particular instance which is obnoxious to us, than the proof it carries with it of the general tenor and disposition of the mind from whence it sprung. GREVILLE.

4. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder—
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle!—O! but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep. SHAKESPEARE.

5. A statesman, we are told, should follow public opinion. Doubtless . . . as a coachman follows his horses; having firm hold on his reins, and guiding them. HARE.

HONESTY.

6. The brave do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers;
Freely without disguise they love or hate;
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And Heav'n and Men are judges of their actions. ROWE.

7. The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and if we observe, we shall find, that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves, by the practice and experience of them. SOCRATES.

8. Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick, and duplicity himself, than straightforward and simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother-knave, than with a fool, but he would rather avoid a quarrel with one honest

man than with both. He can combat a fool by management and address, and he can conquer a knave by temptations. But the honest man is neither to be bamboozled nor bribed. COLTON.

9. All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not Honesty and good-nature. MONTAIGNE.

10. To be Honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand. SHAKESPEARE.

11. He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with Honesty. LAVATER.

12. It is much easier to ruin a man of principle, than a man of none, for he may be ruined through his scruples. Knavery is supple, and can bend, but Honesty is firm and upright, and yields not. COLTON.

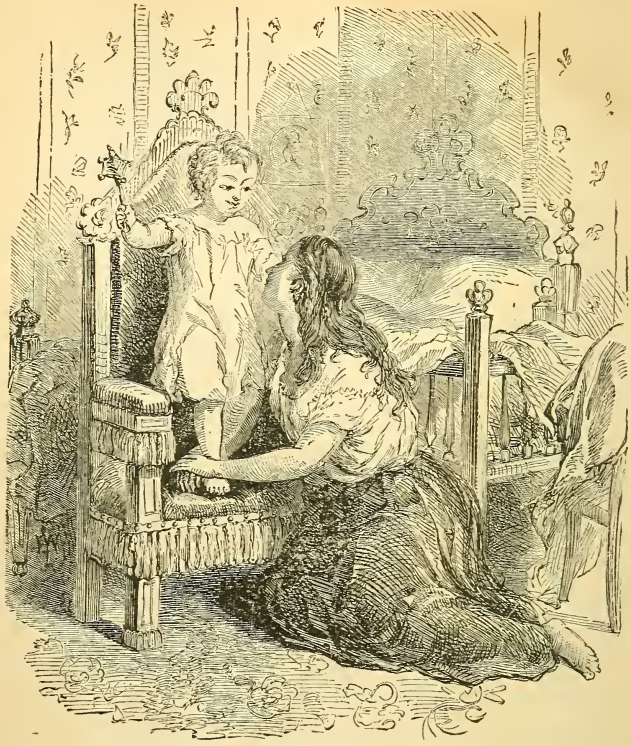
13. Let Honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny, when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid: then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds. FRANKLIN.

14. A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. POPE.

15. The man in conscious virtue bold,
Who dares his honest purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And the impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies.

Let the wild winds, that rule the seas
Tempestuous, all their horrors raise;
Let Jove's dread arm with thunder rend the sphere
Beneath the crush of worlds undaunted he appears.

HORACE.



XLII.—PHILIP, MY KING.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With Love's invisible sceptre laden:
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen—handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!

When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified!—rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King!
Ay! there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God—throned amid his peers.
My Saul! than thy brethren higher and fairer
Let me behold thee in coming years.
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King—

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day
Philip, my King!
Thou, too, must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee, and foes without,
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious:—
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sit'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the King!"

DINAH MARIA MULOCH.

XLIII.—THE VISION OF MIRZA.

1. ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing

from one thought to another. "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

2. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock, that was not far from me, where I discovered one, in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes, that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs, that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place.

3. My heart melted away in secret raptures. I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasure of his conversation, as I looked upon him, like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

4. I drew near, with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and, at once, dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me."

5. He then lead me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the valley of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

6. "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the

beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea, that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life: consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred.

7. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted, at first, of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and black clouds hanging on each end of it."

8. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

9. There were indeed some persons,—but their number was very small,—that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented.

10. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping, unexpectedly, in the midst of mirth and jolity, and catching by everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk.

11. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with cimeters in their hands, and others with lancets, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

12. The Genius, seeing me thus indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch, in great numbers, upon the middle arches."

13. "These," said the Genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life." I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man, in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist, into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

14. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good Genius strengthed it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist, that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas, that ran among them.

15. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delight-

ful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

16. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted, as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants.

17. "Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on those happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie under those dark clouds, that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant."

18. The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep and cattle grazing upon the sides of it.

ADDISON.

XLIV.—THE SABBATH

FRESH glides the brook, and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill!
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

Ah! tender was the law that gave
This holy respite to the breast—
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide
What image charms, to lift thine eyes?
The spire reflected on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth
This rest from mortal toils is given:
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest to heaven!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man
But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known:
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased
When God proclaims His own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet hall!
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds His feast for all!

LORD LYTTON.

XLV.—ELOCUTION. 7.

LOGICAL READING.

INFLECTIONS.

When we speak or read naturally, the pitch of the voice is constantly changing. When this change of pitch proceeds smoothly and continuously from low to high, or from high to low, we call it inflection. Inflection, then, is the sliding of the voice upward or downward: the former is called the rising inflection (′); the latter the falling (‵). Mere change of pitch does not constitute inflection; though we sometimes hear a sudden upward or downward jerk of the voice as a substitute for it. A true inflection is a slide; the upward or downward movement is continuous through a perceptible range of tone; and although it is most easily observed at the end of a phrase, it is the property of the whole phrase, and not of the last syllable merely.

As the rising inflection is exactly the opposite of the falling, so they are used for opposite purposes. The falling inflection is used to indicate complete sense, and it accompanies the expression of strong emphasis, serious sentiments, and the sterner passions. The rising inflection, on the contrary, indicates unfinished or suspended sense, less forcible emphasis, familiar sentiments, and the softer passions.

RULE XIX.—The falling inflection indicates that the sense is complete. The rising inflection indicates that the sense is suspended.

The friends thou hast′, and their adoption tried′,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel‵.

In the corrupted currents of this world′,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice‵.

RULE XX.—In addresses, the falling inflection denotes formality, or reverence. The rising inflection denotes familiarity.

Thrones and Imperial Powers‵, Offspring of Heaven‵,
Ethereal Virtues‵! or these titles now
Must we renounce′, and, changing style′, be called,
Princes of Hell‵!

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came\,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name\:—
"Now, Dasher'! now, Dancer'! now, Prancer'! now, Vixen'!
On, Comet'! on, Cupid'! on, Dunder and Blixen'!"

RULE XXI.—The falling inflection is used to command. The rising inflection is used to entreat.

Avaunt\!
Fly thither whence thou fledst\! If from this hour
Within these hallowed limits thou appear,'
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chained,\
And seal thee so as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell, too slightly barr'd\.

Hubert', the utterance of a brace of tongues'
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes\:
Let me not hold my tongue'; let me not, Hubert'!
Or, Hubert', if you will', cut out my tongue\,
So I may keep mine eyes'. O spare mine eyes'!
Though to no use\, but still to look on you'.

RULE XXII.—The falling inflection belongs to the sterner passions, such as anger, hatred, revenge. The rising inflection belongs to the softer passions, such as pity, grief, fear.

How like a fawning publican he looks\!
I hate him\, for he is a Christian\!
If I can catch him once upon the hip',
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him\.

O my son, Absalom'! my son', my son, Absalom'!
Would God I had died for thee, Absalom', my son', my son'

RULE XXIII.—Questions that can be answered by YES or NO take the rising inflection. Questions that cannot be answered by YES or NO take the falling inflection.

Macbeth.—I have done the deed'! Didst thou not hear a noise'?
Lady M.—I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did you not speak'?
Macbeth.—When'?
Lady M.—Now.
Macbeth.—As I descended'?
Lady M.—Ay.
Macbeth.—Hark! Who lies in the second chamber'?

RULE XXIV.—Contrasted words or phrases in similar clauses take opposite inflections.

The *good* man' is honored', but the *evil* man' is despised'.
The young' are slaves to novelty', the old', to custom.
Do you intend to go by the cars', or the steamboat'?

RULE XXV.—A negative sentence or clause takes the rising inflection, when a continuation of the sentiment in a positive form is either expressed or implied.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall',
A joy thou art and a wealth to all'.

Thou canst not say *I* did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at *me*.

'It is not from words like these that I derive my reputation'

XLVI.—OBJECT TEACHING.

1. It is but a stone's throw from the High Court of Chancery to the London Mechanics' Institute in Southampton Buildings. After a ramble among lawyers in their wigs and gowns, and a good choke in the thick atmosphere of chancery itself, we stepped in at once, one day not long ago, among a multitude of children in pinafores and jackets. There they were, one or two hundred strong, taking their time from a teacher, clapping their hands and singing "Winter is coming," and a great many more songs.

2. They suggested much better ideas of harmony than the argument of our learned brother, whom we had left speaking on the question, whether money bequeathed to be distributed in equal shares to John and Mary Wilson and James Brown—John and Mary being man and wife—was to be divided into two parts or into three.

3. The children, when we went among them, were just passing from one class into another, and met in the great lecture-room to sing *together* while they were about it. Some filed in, and some filed out; some were on the floor, some in the gallery; all seemed to be happy enough, except one urchin at the extreme corner of a gallery. He displayed an open copy-book before him to the public gaze, by

way of penance for transgressions in the writing lesson, but he looked by no means hopelessly dejected.

4. There are three hundred and fifty children in attendance on this school, which is conducted by five teachers. The children here, we were informed, are classed in the first instance according to their ages, in three divisions, the first taking in those under eight years old; the second, those between eight and eleven; the third, children older than eleven.

5. In each of these three divisions, the children are subdivided for the purpose of instruction into two classes—the quick and the slow—which receive lessons suited to their respective capacities. It is obvious that, without punishment, five teachers could not preserve discipline among three hundred and fifty boys; and therefore, though it is but seldom used, a cane is kept in the establishment.

6. The children having clapped hands and sung together, sang their way out of the great room, in file, while others began streaming in. We were invited to an Object Lesson, and marched off (not venturing to sing our way into a class-room), where we took our seat among the pupils, whose age varied between eight years and eleven. The teacher was before us. We were all attention. "Hands down." We did it. "Hands on knees." Beautifully simultaneous. Very good. The lesson began.

7. "I have something in my pocket," said our teacher, "which I am always glad to have there." We were old enough and worldly enough to know what he meant; but boys aspire to fill their pockets with so many things that, according to their minds, the something in the teacher's pocket might be string, apple, knife, brass-button, top, hardbake, wood for boat, crums, squirt, gunpowder, marbles, slate pencil, pea-shooter, brad-awl, or perhaps small cannon.

8. They attempted no rash guess, therefore, at that stage of the problem. "Boys also," our teacher continued, "like to have it, though when it gets into a boy's pocket, I believe that it is often said to burn a hole there." Instantly twenty outstretched hands indicated an idea demanding utterance in twenty heads. "If you please, sir, I know what it is." "What is it?" "A piece of coal."

9. You draw your reasoning, my boy, from a part only of the information given to you, founding your view of things on the last words that sounded in your ears. We laughed at you, cheerfully;

but when we see the same thing done in the world daily by your elders, we do not always find it a laughing matter.

10. "This little thing in my pocket," the teacher continued, "has not much power by itself, but when many of the same kind come together, they can do great deeds. A number of them have assembled lately to build handsome monuments to a great man, whose name you all ought to know, for he made the penny loaf bigger than it used to be; do you know what great man that was?"

11. Hands were out, answers were ready, but they ran pretty exclusively in favor of Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington. "I am sure," says the teacher, "you must have heard who made all the loaves larger without altering the price; think again—who was it?" A confident voice hazarded the suggestion that it was "Guy Fawkes," and a half a dozen voices cried "Guy Fawkes." There are always some to follow the absurdest lead, if it be taken confidently, in the great as in the little world.

12. "Guy Fawkes! nonsense! Is he to be carried about in your heads all through November and December?" More inquiry at length elicited, after a little uncertain hovering about Louis Napoleon, the decisive opinion that the man who made bread cheaper was Sir Robert Peel. "If you please, sir," said an argumentative little fellow, "he did not make the penny loaf bigger."

13. "Why not? He did not make the loaf—he made the baker make it." The difficulty thus started having been properly gone into, and further statement of the riddle having been given, it was at length fairly guessed that the teacher's object upon which he meant to talk with us that day was a Penny.

14. We ascertained that it was round, that it was hard, that it was brown, that it was heavy—by which we meant, as some of us explained, that it was heavier than the same quantity of water—that it was stamped on both sides, and so forth; also, that it was made of copper. Pence being next regarded purely in the light of coppers, the name of the metal, "Copper," was written at the top of a blackboard, and a line was drawn, along which we were to place a regiment of qualities.

15. We began easily by asserting copper to be hard, and showed our penetration by discovering that, since a penny would not do for framing as a spy-glass, it must be opaque. Can you spell *opaque?* O dear, yes! Twenty hands were out; but we were not all so wise

as we imagined. No matter; there are folks of bigger size elsewhere who undertake what they are not able to do. O-p-a-k-e ought to be right; but, like not a few things of which we could argue that they must be right, it happened to be wrong; so what was the use of talking?

16. We heard a little boy in the corner whispering the truth, afraid as yet to utter it too boldly. It was not the only truth that has appeared first in a whisper. Yet, as truth is great and shall prevail, it was but fit that we all finally determined upon o-p-a-q-u-e; and so we did; and we all uttered those letters from all corners of the room with the more perfect confidence as they grew, by each repetition, more familiar to our minds.

17. A young student in a pinafore, eight years old, and short for his age, square and solid, who had been sitting on the front row, nearly opposite the teacher, was upon his legs. He had advanced one or two steps on the floor holding out his hand; he had thought of another quality, and waited to catch Mr. Speaker's eye. But our eyes wandered among the outstretched hands, and other lips cried: "It is malleable;" so *malleable* was written on the board.

18. It was not the word that still lurked in the mind of Master Square, who in a solid mood kept his position in advance, ready to put forth his suggestion at the earliest opportunity. What *malleable* meant was the question over which we were now called upon to hammer, but we soon beat the answer out among ourselves; and then we spelt the word, and *malleability* into the bargain.

19. Master Square uplifted his hand the moment we had finished; but there rose other hands again, and the young philosopher, biding his time in sturdy silence, listened through the discussion raised as to whether or not copper might not be called odorous. This debate over, Square was again ready; but an eager little fellow cried that copper is tenacious, upon which there was a new quality submitted to our notice, which we must discuss, explain, and of which the name had to be spelt.

20. But Master Square's idea had not yet been forestalled, and he, like copper, ranked tenacity among his qualities. At length he caught Mr. Chairman's eye, and said with a small voice: "Please, sir, I know a quality." "And what is that?" the teacher asked. Little Square replied, as he resumed his seat: "It's Inorganic."

21. Here was a bombshell of a word thrown among us by this

little fellow, but we did not flinch. Inorganic, of course, meant "got no organs," and we all knew what an organ was, and what a function was, and what were the grand marks of distinction between living and dead matter, and between animal and vegetable life. So we went on, with a little information about mining and display of copper ore; a talk about pyrites, and such matters. Three quarters of an hour had slipped away.

CHARLES DICKENS.

XLVII.—ST. AGNES.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes;
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snow-drop of the year
That in my bosom lies

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in my earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

TENNYSON.

XLVIII.—HOW TO STUDY

1. I AM sure that a man ought to study as he would grasp a nettle: do it lightly, and you get molested; grasp it with all your strength, and you feel none of its asperities. There is nothing so horrible as languid study, when you sit looking at the clock, wishing the time was over, or that somebody would call on you and put you out of your misery. The only way to read with any efficacy is to read so heartily that dinner-time comes two hours before you expect it.

2. This is the only kind of study which is not tiresome, and almost the only kind which is not useless; this is the knowledge which gets into the system, and which a man carries about and uses like his limbs, without perceiving that it is extraneous, weighty, or inconvenient.

3. To study successfully the body must be healthy, the mind at ease, and time managed with great economy. Persons who study many hours in the day should, perhaps, have two separate pursuits going on at the same time—one for one part of the day, and the other for the other.

4. There is one piece of advice, in a life of study, which I think no one will object to, and that is: every now and then to be completely idle, to do nothing at all; indeed, this part of a life of study is commonly considered as so decidedly superior to the rest, that it has

almost obtained an exclusive preference over those other parts of the system with which I wish to see it connected.

5. It has often been asked whether a man should study at stated intervals, or as the fit seizes him, and as he finds himself disposed to study. To this I answer, that where a man can trust himself rules are superfluous. If his inclinations lead him to a fair share of exertion, he had much better trust to his inclinations alone; where they do not, they must be controlled by rules. It is just the same with sleep, and with everything else.

6. Sleep as much you please, if your inclinations lead you only to sleep as much as is convenient; if not, make rules. The system in everything ought to be—do as you please so long as you please to do what is right. Upon these principles every man must see how far he may trust to his inclinations before he takes away their natural liberty. I confess, however, it has never fallen to my lot to see many persons who could be trusted; and the method, I believe, in which most great men have gone to work is, by regular and systematic industry.

7. A little hard thinking will supply the place of a great deal of reading, and an hour or two spent in this manner sometimes lead you to conclusions which it would require a volume to establish. The mind advances in its train of thought as a restive colt proceeds on the road in which you wish to guide him; he is always running to one side or the other, and deviating from the proper path to which it is your affair to bring him back.

8. I have asked several men what passes in their minds when they are thinking, and I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together. Everybody has seemed to admit that it was a perpetual deviation from a particular path, and a perpetual return to it; which, imperfect as the operation is, is the only method in which we can operate with our minds to carry on any process of thought.

9. It takes some time to throw the mind into an attitude of thought, or into any attitude, though the power of doing this, and, in general, of thinking, is amazingly increased by habit. We acquire, at length, a greater command over our associations, and are better enabled to pursue one object, unmoved by all the other thoughts which cross it in every direction.

10. One of the best modes of improving in the art of thinking is, to think over some subject before you read upon it, and then to ob-

serve after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master. You will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted, and in what you have exceeded, and by this process you will insensibly catch a great manner of viewing a question.

11. It is right in study not only to think when any extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time to review what has passed, to dwell upon it, and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit of some minds to refer all the particular truths which strike them to other truths more general, so that their knowledge is beautifully methodized, and the general truth at any time suggests all the particular exemplifications, or any particular exemplification at once leads to the general truth.

12. This kind of understanding has an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another without the least attempt at classification and arrangement.

SYDNEY SMITH.

XLIX.—BYRON.

TAKE one example, to our purpose quite:
A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had, and fame, beyond desire,
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life;
Yet not content with ancestorial name,
Or to be known because his fathers were,
He on this height hereditary stood,
And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step Above him seemed,
Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read;
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,

He saw. And first in rambling schoolboy days,
Britannia's mountain walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dewdrops pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished:
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp;
And mused alone on ancient mountain brows;
And mused on battle fields, where valor fought
In other days; and mused on ruins gray
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells,
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked,
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste;
The heavens and earth of every country saw.
Where'er the old inspiring genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new fountains in the human heart.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his fresh as morning rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling; while
He, from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks;
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing
In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,

Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers—younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds; all seasons, time, eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, all that was feared by man,
He tossed about as tempest-withered leaves;
Then smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself,
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So Ocean, from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet, of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,
So he through learning and through fancy took
His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had labored up,
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.
The nations gazed, and wondered much, and praised;
Critics before him fell in humble plight—
Confounded fell, and made debasing signs
To catch his eye, and stretched and swelled themselves

To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
Of admiration vast; and many, too,
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
And gave abundant sport to after days.

Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised; and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness,
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame,
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,
He died. He died of what? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy; heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms abhorred; his passions died,
Died, all but dreary, solitary Pride;
And all his sympathies in being died.
As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
And then, retiring, left it there to rot
And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven,
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,—
Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth.
His groanings filled the land his numbers filled;
And yet he seemed ashamed to groan. Poor man!
Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,
That not with natural or mental wealth
Was God delighted, or his peace secured;
That not in natural or mental wealth

Was human happiness or grandeur found.
Attempt how monstrous, and how surely vain,
With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,
With aught but moral excellence, truth, and love,
To satisfy and fill th' immortal soul!
Attempt vain inconceivably! attempt
To satisfy the Ocean with a drop,
To marry Immortality to Death,
And with the unsubstantial Shade of Time
To fill th' embrace of all Eternity! POLLOK

L.—THE MAIDEN AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

1. "HE does not come,—he does not come," the maiden murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood! The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump, around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought.

2. Her mind wandered,—her soul was far away; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination. Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away, before them.

3. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head,—and the black snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her

path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance.

4. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed,—fastened, as it were, to a single spot, gathered and controlled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination.

5. Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes,—bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like shining glance,—a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of green leaves,—seeming to be their very eye,—and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes.

6. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return, and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright, and gorgeous gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own.

7. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam, and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth! And her own glance became intense, fixed also; but, with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapped it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight.

8. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch forth her hand and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings and a shrill scream from the tree above her, such a scream as the mock-bird makes, when, angrily, it raises its dusky crest and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and, though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her effort.

9. More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague conciousness of an

evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own,—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place, and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize.

10. At another moment, riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzling bright and beautiful, even as a torch waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own: there it grew, fixed,—a very principle of light—and such a light,—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look,—shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception.

11. She felt dizzy; for, as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure,—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein throughout her person.

12. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound.

13. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backwards, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her.

14. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet re-

ceeded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly-articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattle-snake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated.

15. She was at length conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, towards her, the eye still peering deeply into her own;—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered forever.

16. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her,—its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaw, seeming to threaten her with an instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight.

17. Could she have fled? She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone! and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momently approaching to the blow.

18. Meanwhile the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded mus-

cles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

19. The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed; once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair that, a last effort, she succeeds to scream, a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony; she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs forever upon them.

20. She sees him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth, and she sees no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

21. In that moment the copse parted—and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Oconestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot, in season, on his way to the Block-House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass.

22. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the en-

deavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.

Wm. Gilmore Simms.

LI.—SONG OF THE STARS.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by His mighty breath;
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song that the bright ones sung:

Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie:
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

For the Source of Glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminious tides,
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides;
Lo! yonder the living splendors play;
Away, on your joyous path away!

Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,

How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass;
And the path of the gentle winds are seen,
When the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower!
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews!
And, 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

Away, away!—in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres!
To weave the dance that measures the years;
Glide on in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament;
The boundless, visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim. BRYANT.

LII—.THE FIRST PREDICTED ECLIPSE.

1. To PREDICT an eclipse of the sun, the astronomer must sweep forward, from new moon to new moon, until he finds some new *moon* which should occur, while the moon was in the act of crossing from one side to the other of the sun's track. This certainly was possible. He knew the exact period from new moon to new moon, and from one crossing of the ecliptic to another. With eager eye he seizes the moon's place in the heavens, and her age, and rapidly computes where she will be at the next change.

2. He finds the new moon occuring far from the sun's track; he runs round another revolution; the place of the new moon falls closer

to the sun's path, and the next yet closer, until, reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of her passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and on the day of the occurrence of that new moon, he announces to the startled inhabitants of the world that the sun shall expire in dark eclipse.

3. Bold prediction! Mysterious prophet! with what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration! How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace! Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and at last hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone—the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on a slumbering world.

4. This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teaming with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air, and reaches the watching place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, unconscious of his intense anxiety, buoyant with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement.

5. The sun slowly climbs the heavens, round and bright and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain-top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith, as the morning hours roll away. But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed, his light is feeble.

6. At last it comes! Blackness is eating away his round disc. Onward, with slow but steady pace the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights—the gloom deepens—the ghastly hue of death covers the universe; the last ray is gone, and horror reigns. A wail of terror fills the murky air—the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds—an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground, while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory.

7. Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is to me the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm. And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man? Alas! what a lesson of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital.

8. He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race—who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and had written it in the sun, with a "pen of iron, and the point of a diamond," even this one has perished from the earth—name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion, but his proud achievement stands. The monument reared to his honor stands, and although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and it cannot destroy the fruits of his victory. O. M. Mitchel.

LIII.—THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy and the proud,
In folly's maze advance,
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor enters here,
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow;

From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When, with impatient wing, she left
That safe retreat—the ark.
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise.
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly good and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs.
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys—they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large indeed;
But then how little do we need!

For Nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is the incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its chequered paths of joy and woe
With cautious step we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

LIV.—ELOCUTION. 8.

INFLECTIONS—(CONTINUED).

CIRCUMFLEX AND MONOTONE.

THE union of the rising and falling inflections on the same vowel sound is called a *circumflex*. When the circumflex ends with the rising inflection, it is called the rising circumflex (ˇ), and when it ends with the falling inflection, it is called the falling circumflex (ˆ).

RULE XXVI.—The circumflex is used to express surprise, irony, sarcasm, scorn, and is used only on emphatic words.

Ŏh! but he paûsed upon the brink,
Yĕs! thĕy will give ĕnlightened freedom to o u r minds′.
Ŏh! they are not fighting′, they are only paûsing.
If y o u said sŏ, then I said sô. Oh, hô, did you say sŏ?
Hath a dŏg money′? Is it possible a cŭr can lend three thousand ducats′.
If thou dost slander h e r and torture mē, NEVER PRAY MORE.
Barradas. O my lord, w e were prompt to avenge you.
Richelieu. WĔ? What page, man, in the last court grammar, made y o û a plural?

RULE XXVII.—When the sense requires a monosyllable to be made emphatic, and at the same time to have the rising inflection, the circumflex must be used.

Hath not a Jew ĕyes? hath not a Jew hănds, ŏrgans, dimĕnsions, sĕnses, affĕctions, păssions? fed with the same foŏd, hurt with the same weăpons, subject to the same diseăses, heăled by the same meăns, wărmed and coŏled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is′? If you prick us do we not bleed? if you t i c k l e us, do we not l a u g h? if you p o i s o n us, do we not DIE? and if you w r ŏ n g us′, shall we not REVENGE?

When the voice keeps the same pitch, or nearly the same, for many successive syllables, it is called monotone. Such delivery is suited to short passages of a solemn or sublime character. There is but little emphasis or inflection, but the accented words are prolonged, and are all uttered on the same key. The monotone is very effective, but it must not be used frequently nor kept up long at one time.

RULE XXVIII.—Short passages in a grave and solemn style may be read in the monotone.

Ō thoū, that with sūrpāssing glōry crōwn'd,
Lōōk'st from thy sōle dōmīnion like the Gōd
Of this nēw wōrld—to thee I call.

Still it cried, 'Sleēp nō mōre', to all the house,
'Glāmis hath mūrdered sleēp, and thērefore Cāwdor
Shall sleēp nō mōre, Mācbēth shall sleēp nō mōre.'

And the rāven, nēver flītting, still is sītting, still is sītting
On the pāllid būst of Pāllas, jūst abōve my chāmber doōr;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soūl from oūt thāt shādōw, that lies flōatīng on the floōr,
Shāll be lifted—nēvermōre.

Mān that is bōrn of wōman, īs of fēw dāys and fūll of troūble. Hē cōmeth fōrth līke a flōwer, ānd is cūt dōwn; he flēēth ālso as a shādōw, ānd cōntinūeth nōt.

LV.—SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY IN THE CONVENTION OF DELEGATES OF VIRGINIA.

1. Mr. President: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

2. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased

to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir, it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

3. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

4. Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last argument to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

5. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

6. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

7. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so

long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

8. They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

9. Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

10. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!—I repeat it, sir, let it come!

11. It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

LVI.—MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

Where is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek;
Cold and hunger awake not her care:
Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor withered bosom, half bare; and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been;
The traveler remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved; and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless; and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright;
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listened to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the abbey!" his comrade replied:
"Methinks a man's courage would now well be tried,
Who would wander the ruins about.

"I myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head,
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear;
For this wind might awaken the dead."

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now.'
"Then wager, and lose," with a sneer he replied;
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough,
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humor did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high;
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she entered; she felt not afraid;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough,
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear;
She paused, and she listened all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head:
She listened; naught else could she hear.
The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins, distinctly, the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there;
That instant, the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by;
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold,
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled:
She fell and expected to die.

'Stop! the hat!" he exclaims, "Nay, come on, and fast hide
The dead body!" his comrade replies.
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side;
She seizes the hat; fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed; she rushed in at the door;
She looked horribly eager around;
Her limbs could support their faint burden no more;
But exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could her story impart,
For a moment, the hat met her view:
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, O Heaven! what cold horror thrilled through her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn, it engages the eye;
The traveler beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

SOUTHEY.

LVII.—THE CONSUMPTIVE WIFE.

1. THAT wife, over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading; that, now that your heart is wrapped in her being, would be nothing. She sees with quick eye your dawning apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

2. Your trials and your loves together have centred your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, wide-spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They cannot shoot out tendrils into barren world-soil and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing-glass of the home roof, they will not now bear exposure.

3. You do not now look men in the face, as if a heart-bond was linking you—as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart-bond that absorbs all others; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon, and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

4. And now those particular objects—alas for you!—are failing. What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy—there is no danger. How she struggles to persuade—there is no danger.

5. How it grates now on your ear—the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even, when, from the din, you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects; when you had such sweet escape when evening drew near.

6. Now it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

7. The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street-goers were all undertakers.

8. Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house: is he wise? you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? Did he ever fail—is he never forgetful?

9. And now the hand that touches yours, is it no thinner—no whiter than yesterday? Sunny days come when she revives; color comes back; she breathes freer; she picks flowers; she meets you with a smile; hope lives again. But the next day of storm she has fallen. She cannot talk even; she presses your hand.

10. You hurry away from business before your time. What matter for clients—who is to reap the rewards? What matter for fame—whose eye will it brighten? What matter for riches—whose is the inheritance?

11. You find her propped with pillows; she is looking over a little picture-book bethumbed by the dear boy she has lost. She hides it in her chair; she has pity on you.

12. Another day of revival, when the spring sun shines, and flowers open out of doors; she leans on your arm, and strolls into the garden where the first birds are singing. Listen to them with her—what memories are bird songs! You need not shudder at her tears—they are tears of thanksgiving. Press the hand that lies light upon your arm, and you, too, thank God, while yet you may!

13. You are early home—mid-afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy, terrible. They have sent for you. She is lying down; her eyes half-closed; her breathing long and interrupted. She hears you; her eyes open; you put your hand in hers: yours trembles—hers does not. Her lips move; it is your name.

14. "Be strong," she says, "God will help you." She presses harder your hand:—"Adieu!" A long breath—another; you are alone again. No tears now; poor man! You cannot find them!

15. Again, home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave-clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tiptoe. Does he fear to waken her?

16. He asks you a simple question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat-cuff. You look him straight in the

eye; you motion to the door; you dare not speak. He takes up his hat and glides out stealthily as a cat.

17. The man has done his work well for all. It is a nice coffin—a very nice coffin! Pass your hand over it—how smooth! Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonette. It is a good, stanch table the coffin rests on:—it is your table; you are a housekeeper—a man of family

18. Ay, of family!—keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features: is this all that is left of her? And where is your heart now? No, don't thrust your nails into your hands, nor mangle your lip, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep?

19. Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart, has gone out. Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now?

20. Go into your parlor, that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks. Sit down in your chair; there is another velvet-cushioned one, over against yours—empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs, as if you would press out something that hurts the brain; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand; your eyes rest upon the flashing blaze. Ashes always come after blaze.

21. Go now into the room where she was sick—softly, lest the prim housekeeper come after. They have put new dimity on her chair; they have hung new curtains over the bed. They have removed from the stand its phials, and silver bell; they have put a little vase of flowers in their place; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half-opened the window, that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be too cold. She is not there.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

LVIII.—THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE Spirit of beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her track in a joyous flight;
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;

She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy light;
Then she mounts again, and round her flings
A shower of light from her crimson wings;
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
That silently fills it with ecstacy

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet;
She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,
As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky,
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,
And round the skirts of their deepen'd fold
She paints a border of purple and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She silvers the landscape and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;
Then wheeling her flight through the gladdened air,
The Spirit of Beauty is *everywhere*.

RUFUS DAWES

LIX.—A COLLISION OF VICES.

1. My honorable and learned friend began by telling us that, after all, hatred is no bad thing in itself. "I hate a Tory," says my honorable friend; "and another man hates a cat; but it does not follow that he would hunt down the cat, or I the Tory."

2. Nay, so far from it, hatred, if it be properly managed, is, according to my honorable friend's theory, no bad preface to a rational esteem and affection. It prepares its votaries for a reconciliation of differences; for lying down with their most inveterate enemies, like the leopard and the kid in the vision of the prophet.

3. This dogma is a little startling, but it is not altogether without precedent. It is borrowed from a character in a play, which is, I dare say, as great a favorite with my learned friend as it is with me —I mean the comedy of the Rivals, in which Mrs. Malaprop, giving a lecture on the subject of marriage to her niece (who is unreasonable enough to talk of liking, as a necessary preliminary to such a union), says, "What have you to do with your likings and your preferences, child? Depend upon it, it is safest to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle like a blackamoor before we were married; and yet, you know, my dear, what a good wife I made him."

4. Such is my learned friend's argument, to a hair. But finding that this doctrine did not appear to go down with the House so glibly as he had expected, my honorable and learned friend presently changed his tack, and put forward a theory which, whether for novelty or for beauty, I pronounce to be incomparable; and, in short, as wanting nothing to recommend it but a slight foundation in truth.

5. "True philosophy," says my honorable friend, "will always continue to lead men to virtue by the instrumentality of their conflicting vices. The virtues, where more than one exists, may live harmoniously together; but the vices bear mortal antipathy to one another, and, therefore, furnish to the moral engineer the power by which he can make each keep the other under control."

6. Admirable! but, upon this doctrine, the poor man who has but one single vice must be in a very bad way. No fulcrum, no moral power, for effecting his cure! Whereas, his more fortunate neigbor, who has two or more vices in his composition, is in a fair way of becoming a very virtuous member of society. I wonder how my learned friend would like to have this doctrine introduced into his domestic establishment?

7. For instance, suppose that I discharge a servant because he is addicted to liquor, I could not venture to recommend him to my honorable and learned friend. It might be the poor man's only

fault, and therefore, clearly incorrigible; but if I had the good fortune to find out that he was also addicted to stealing, might I not, with a safe conscience, send him to my learned friend with a strong recommendation, saying: "I send you a man whom I know to be a drunkard; but I am happy to assure you he is also a thief; you cannot do better than employ him; you will make his drunkenness counteract his thievery.

CANNING

LX.—LABOR.

Ho! ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intenser glow—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hands guide the plough,
Who bend beneath the summer sun,
With burning cheek and brow—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
From olden time till now—
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor all day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who plough the sea's blue field—
Who ride the restless wave,
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wintry winds
Like fiends of fury rave—

Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor long hours through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye upon whose fever'd cheeks
The hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day
And half the weary night,
Who labor for the souls of men,
Champions of truth and right—
Although you feel your toil is hard,
Even with this glorious view,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! all who labor—all who strive—
Ye wield a lofty power:
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower.
Oh! to your birthright and yourselves
To your own souls be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do.

CAROLINE F ORNE.

LXI.—SOUND AND SENSE.

1. THAT, in the formation of language, men have been much influenced by a regard to the nature of the things and actions meant to be represented, is a fact of which every known speech gives proof. In our own language, for instance, who does not perceive in the sound of the words *thunder*, *boundless*, *terrible*, a something appropriate to the sublime ideas intended to be conveyed? In the word *crash* we hear the very action implied. *Imp*, *elf*—how descriptive of the

miniature beings to which we apply them! *Fairy*—how light and tripping, just like the fairy herself!—the word, no more than the thing, seems fit to bend the grass-blade, or shake the tear from the blue-eyed flower.

2. *Pea* is another of those words expressive of light, diminutive objects; any man born without sight and touch, if such ever are, could tell what kind of a thing a pea was from the sound of the word alone. Of picturesque words, *sylvan* and *crystal* are among our greatest favorites. *Sylvan!*—what visions of beautiful old sunlit forests, with huntsmen and bugle-horns, arise at the sound! *Crystal!*—does it not glitter like the very thing it stands for? Yet crystal is not so beautiful as its own adjective. *Crystalline!*—why, the whole mind is lightened up with its shine. And this superiority is as it should be; for crystal can only be one comparatively small object, while crystalline may refer to a mass—to a world of crystals.

3. It will be found that natural objects have a larger proportion of expressive names among them than any other things. The *eagle*,—what appropriate daring and sublimity! the *dove*,—what softness! the *linnet*,—what fluttering gentleness! "That which men call a rose" would *not* by any other name, or at least by many other names, smell as sweet. *Lily*,—what tall, cool, pale, lady-like beauty have we here! *Violet, jessamine, hyacinth, anemoné, geranium!*—beauties, all of them, to the ear as well as the eye.

4. The names of the precious stones have also a beauty and magnificence above most common things. *Diamond, sapphire, amethyst, beryl, ruby, agate, pearl, jasper, topaz, garnet, emerald*—what a caskanet of sparkling sounds! *Diadem* and *coronet* glitter with gold and precious stones, like the objects they represent. It is almost unnecessary to bring forward instances of the fine things which are represented in English by fine words. Let us take any sublime passage of our poetry, and we shall hardly find a word which is inappropriate in sound. For example:—

> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind.

The "gorgeous palaces," "the solemn temples"—how admirably do these lofty sounds harmonize with the objects!

5. The relation between the sound and sense of certain words is to be ascribed to more than one cause. Many are evidently imitative representations of the things, movements, and acts, which are meant to be expressed. Others, in which we only find a general relation, as between a beautiful thing and a beautiful word, a ridiculous thing and a ridiculous word, or a sublime idea and a sublime word, must be attributed to those faculties, native to every mind, which enable us to perceive and enjoy the beautiful, the ridiculous, and the sublime.

6. Doctor Wallis, who wrote upon English grammar in the reign of Charles II., represented it as a peculiar excellence of our language, that, beyond all others, it expressed the nature of the objects which it names, by employing sounds sharper, softer, weaker, stronger, more obscure, or more stridulous, according as the idea which is to be suggested requires. He gives various examples. Thus, words formed upon *st* always denote firmness and strength, analogous to the Latin *sto;* as, stand, stay, staff, stop, stout, steady, stake, stamp, &c.

7. Words beginning with *str* intimate violent force and energy; as, strive, strength, stress, stripe, &c. *Thr* implies forcible motion; as, throw, throb, thrust, threaten, thraldom, thrill: *gl,* smoothness or silent motion; as, glib, glide: *wr*, obliquity or distortion; as, wry, wrest, wrestle, wring, wrong, wrangle, wrath, &c.: *sw*, silent agitation, or lateral motion; as, sway, swing, swerve, sweep, swim: *sl*, a gentle fall or less observable motion; as, slide, slip, sly, slit, slow, slack, sling: *sp*, dissipation or expansion; as, spread, sprout, sprinkle, split, spill, spring.

8. Terminations in *ash* indicate something acting nimbly and sharply; as, crash, dash, rash, flash, lash, slash: terminations in *ush*, something acting more obtusely and dully; as crush, brush, hush, gush, blush. The learned author produces a great many more examples of the same kind, which seem to leave no doubt that the analogies of sound have had some influence on the formation of words. At the same time, in all speculations of this kind, there is so much room for fancy to operate, that they ought to be adopted with much caution in forming any general theory.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

LXII.—CRITICISM.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town and court.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still-expected rhymes;
Where'er you find the "cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees."
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep;"
Then at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow;
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound.

ALEXANDER POPE

LXIII.—THE DEEDS OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

1. SIR, it was not alone in the United States that the military movements and achievements on the Rio Grande were viewed with admiration. The greatest captain of the age, the Duke of Wellington, the moment he saw the positions taken and the combinations made upon the Rio Grande—the moment he saw the communication opened between the depot at Point Isabel and the garrison at Fort Brown, by that masterly movement of which the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were a part—exclaimed, that General Taylor is a general indeed. And yet, sir, all history is to be rewritten, all the rapture and pride of the country at the achievements upon those bloody fields are to disappear, and the light of science to pale before the criticism of that senator by whom we are told that a little band of mounted riflemen could have done that which cost so many American lives and hecatombs of Mexicans.

2. I have spoken thus as a simple duty, not from any unkindness to the senator, but that I might do justice to many of my comrades, whose dust now mingles with the earth upon which they fought—that I might not leave unredressed the wrongs of the buried dead. I have endeavored to suppress all personal feeling, though the character of the attack upon my friend and general might have pardoned its indulgence. It is true that sorrow sharpens memory, and that many deeds of noblest self-sacrifice, many tender associations, rise now vividly before me. I remember the purity of his character, his vast and varied resources; and I remember how the good and great qualities of his heart were equally and jointly exhibited when he took the immense responsibility under which he acted at the battle of Buena Vista, fought after he had been recommended by his senior general to retire to Monterey.

3. Around him stood those whose lives were in his charge, whose mothers, fathers, wives, and children would look to him for their return: those who were there had shared his fortunes on other fields; some who, never having seen a battle, were eager for the combat, without knowing how direful it would be; immediately about him those loving and beloved, and reposing such confidence in their commander that they but waited his beck and will to do and dare. On him, and on him alone, rested the responsibility. It was in his power to avoid it by retiring to Monterey, there to be invested and captured, and then justify himself under his instructions.

4. He would not do it, but cast all upon the die, resolved to maintain his country's honor, and save his country's flag from trailing in the dust of the enemy he had so often beaten, or close the conqueror's career as became the soldier. His purpose never wavered, his determination never faltered: his country's honor to be untarnished, his country's flag to triumph, or for himself to find an honorable grave, was the only alternative he considered. Under these circumstances, on the morning of the 23d of February, that glorious but bloody conflict commenced. It won for him a chaplet that it would be a disgrace for an American to mutilate, and which it were an idle attempt to adorn. I leave it to a grateful country, which is conscious of his services, and possesses a discrimination that is not to be confounded by the assertions of any, however high their position.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

LXIV.—ELOCUTION 9.

INFLECTIONS—(CONTINUED).

SERIES.

A succession of particulars expressed in similar language is called a series. When the series ends a sentence it is called a concluding series: when it does not end a sentence it is called a commencing series.

When the members of a series gradually rise in importance, it is called a climax.

RULE XXIX.—In a commencing series, the last member has the rising inflection, and the one before it the falling: in a concluding series, the last member has the falling inflection and the one before it the rising.

When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes′, I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions\, factions′ and debates\ of mankind\.

The ground is covered thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider′ and horse\, friend\, foe′, in one red burial blent.

I slip′, I slide′, I gloom\, I glance′
Among my skimming swallows;
I make my netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

A dreamer dreamed a random thought, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life\, a beacon ray′, a monitory flame\.

He is nothing\, he can be nothing\, he can achieve nothing\, fulfill nothing′, without working.

The three most celebrated conquerors in the civilized world were Alexander\, Cæsar′, and Napoleon.

Walls\, arches\, roof\, and deep foundation stones′—all mingling fell.

Kindness produces good nature and mutual benevolence\, encourages the timorous\, soothes the turbulent′, and humanizes the fierce\.

RULE XXX.—The successive steps of a climax should be read with gradually increasing force.

Industry is the demand of nature\, of reason/, and of God\.

You b l o c k s\, you STONES\, you WORSE than senseless things.

I was born an American\, I live an American/, and I shall die\ an American.

All that I am\, all that I have\, and all that I hope\ in this life/, I am ready here to stake upon it\.

I tell you, though you\, though all the world\, though an angel from Heaven\ declare the truth of it/, I cannot believe it\.

Now strike the golden lyre again!
A l o u d e r yet, and yet a LOUDER strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Sometimes the series is of the nature of an anti-climax which requires the opposite method of reading, the first member being the most forcible, and the stress gradually diminishing.

He sang Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate.

Blow, bugles, blow; set the wild echoes flying:
And answer, echoes, answer,—dying, dying, dying.

He has fallen in the strife!
Tell to his widowed wife,
And to her who gave him life,
Gently! gently!

LXV.—WORK.

1. THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with nature: the real desire to get work done

will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.

2. Blessed is he who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river, there it runs and flows!—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small!

3. Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly, thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone."

4. Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, for-ever-enduring gospel: work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work;—and burns like a painfully smoldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficient facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable, obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy: attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity, and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

5. But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest

not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the silence of deep eternities, of worlds from beyond the morning stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old graves, with their long-moldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

6. All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hard-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, martyrdoms—up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

7. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred band of the immortals, celestial body-guard of the empire of mind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "WITH IT, MY SON, OR UPON IT!" Thou, too, shalt return *home*, in honor to thy far distant home, in honor; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the eternities and deepest death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

THOMAS CARLYLE

LXVI.—THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roared the lions, with horrid, laughing jaws,
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:
Said Francis then, "Faith! gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought,—The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me.
Kings, ladies, lovers, all look on! the occasion is divine!
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love: great glory will be mine!

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him and smiled;
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild.
The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regained the place,--
Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's face.
"By Heaven!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

L. Hunt.

LXVII.—CLAY, CALHOUN AND WEBSTER.

1 As an orator, Mr. Clay stood unrivaled among the statesmen of our times; and if the power of a statesman is to be measured by the control which he exerts over an audience, he will take rank among the most illustrious men who, in ancient or modern times, have decided great questions by resistless eloquence.

2. Mr. Calhoun was the finest type of the pure Greek intellect which this country has ever produced. His speeches resemble Grecian sculpture, with all the purity and hardness of marble, while they show that the chisel was guided by the hand of a master. Demosthenes transcribed the history of Thucydides eight times, that he might acquire the strength and majesty of his style, and Mr. Calhoun had evidently studied the orations of the great Athenian with equal fidelity. He had much of his force and ardor, and his bearing was so full of dignity that it was easy to fancy, when you heard him, that you were listening to an oration from the lips of a Roman senator who had formed his style in the severe schools of Greece.

3. Mr. Webster's oratory reaches the highest pitch of grandeur. He combines the pure philosophical faculty of investigation, which characterized the Greek mind, with the athletic power and majesty which belonged to the Roman style. There is in his orations a blended strength and beauty surpassing anything to be found in ancient or modern productions. He stands like a statue of Hercules wrought out of gold.

4. He has been sometimes called the Demosthenes of this country, but the attributes which he displayed are not those which belonged to the Athenian orator. His speeches display the same power and beauty, and equal, if they do not surpass, in consummate ability, the noblest orations of Demosthenes; but he wants the vehemence, the boldness, the impetuosity of the orator who wielded the fierce democracy of Athens at his will, and who, in his impassioned harangues, "shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece."

5. Mr. Clay's oratory differed from that of Mr. Webster and of Mr. Calhoun, and it was more effective than that of either of his contemporaries. Less philosophical than the one, and less majestic than the other, he surpassed them both in the sway which he exerted over the assemblies which he addressed. Clear, convincing, im-

passioned, powerful, he spoke the language of truth in its most commanding tones, and the deductions of reason uttered from his lips seemed to have caught the glow of inspiration. * * *

6. He realized Mr. Webster's description of oratory: "The clear conception outrunning the deductions of logic; the high purpose; the firm resolve; the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object: this, this is the eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence; it is action—noble, sublime, godlike action." H. W. HILLARD.

LXVIII.—FLODDEN FIELD.

WITH that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand:
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone:
Can that be haughty Marmion?—
When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field.

His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down:—my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here, alone—to die!"
They parted, and alone he lay:
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring
To slake my dying thirst?"
O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.
With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the church's prayers.

Ever he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear
For that she ever sung:
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying,"
So the notes rung;
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—Stanley! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion. SCOTT.

LXIX.—NATURE SUPERIOR TO SCIENCE.

1. THE manner in which the mind is led away by the study of physical science from the moral considerations which should always accompany it, is worthy of notice as being common in ordinary books on science, and in popular treatises or manuals. They often speak of man and nature as two antagonists, as if man were always striving to conquer nature.

2. We boast of our triumphs over nature, and we seem to consider her avariciously withholding from us the possession of her secrets, as if she were the jealous guardian of the Hesperides, and

we Hercules; she the keeper of the Golden Fleece, and we the Argonauts; as if the man of science were a thief who eludes her watchfulness, or overcomes her power, steals her keys from her, and unlocks, in spite of her, her hidden treasures.

3. Hence every discovery is treated as almost the subject of a boast, and put forward as a victory, as something new extorted from nature. Now, it is exactly the contrary. In all physical science we can only be the servants and disciples of nature. She must be the absolute mistress, and she will not yield one tittle of her power to us. We must be the scholars, she must be our teacher; we cannot annul one of her laws, or force her to give up one single point which has, from the beginning, been established.

4. It is not, therefore, by conflicting with her, but by learning from her with docility, and simplicity, and admiration, that we shall fairly overcome her. And this may be done in two different ways. One is, if I may use the expression, by alluring her to our assistance, making her our friend, and for that purpose using her own laws which we have already discovered. For by submission alone to those laws, which she herself has taught us, can we overcome her.

5. Let me now, in order to put this view more strikingly before you, imagine a conversation, such as has often, I dare say, taken place, especially at the commencement of steam locomotion, in almost every part of the world. We will suppose a person, by way of introducing the conversation, say of the steam engine—"What a wonderful invention; how marvellous; to what a pitch has science been brought; how completely has she mastered nature and her laws!

6. "We have destroyed space, we have cheated time, we have invented a piece of mechanism which we have endowed with almost vital power, to which we have given all but intelligence; and how proudly it goes on its way! You hear it snorting and panting in its first efforts to dash forward, until it has gained a course as smooth, as regular, and as certain almost as the very orbits of the planets.

7. "We ride thus secure in the pride of that power—nature resists us in vain We cut through her mountain ridges, though they be made of the hardest granite; we pass over her yawning valleys by magnificent viaducts. We drain away whole regions of

bog or marsh, if they come in our way; or we fill up almost unfathomable chasms. Thus we go on overriding everything, and anticipating no obstacle that will not be mastered by the skill and power of man."

8. "Hold!" says one who has been listening to this boastful speech; "hold! look at yon cloud; it is heavy with thunder. See those flashes, which already break through it—those bright lances, each tipped with fire, destructive beyond all the power of man! see their direction towards us.

9. Suppose that by a law of nature, which you have not repealed, one of those strike, and it makes a wreck of that proud monster. In an instant his brazen kin would be stripped off, and cast aside; his iron frame and burning viscera would be strewn around with the violence of a volcano, and we should leave it lying upon the road, a ruin, a mutilated carcass from one single touch of the power of nature, defied by man."

10. "Nay," says a third, "I will not consent to a trial like that. I do not think it necessary to invoke the power of nature in its most gigantic, and at the same time, its most instantaneous action, to prove what it can do. It is not thus, in a vengeful form, that I will put into contrast that great production of man's ingenuity and the power of nature. No; I will take the most harmless, the most gentle, the most tender thing in her, and I will put that against the other.

11. "What is there softer, more beautiful, and more innocent than the dew drop, which does not even discolor the leaf upon which it lies at morning; what more graceful, when, multiplied, it makes its chalice of the rose, adds sweetness to its fragrance, and jewels to its enamel? Could anything be less likely to hurt than this? You shake with your hand the flower-cup in which it sparkles, and at once it vanishes.

12. "Expose the steam engine but to the action of this little and insignificant agent; let it fall upon the strong monster for a short time, and continue to cover it. It does not come as an enemy; it comes in a gentle and wooing form. It loves that iron; it is ready to deprive itself of a portion of its own substance, of that which is one of the most brilliant things in nature, the little oxygen which it contains, and to bestow it on the iron.

13. "And the metal, although you made a compact with it that it should be bright and polished, and be your iron slave forever,

cares more for the refreshment from those drops of dew than it does for you, and it absorbs them willingly.

14. "And so by degrees it allows its whole surface to be usurped and occupied by them, and the result of this conspiracy against you soon begins to appear. Every polished rod, so beautiful and fair, is blotched and gangrened, every joint is anchylosed and solidified, every limb becomes decrepit, and you have soon a worthless piece of mechanism, lumber that must be thrown aside. A few drops from heaven have conquered the proudest work of man's ingenuity and skill."

15. We come to this simple conclusion, that the more we study the laws of nature, the more we see how powerful it is, how superior to man, how it is the exponent and exhibitor of magnificent wisdom, of might with which we cannot cope. We must not pretend to too much; but in spite of boasts that nature has been overcome by man, let us ever keep this in mind, that she will always in the end, if it should come to a conflict, vanquish; and that her laws and powers, illimitable and irresistible, represent to us a higher Power than that of man—the power that gives us our own moral strength and lays down our moral laws. CARDINAL WISEMAN.

LXX.—EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

News of battle!—news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle!—who hath brought it?
News of triumph!—who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant king?

All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.

All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights, that never beacon
Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle!—who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened:
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder,
Bursts from out the bending crowd.

For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
"Tell us all—O, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children,—
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal or is it woe?"

Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer—
Only with his armed heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.

"By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come."
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.
The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corselet,
And on his mailéd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.

And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear;
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
Ay! ye may well look upon it—
There is more than honor there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair

Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your king!

Woe, woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!

Through the streets the death-word rushes,
Spreading terror, sweeping on—
Our King! our noble King has fallen;
O, great God! King James is gone!

Holy Mother Mary, shield us!
Thou, who erst didst lose thy Son!
Oh, the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
Oh! our king--the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more?

Woe to us, and woe to Scotland,
Oh, our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again.
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem:
Wives and mothers, Dunedin,
Ye may look in vain for them!

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

LXXI.—RIP VAN WINKLE.

1. WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but, sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

2. At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have

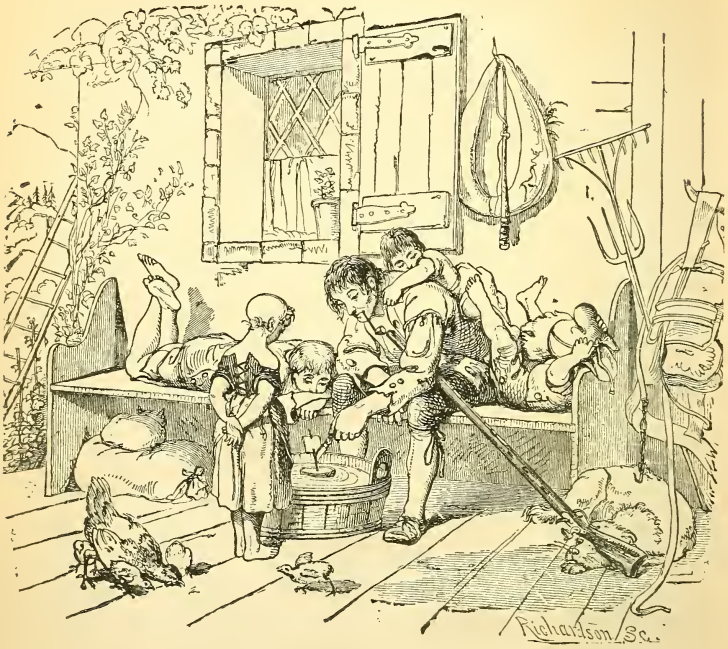
descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

3. In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors.

4. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

5. Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual, with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians Whenever he went dodging about the village he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and

playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.



6. The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing

family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

7. In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

8. His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

9. Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

10. Rip's domestic was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as

the cause of his master going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

LXXII.—RIP VAN WINKLE—(Continued.)

1. Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with const

ose. For a long time he was used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third.

2. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

3. The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

4. From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

5. Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

6. In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the after-

noon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice.

7. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

8. As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

9. On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

10. On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enor-

mous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail.

11. As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

12. By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

LXXIII.—RIP VAN WINKLE—(Concluded).

1. On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

2. He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the

barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

3. He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, he shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

4. As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

5. He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood

the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," he thought, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

6. It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut, indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

7. He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely

chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

8. He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large ricketty wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "the Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle."

9. The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity.

10. The poor man humbly assured them that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern. "Well, who are they?—name them." Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?" "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years!" "Where's Brom Dutcher?" "Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; he never came back again." "Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?" "He went off to the wars, too—was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

11. Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?" "Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

12. Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

13. "God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

14. At this critical moment, a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she; "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

15. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he. "Judith Gardenier." "And your father's name?" "Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl." The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

16. All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

17. Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night.

18. His daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

19. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

20. Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LXXIV.—WILLIAM TELL.

Tell. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again.
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again. O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty! and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine; whose smile
Makes glad; whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again. I call to you
With all my voice. I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you.

Erni *enters*

Erni. You're sure to keep the time
That comes before the hour.

Tell. The hour
Will soon be here. O, when will Liberty
Be here, my Erni? That's my thought, which still
I find beside. Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss: his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath,
And round about: absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot!

'Twas liberty! I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away.

Enter EMMA.

Emma. O, the fresh morning!—Heaven's kind messenger,
That never empty handed comes to those
Who know to use its gifts. Praise be to Him
Who loads it still, and bids it constant run
The errand of His bounty! Praise be to Him!
We need His care, that on the mountain's cliff
Lodge by the storm, and cannot lift our eyes,
But piles on piles of everlasting snows,
O'erhanging us, remind us of His mercy.

Tell. Why should I, Emma, make thy heart acquainted
With ills I could shut out from it?—rude guests
For such a home! Here, only, we have had
Two hearts; in all things else—in love, in faith,
In hope, in joy, that never had but one!
But, henceforth, we must have but one here also.

Emma. O William, you have wronged me—kindly wronged me.
Whenever yet was happiness the test
Of love in man or woman? Who'd not hold
To that which must advantage him? Who'd not
Keep promise to a feast, or mind his pledge
To share a rich man's purse? There's not a churl,
However base, but might be thus approved
Of most unswerving constancy. But that
Which loosens churls ties friends, or changes them
Only to stick the faster. William! William!
That man knew never yet the love of woman,
Who never had an ill to share with her.

Tell. Not even to know that would I in so
Ungentle partnership engage thee, Emma,
So *will* could help it; but necessity,
The master yet of will, how strong soe'er,
Commands me. When I wedded thee,
The land was free. With what pride I used

To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless Him that it was so! It was free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free;
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys, without asking leave,
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was it then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, Emma, I have sat
In my boat, at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
You know the jutting cliff round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass. O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind,
"Blow on! This is the land of liberty!"

Emma. I almost see thee on that fearful pass,
And yet, so seeing thee, I have a feeling
Forbids me wonder that thou didst so.

Tell. 'Tis
A feeling must not breathe where Gesler breathes,
But may within these arms. List, Emma, list!
A league is made to pull the tyrant down
E'en from his seat upon the rock of Altorf.
Four hearts have staked their blood upon the cast,
And mine is one of them. J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

LXXV.—THE SWISS PATRIOT.

WILLIAM TELL, ALBERT *and* GESLER.

Gesler. What is thy name?
Tell. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now:—
My name is Tell.
Ges. Tell!—William Tell?
Tell. The same.
Ges. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss!—Indeed!—I'll take
Exquisite vengeance!—Mark! I'll spare thy life—
Thy boy's too—both of you are free—on one
Condition.
Tell. Name it.
Ges. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.
Tell. Name the trial you
Would have me make.
Ges. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guess'd it.
Tell. Look upon my boy! What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guess'd it!—Guess'd the trial
You'd have me make!—Guess'd it
Instinctively! You do not mean—no—no—
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.
Ges. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.
Tell. Is my boy to hold it?
Ges. No.
Tell. No!—I'll send the arrow through the core!
Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great Heaven, you hear him!

Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give—
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.

Tell. O monster!

Ges. Wilt thou do it?

Albert. He will! he will!

Tell. Ferocious monster!—Make
A father murder his own child!

Ges. Take off
His chains, if he consent.

Tell. With his own hand!

Ges. Does he consent?

Alb. He does. [GESLER *signs to his officers, who proceed to take off* TELL'S *chains.* TELL *all the time unconscious what they do.*

Tell. With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand—This hand!
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!—
'Tis beyond horror—'tis most horrible.
Amazement! [*His chains fall off.*] What's that you've done to me.
Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler.

Alb. Father—father!
You will not hit me, father!——

Tell. Hit thee! Send
The arrow through thy brain—or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye—or, if thine eye escape,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses! Hit thee—hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart——

Ges. Dost thou consent?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!

Alb. No, father, no!

To save me!—you'll be sure to hit the apple—
Will you not save me, father?
Tell. Lead me forth—
I'll make the trial!
Alb. Thank you!
Tell. Thank me! Do
You know for what? I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a corpse before her!
Ges. Then he dies this moment—and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.
Tell. Well—I'll do it: I'll make the trial.
Alb. Father——
Tell. Speak not to me.
Let me not hear thy voice—Thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be—Earth should be dumb,
And Heaven—unless its thunders mutter'd at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver!——
Ges. When all's ready.
Tell. Well! Lead on!
Enter, slowly, people in evident distress—Officers, SARNEM, GESLER, TELL, ALBERT, *and Soldiers—one bearing* TELL'S *bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples.*
Ges. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.
Tell. Is the line a true one?
Ges. True or not, what is 't to thee?
Tell. What is 't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing—a yard or two
Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.
Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.
Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler! Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.
Ges. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?

Tell. I'd have it at my back—the sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun—
I will not shoot against the sun!
Ges. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy
Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.
Ges. Stay! show me the basket!—there——
Tell. You've picked the smallest one.
Ges. I know I have.
Tell. Oh! do you? But you see
The color on 't is dark—I'd have it light,
To see it better.
Ges. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.
Tell. True—true!—I did not think of that—I wonder
I did not think of that—Give me some chance
To save my boy! [*Throws away the apple with all his force.*
I will not murder him,
If I can help it, for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all thy heart is gone.
Ges. Well, choose thyself.
Tell. Have I a friend among the lookers-on?
Verner. [*Rushing forward.*] Here, Tell.
Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief:
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the courage
To stand it?
Ver. Yes.
Tell. Does he tremble?
Ver. No.
Tell. Art sure?
Ver. I am.

Tell. How looks he?
Ver. Clear and smilingly:
If you doubt it—look yourself.
Tell. No, no, my friend;
To bear it is enough.
Ver He bears himself so much above his years——
Tell. I know! I know.
Ver. With constancy so modest!——
Tell. I was sure he would——
Ver. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you——
Tell. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father
To act the man! Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint—flint—flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not—do not mind me! Take the boy
And set him Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees, and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me,—
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady—tell him
I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.
Ver. Come, Albert! [*Leading him out.*
Alb. May I not speak with him before I go?
Ver. No.
Alb. I would only kiss his hand.
Ver. You must not.
Alb. I must! I cannot go from him without
Ver. It is his will you should.
Alb. His will, is it?
I am content then, come.
Tell. My boy! [*Holding out his arms to him.*
Alb. My father! [*Rushing into* TELL'S *arms.*
Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go, now,
My son—and keep in mind that I can shoot—
Go, boy—be thou steady, I will hit
The apple—Go! God bless thee, go! My bow!
[*The bow is handed to him.*

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou?
Thou hast never fail'd him yet, old servant—No,
I'm sure of thee—I know thy honesty.
Thou art stanch—stanch. Let me see my quiver.

Ges. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Sol. I do.

Tell. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather jagged: [*Breaks it.*
That's all the use 'tis fit for.

Ges. Let him have another.

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take—'tis heavy in the shaft:
I'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see my quiver.
Bring it! 'Tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.

Ges. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

Tell. See if the boy is ready.

[Tell *here hides an arrow under his vest.*

Ver. He is.

Tell. I'm ready, too! Keep silent for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir—and let me have
Your prayers—your prayers—and be my witnesses
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it. [*To the people.*

Ges. Go on.

Tell. I will.
O friends, for mercy's sake keep motionless
And silent.

[Tell *shoots—a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd*—Tell's *head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*

Ver. [*Rushing in with* Albert.] The boy is safe—no hair of him is touch'd.

Alb. Father, I'm safe!—your Albert's safe, dear father,—
Speak to me! Speak to me!

Ver. He cannot, boy!

Alb. You grant him life?

Ges. I do.

Alb. And we are free?

Ges. You are. [*Crossing angrily behind.*

Alb. Thank Heaven!—thank Heaven?

Ver. Open his vest
And give him air.

[ALBERT *opens his father's vest and the arrow drops.*

Tell. My boy! My boy!

Ges. For what
Had you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

LXXVI.—WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO THE ARMY.

1. To PART with his soldiers, with those whom a common suffering had bound to him by a thousand ties, was a heavy task to a generous heart like Washington's. Assembling them, for the last time, at Newburg, he rode out on the field and gave them his farewell address. Playing the mournful tune of Roslin Castle, (the dirge which always accompanies a dead companion in arms to the grave,) they slowly marched by their beloved leader, and silently and sadly filed away to their respective homes.

2. Ragged, destitute, and without a penny in their pockets, they had long resolved schemes of terrible retribution against Congress, but the moment they again saw the form of Washington, all anger died, and trusting to his simple word for redress, they turned away invoking blessings on his head. With melancholy feelings he watched their lessening files, for all their hardships and privations rose before him, while their present poverty and suffering moved his deepest sympathy.

3. But to part forever with his brother officers, who had so long sat with him in council, shared his toils and adversities, and become

endeared to him by numberless proofs of affection, was the greatest trial to which his noble heart was ever subjected. It was the fourth of December when they assembled, in full uniform, at Frances' Tavern, New York, to take leave of their commander. About noon Washington entered, and every form rose at his presence, and every eye turned to greet him.

4. He had come to say farewell, but the task seemed too great for his control. Advancing slowly to the table, he lifted the glass to his lips, and said in a voice choked with emotion, with a heart full of gratitude and love, "I now take leave of you, and I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." A mournful and profound silence followed, and each one gazed on the face of his leader.

5. But that noble countenance which had moved so calm and fearless through seven years of gloom and carnage, and been the only star of hope to the troubled nation in the night of its distress, was now convulsed with feeling. There were Knox, and Greene, and Hamilton, and Steuben, and others, the locks of many of whom had whitened in the storm of freedom's battle, gazing mournfully upon him. Shoulder to shoulder they had stood beside him in the deadly combat, and with their brave arms around him, bore him steadily through the fight.

6. He had heard their battle shout on the fields of his fame, and seen them carry his standard triumphantly through the smoke of the conflict. Brave hearts were they all, and true, on whom he had leaned, and not in vain, in the hour of peril; and now he was to leave them forever. A thousand proofs of their devotion came rushing on his memory; their toils and conflicts rose before him, and the whole history of the past, with its chequered scenes, swept by, till his heart sunk in affection and grief.

7. And there they stood, a noble band of them; the eye unaccustomed to weep, flowing in tears, and the lip that seemed made of iron in the carnage and din of strife, quivering with emotion. Washington gazed on them a moment in silent sorrow, and then turning to Knox, grasped his hand and clasped him in his arms. Neither could utter a word, and the spectacle melted every heart. Thus did one after another receive the embrace of his commander, when Washington, with a bursting heart, turned away.

8. As he passed, uncovered, through the corps of light infantry, drawn up on either side to receive him, a gigantic soldier, who had moved by his side in that dark and terrible night when he marched on Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks, and reaching out his arms exclaimed, "Farewell, my dear General, farewell!" Washington seized his hardy hand in both of his, and wrung it convulsively. In a moment all discipline was at an end, and the soldiers broke their order, and rushing around him, seized him by the hands and covered them with tears of sorrow.

9. This was the last drop in the overflowing cup, and as Washington moved away, his broad chest heaved and swelled above the tide of feeling that had at last burst the sway of his strong will, and the big tears rolled unchecked down his manly face. At length he reached Whitehall, where a barge was waiting to receive him. Entering it, he turned a moment and waved his hat over his head, in a last adieu to the mute and noble band on the shore, when the boat shot away, and the impressive scene was over.

J. T. Headley.

LXXVII.—WASHINGTON.

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far,
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the central star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart,
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won,
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on his wreath:
He lived a heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves—
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on—
Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington!

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and the sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate—no burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington. ELIZA COOK.

LXXVIII.—THE FATE OF THE INDIANS.

1. THERE is, indeed, in the fate of the unfortunate Indians much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the with-

ered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

2. Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida—from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests, and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs.

3. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth—the sachems and the tribes—the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No; nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their hearts' cores; a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still."

4. The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans.

5. There is something in their hearts which passes speech; there is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never! Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant nor unseen. It is to the general burial ground of the race.

STORY.

LXXIX.—RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Not as a child shall we again behold her
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way. LONGFELLOW

LXXXI.—THE LOCOMOTIVE.

1. WOULD you like the luxury of a new sensation? Take your stand six feet from a railroad track in the night, and await the passage of the express train. There is no wind stirring. Clouds close in the light of the stars. The hum of life has ceased. Blackness and silence brood together upon the face of the earth. Afar off the listening ear catches a dawning roar. Half heard and half felt, it grows into more distinctness, partly revealed by the trembling of the solid earth, and partly felt as a shapeless horror filling the air.

2. Every second swells its awful volume and deepens its terror. The earth now quakes under its tread; a blazing glare flashes livid horror into the surrounding air, and you see, crawling along in snaky track, with fiery head crouched close to the ground, and its long train swinging from side to side with a wavy motion, a gigantic and terror-breathing monster, instinct with life and power, crushing the earth with its tread, and creating a whirlwind with its blasting breath as it sweeps along.

3. Is there anything in the world which impresses the mind with a profounder sense of resistless power than that enormous mass, with its blazing eyes and smoky breath, rushing with the speed of a can-

non ball, and startling the air and the earth with the overwhelming horror of its flight? What would the savage think, seeing it for the first time?

4. Imagine such a flight across the country fifty years ago, unheralded by any rumor of its coming, revealing its existence by its presence, and rushing suddenly into oblivion, as it now rushes into the darkness while you gaze upon the spot where it disappeared, and hear only the faint echo of its distant tread. What rumors of it would fill the world! What tales of its grandeur, of its spread and power, would startle the credulity of the remotest village gossip!

5. Yet this gigantic monster, which never fails, even yet, to impress us with the majesty and grandeur of its power, is one of our most familiar servants; he is simply the drudge upon whom we throw the hardest work of every-day life. Grand and superhuman as he seems to the eye, we use him merely as a substitute for legs.

6. We no longer walk or carry burdens from place to place. We have caught this all-powerful, swift-footed monster—this omnipotent, gigantic centipede; we have laid down our iron track for him to run upon; and, chaining his nose to its narrow rail, and guiding his course by an iron flange not an inch thick, we load him with the weight of mountains, pile hundreds of people upon his back, fasten tons upon tons of merchandise to his tail, and, thus laden, drive him like a tamed tornado, through the length and breadth of the land.

7. If we could climb to some great height, from which we could see at one glance the whole area of our vast country, we should see it cut in every direction with the tracks marked out for these chained thunderbolts to run upon. At every hour and every minute of the day and of the night, we should see them rushing from point to point, with the speed of the lightning, and crossing the direction of each other's tracks, like cannon balls on a field of battle.

8. He must be a foolhardy man, one would think, who should dream of riding such a monster. One might as well mount a bomb-shell, or a Paixhan shot, for the sake of speed. Suppose some little stone should get wedged upon the track; or some misplaced switch should turn it off; or a pin, the size of your finger, should break; or some one of ten thousand trifling accidents should happen—what would become of the train and the lives of those who had entrusted themselves to its care?

9. And yet there can be no doubt that traveling by railway is the safest mode of traveling yet discovered; and that for the simple reason that it depends, more completely than any other, upon fixed principles that can be understood, and upon agencies that can be controlled by the intellect of man. A horse will sometimes run away; he has a will of his own, and its freaks can not always be foreseen. The locomotive has no will, no passion, no life but what man gives, and can guide, check, control, or take away.

10. Everything connected with a railroad,—the track, the motive power, the wheels, the cars,—every agency employed about it, and everything on which its movements in any degree depend, can be distinctly understood and subjected to the full and complete control of the presiding intellect. The exact exercise of this entire mastery is all that is necessary to render railway traveling perfectly safe. And the fact that it is exercised with different degrees of fidelity upon different roads is what makes one road safer, or less safe, than another. RAYMOND.

LXXXI.—THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

DARK is the night. How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering, she watches by the cradle-side
For him who pledged her love,—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No! 'Tis past! 'Tis gone!"
Tick! tick! "How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He, once so kind!
And I believed 'twould last! How mad! How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe! Rest on! 'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep! For there is no food! The fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done:
My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there! he's there!
For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love, leaves truth, his wife, his child—for what?
The wanton's smile, the villain and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'Tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for you,
My child! My child! Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by.
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'Tis his knock! He comes—he comes once more!
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return; and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!

'Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband! I die! Father! It is not he!
O God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They're gone! they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are number'd with the dead;
The gambler came at last, but all was o'er;
Dread silence reign'd around. The clock struck four.

COATES.

LXXXII.—MAN AND WOMAN.

1. MAN stands before us in all his native dignity. He commands admiration by the boldness of his designs, the grandeur of his conceptions, the chivalry of his deeds, and the preëminence of his talents. He delights to figure in the world's eye, and to hear his praises rung by every tongue. He glories in the stormy agitations of life. His throne is tempest, and his state convulsion. He rules nations by a word, shakes kingdoms by his influence, overturns governments at his will, and destroys his fellow-man in the mere wantonness of power. Riding upon the whirlwind, he mocks the raging storm; playing with the lightning, he hears unmoved the thunder's voice.

2. The wings of time make for him music as they move; and he forgets, too often, as he is wafted to eternity's brink, the dread realities of a "God in thunder, and a world on fire." Such are, generally, the aspirations of his mind, the employment of his life, and the consummation of his career. To be prepared for their strange vicissitudes, and to control with facility their wonderful mutations, *man should be educated.*

3. *Woman* sits by her fireside, in the beauty of her charms, and in the worshiped graces of her loveliness. The nature of her duties, the care of her children, the laws of the land, and the usages of society, bind her to the home of her love. She delights to smooth the rough asperities of nature, to temper the burning heat of restless ambition, to check the adventurous spirit of daring heroism, and to sweeten by the endearments of social intercourse, the passing hours of a brief existence.

4. When the world is convulsed by the madness of ambition, and distracted by the vice and folly of legalized wickedness, she enlivens and purifies the domestic circle, by the affections and charities of a "well-ordered life and a blameless conversation." She watches, with maternal solicitude the sportive tricks of helpless infancy; listens to the sweet music of its voice; exults in the endearing playfulness of its smiles; weeps at the melting accents of its cry; and as she rocks the little manly spirit to its repose, strikes the silver-toned notes of merry happiness, and enjoys again the dewy freshness of life's morning hour.

5. In time's rapid flight, the days of childhood have passed, and the little prattler stands by his "mighty mother's" side, life's young pilgrim. With a deep sense of the responsibility of her trust, she molds his mind and forms his manners, directs his powers and regulates his conduct. In process of time, she unfolds the saving truths of his condition and danger, destination and immortality. She strikes the chord of deep-toned feeling, opens the fountains of sympathetic emotions, kindles the flame of virtuous ambition, points to the source of religious consolation, and, at last, sends forth the wanderer upon the world's wide theatre, with a mother's love and a mother's blessing. To perform appropriately these high and delicate trusts, should not *woman be educated?* WILLIAM WIRT.

LXXXIII.—GEMS.

FORTUNE.

1. Good fortune and bad are equally necessary to man, to fit him to meet the contingencies of this life. From the French.

2. We should manage our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity. La Rochefoucauld.

3. There are many men who appear to be struggling against adversity, and yet are happy; but yet more, who, although abounding in wealth, are miserable. Tacitus.

4. Surely no man can reflect, without wonder, upon the vicissitudes of human life, arising from causes in the highest degree accidental and trifling. If you trace the necessary concatenation of human events, a very little way back, you may perhaps discover that a person's very going in or out of a door has been the means of coloring with misery or happiness the remaining current of his life. Greville.

5 Oft, what seems
A trifle, a mere nothing, by itself,
In some nice situation, turns the scale
Of fate, and rules the most important actions. Thomson.

6. I can applaud her while she stays,
But if she shake her rapid wings,
I can resign with careless ease
The richest gifts that Fortune brings,
Then folded lie in Virtue's arms
And honest poverty's undowered charms. Horace.

CONVERSATION.

7. The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit. Sir Wm. Temple.

8. He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man. Lavater.

9. When I meet with any that write obscurely, or converse confusedly, I am apt to suspect two things; first, that such persons do not understand themselves; and, secondly, that they are not worthy of being understood by others. COLTON.

10. In private conversation between intimate friends, the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud. ADDISON.

11. The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

LXXXIV.—THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

VAINLY, vainly memory seeks,
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks,
Where they used to be:
Of the circle once so wide,
Three are wanderers—three have died.

Golden haired and dewy eyed,
Prattling all the day,
Was the baby, first that died;
O, 'twas hard to lay
Dimpled hand and cheek of snow
In the grave so dark and low!

Smiling back on all who smiled,
Ne'er by sorrow thralled,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next God called!
Then a grave more deep and wide,
Made they by the baby's side.

When or where the other died,
Only Heaven can tell;
Treading manhood's path of pride
Was he when he fell;
Haply thistles, blue and red,
Bloom about his lonesome bed.

I am for the living three
Only left to pray;
Two are on the stormy sea;
Farther still than they,
Wanders one, his young heart dim—
Oftenest, most, I pray for him.

Whatso'er they do or dare—
Wheresoe'er they roam—
Have them, Father, in thy care,
Guide them safely home;
Home, O Father, in the sky,
Where none wander and none die.

ALICE CAREY.

LXXXV.—THE WIND AND RAIN.

1. VAPOR rises from water, and from every moist body, under the influence of heat. The greater the heat, the more the vapor; but even in winter, from the surface of an ice-field, vapor rises. The greater the heat, the greater the expansion of the vapor. It is the nature of material things to expand under heat, and to contract under cold; so water does, except in the act of freezing, when, for a beneficent purpose, it is constituted an exception to the rule. Vapor rises freely from lakes, rivers, and moist land; but most abundantly, of course, it rises from the sea, and nowhere more abundantly than where the sun is hottest. So it rises in the zone of variable winds and calms, abundant, very much expanded, therefore imperceptible.

2. There comes a breath of colder air on the ascending current; its temperature falls. It had contained as much vapor as it would

hold in its warm state; when cooled it will not hold so much; the excess, therefore, must part company, and be condensed again; clouds rapidly form, and as the condensation goes on in this region with immense rapidity, down comes the discarded vapor in the original state of water, out of which it had been raised. Sudden precipitation, and the violent rubbing against each other of two air-currents unequally warmed, develop electricity; and then we have thunder and lightning.

3. Rain, being elicited by heat from water, will, of course, abound most where the sun is hottest. The average yearly fall of rain between the tropics is ninety-five inches, but in the temperate zone only thirty-five. The greatest rain-fall, however, is precipitated in the shortest time; tropical clouds like to get it over and have done with it. Ninety-five inches fall in eighty days on the equator, while at St. Petersburg the yearly rain-fall is but seventeen inches, spread over one hundred and sixty-nine days. Again, a tropical wet day is not continuously wet. The morning is clear; clouds form about ten o'clock, the rain begins at twelve, and pours till about half-past four: by sunset the clouds are gone, and the nights are invariably fine This is a tropical day during the rainy season.

4. What does the "rainy season" mean?—At a point twenty-three and a half degrees north of the equator, at the tropic of Cancer, the vertical sun appears to stop when it is midsummer with us. As it moves southward, our summer wanes; it crosses the equator, and appears to travel on until it has reached twenty-three and a half degrees on the other side of the line,—the tropic of Capricorn; then six months have passed; it is midwinter with us, and midsummer with people in the southern hemisphere. The sun turns back and (the word *tropic* means the place of turning), retraces its course over the equator, and at the expiration of a twelvemonth is at our tropic again, bringing us summer.

5 Now, the rainy season is produced between the tropics by the powerful action of the sun, wherever it is nearly vertical, in sucking up vast quantities of vapor, which become condensed in the upper colder regions of the atmosphere, and dash to earth again as rain. The rainy season, therefore, follows the sun. When the sun is at or near the tropic of Cancer, both before and after turning, all places near that tropic have their rainy season; when the sun makes a larger angle with their zenith, it has taken the rainy season with it

to another place. It is here obvious that a country between the tropics, and far from each, is passed over by the sun, in its apparent course, at two periods in the same year, with a decided interval between them. Such a country must have, therefore, and does have, two rainy and two dry seasons.

6. The trade-winds, blowing equably, do not deposit much of their vapor while still flowing over the Atlantic. These winds—so called from being favorable to commerce—blow constantly, one in a north-east and the other in a south-east direction, within about twenty-eight degrees on each side of the equator. Out at sea it seldom rains within the trade-winds; but when they strike the east coast of America rain falls; and the rain-fall on that coast, within the limits of the trade-winds, is notoriously excessive. The chain of the West India Islands stands ready to take (in the due season) a full dose; the rain-fall at St. Domingo is one hundred and fifty inches. But the winds, having traversed the breadth of the continent, deposit their last clouds on the western flanks of the Andes, and there are portions, accordingly, of the western coast, on which no season will expend a drop of rain.

7. Thus, in Peru it rains once, perhaps, in a man's lifetime; and an old man may tell how once, when he was quite a boy, it thundered. The cold Antarctic current, slipping by the Peruvian shores, yields a thick vapor, which serves instead of rain. Upon the table-land of Mexico, in parts of Guatemala and California, for the same reason, rain is very rare. But the grandest rainless districts are those occupied by the great desert of Africa, extending eastward over portions of Arabia and Persia, to a desert province of the Beloochs; districts presently continued in the heart of Asia, over the great desert of Gobi, the table-land of Thibet, and part of Mongolia. In all there are five or six millions of square miles of land that never taste a shower. Elsewhere the whole bulk of water that falls annually in the shape of rain is calculated at seven hundred and sixty millions of millions of tons.

8. Winds are caused, like currents of the sea, by inequalities of temperature. The hurricane is a remarkable storm wind, peculiar to certain portions of the world. It rarely takes its rise beyond the tropics, and it is the only storm to dread within the region of the trade-winds. In the temperate zone, hurricanes do now and then occur, which, crossing the Atlantic from America, strike the coasts

of Europe. It is the nature of a hurricane to travel round and round, as well as forward, very much as a cork-screw travels through a cork, only the circles are all flat, and described by a rotatory wind upon the surface of the water. Hurricanes always travel away from the equator. North of the equator, the great storm, revolving as it comes, rolls from the east towards the west; inclining from the equator, that is, northward. It always comes in that way; always describes in its main course the curve of an ellipse.

9. The typhoon, a relation of the hurricane's, is of Chinese extraction. It is met with only in the China seas, not so far south as the Island of Mindanao, nor so far north as Corea, except upon the eastern borders of Japan. A typhoon walks abroad not oftener than about once every three or four years, and that is quite often enough. You may believe anything of a typhoon. Robert Fortune says, that when he was at sea in a typhoon, a fish weighing thirty or forty pounds was blown out of the water, and fell through the skylight into the cabin. That might be believed of a typhoon from a less trustworthy informant.

10. Of local storms and currents, caused, inland or out at sea, by inequalities of temperature, as, for example, by the warm current of the Gulf Stream, we need not particularly speak. The storms and the rain-torrents of Cape Horn, where one hundred and fifty-three inches of rain have been measured in forty-one days, and where the whole year is a rainy season, we can only mention. To the simoom we give a nod of recognition; verily, that is a penetrating wind which clogs with sand the works of a double-cased gold watch in the waistcoat pocket of a traveler. We wave our hands likewise to the Italian sirocco, and the Egyptian khamsin, and the dry harmattan; and so our dry talk ends.

11. In equalizing temperature, in wafting clouds over the land, and causing them to break and fall in fertilizing showers, in creating and fostering the art of navigation, by which man is civilized, the winds perform good service. Their pure current washes out the stagnant exhalations from our homes, our fields, our persons; breaks the ripe seed from the tree, and sows it at a distance from its parent plant, where it may grow in the free air, not overshadowed. Without winds, winter would be one monotony of frost, and summer one monotony of sun. The crisp snow and the woolly clouds, the delightful rustle of the summer forest and the waving of the autumn

corn, the glory of the sunset and the wonder of the rainbow,—the world would have wanted these had not the winds been taught to do their Master's bidding. After all, wind and rain prove more than the necessity of carrying umbrellas.

12. It is raining still; raining on the just and on the unjust; on the trees, the corn, and the flowers; on the green fields and the river; on the lighthouse bluff and out at sea. It is raining on the graves of some whom we have loved. When it rains during a mellow summer evening, it is beneficently natural to most of us to think of that, and to give those verdant places their quiet share in the hope and freshness of the morrow. DICKENS.

LXXXVI.—THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depth of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines red.
As on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden.
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof;
The mountains its columns be;
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and upbuild it again. SHELLEY.

LXXXVII.—DEATH OF PIZARRO.

1. ON the day appointed, Rada and his companions met in Almagro's house, and waited with anxiety for the hour when the governor should issue from the church. But great was their consternation, when they learned that he was not there, but was detained at home, as currently reported, by illness. Little doubting that their design was discovered, they felt their own ruin to be the inevitable consequence, and that, too, without enjoying the melan-

choly consolation of having struck the blow for which they had incurred it. Greatly perplexed, some were for disbanding, in the hope that Pizarro might, after all, be ignorant of their design. But most were for carrying it into execution at once, by assaulting him in his own house.

2. The question was summarily decided by one of the party, who felt that in this latter course lay their only chance of safety. Throwing open the doors, he rushed out, calling on his comrades "to follow him, or he would proclaim the purpose for which they had met." There was no longer hesitation, and the cavaliers issued forth, with Rada at their head, shouting, as they went, "Long live the king! Death to the tyrant!"

3. The governor's palace stood on the opposite side of the square. It was approached by two court-yards. The entrance to the outer one was protected by a massive gate, capable of being made good against a hundred men or more. But it was left open, and the assailants, hurrying through to the inner court, still shouting their fearful battle-cry, were met by two domestics loitering in the yard. One of these they struck down. The other, flying in all haste towards the house, called out, "Help, help! the men of Chili are all coming to murder the marquess!"

4. Pizarro at this time was at dinner, or, more probably, had just dined. He was surrounded by a party of friends, who had dropped in, it seems, after mass, to inquire after the state of his health, some of whom had remained to partake of his repast. Among these was Don Martinez de Alcantara, Pizarro's half-brother by the mother's side, the judge Velasquez, the bishop elect of Quito, and several of the principal cavaliers in the place, to the number of fifteen or twenty.

5. Some of them, alarmed by the uproar in the court-yard, left the saloon, and, running down to the first landing on the stairway, inquired into the cause of the disturbance. No sooner were they informed of it by the cries of the servant, than they retreated with precipitation into the house; and, as they had no mind to abide the storm unarmed, or at the best imperfectly armed, as most of them were, they made their way to a corridor that overlooked the gardens, into which they easily let themselves down without injury.

6. Meanwhile, the marquess, learning the nature of the tumult, called out to Francisco de Chaves, an officer high in his confidence,

and who was in the outer apartment opening on the staircase, to secure the door, while he and his brother Alcantara buckled on their armor. Had this order, coolly given, been as coolly obeyed, it would have saved them all, since the entrance could easily have been maintained against a much larger force, till the report of the cavaliers who had fled had brought support to Pizarro.

7. But unfortunately, Chaves, disobeying his commander, half opened the door, and attempted to enter into a parley with the conspirators. The latter had now reached the head of the stairs, and cut short the debate by running Chaves through the body, and tumbling his corpse down into the area below. For a moment they were kept at bay by the attendants of the slaughtered cavalier, but these, too, were quickly despatched; and Rada and his companions, entering the apartment, hurried across it, shouting out, "Where is the marquess? Death to the tyrant!"

8. Martinez de Alcantara, who in the adjoining room was assisting his brother to buckle on his mail, no sooner saw that the entrance to the antechamber had been gained, than he sprang to the door-way of the apartment, and, assisted by two young men, pages of Pizarro, and by one or two cavaliers in attendance, endeavored to resist the approach of the assailants. A desperate struggle now ensued. Blows were given on both sides, some of which proved fatal, and two of the conspirators were slain, while Alcantara and his brave companions were repeatedly wounded.

9. At length, Pizarro, unable in the hurry of the moment to adjust the fastenings of his cuirass, threw it away, and enveloping one arm in his cloak, with the other seized his sword, and sprang to his brother's assistance. It was too late; for Alcantara was already staggering under the loss of blood, and soon fell to the ground. Pizarro threw himself on his invaders, like a lion roused in his lair, and dealt his blows with as much rapidity and force as if age had no power to stiffen his limbs. "What ho!" he cried, "traitors! have you come to kill me in my own house?"

10. The conspirators drew back for a moment, as two of their body fell under Pizarro's sword; but they quickly rallied, and, from their superior numbers, fought at great advantage by relieving one another in the assault. Still the passage was narrow, and the struggle lasted for some minutes, till both of Pizarro's pages were stretched by his side, when Rada, impatient of the delay, called

out, "Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant!" and taking one of his companions, Narvaez, in his arms, he thrust him against the marquess.

11. Pizarro, instantly grappling with his opponent, ran him through with his sword. But at that moment he received a wound in the throat, and reeling, he sank on the floor, while the swords of Rada and several of the conspirators were plunged into his body. "Jesu!" exclaimed the dying man, and, tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke, more friendly than the rest, put an end to his existence.

12. The mangled bodies of Pizarro and his faithful adherents were for a while left weltering in their blood. Some were for dragging forth the governor's corpse to the market place, and fixing his head upon a gibbet. But Almagro was secretly prevailed on to grant the entreaties of Pizarro's friends, and allow his interment. This was stealthily and hastily performed, in the fear of momentary interruption.

13. A faithful attendant and his wife, with a few black domestics, wrapped the body in a cotton cloth, and removed it to the cathedral. A grave was hastily dug in an obscure corner, the services were hurried through, and, in secrecy, and in darkness, dispelled only by the feeble glimmering of a few tapers, furnished by these humble menials, the remains of Pizarro, rolled in their bloody shroud, were consigned to their kindred dust.

14. Such was the miserable end of the Conqueror of Peru—of the man who but a few hours before had lorded it over the land with as absolute a sway as was possessed by its hereditary Incas. Cut off in the broad light of day, in the heart of his own capital, in the very midst of those who had been his companions in arms and shared with him his triumphs and his spoils, he perished like a wretched outcast. "There was none, even," in the expressive language of the chronicler, "to say, God forgive him!"

Wm. H. Prescott.

LXXXVIII.—THE WIND

What way does the Wind come? What way does he go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and o'er rocky height,
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see:
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in all the world knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp 'larum, but, if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock.
—Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in his place?
Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves.
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow, with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about:
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig
That looked up at the sky so proud and big,
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautful show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle:—
But let him range round; he does us no harm,
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm,

Untouched by his breath, see the candle shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light ;
Books have we to read,—but that half-stifled knell,
Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

Come, now we'll to bed! and when we are there
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?
He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din:
Let him seek his own home, wherever it be;
Here's a cozy warm house for Edward and me.

By a Female Friend of Wordsworth.

LXXXIX.—THE GULF STREAM.

1. There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater.

2. The currents of the ocean are among the most important of its movements. They carry on a constant interchange between the waters of the poles and those of the equator, and thus diminish the extremes of heat and cold in every zone.

3. The sea has its climates as well as the land. They both change with the latitude; but one varies with the elevation above, the other with the depression below, the sea level. The climates in each are regulated by circulation; but the regulators are, on the one hand, winds; on the other, currents.

4. The inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land; for the same Almighty Hand which decked the lily, and cares for the sparrow, fashioned also the pearl, and feeds the great whale, and adapted each to the physical conditions by which His providence has surrounded it. Whether of

the land or the sea, the inhabitants are all His creatures, subjects of His laws, and agents in His economy.

5. The sea, therefore, we may safely infer, has its offices and duties to perform; so, we may infer, have its currents; and so, too, its inhabitants: consequently, he who undertakes to study its phenomena must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of that exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of order, and the evidences of design.

6. From the Arctic Seas a cold current flows along the coasts of America, to replace the warm water sent through the Gulf Stream, to moderate the cold of western and northern Europe. Perhaps the best indication as to these cold currents may be derived from the fishes of the sea. The whales first pointed out the existence of the Gulf Stream by avoiding its warm waters.

7. Along the coasts of the United States all those delicate animals and marine productions which delight in warmer waters are wanting; thus indicating, by their absence, the cold current from the north now known to exist there. In the genial warmth of the sea about the Bermudas on the one hand, and Africa on the other, we find in great abundance those delicate shell-fish and coral formations which are altogether wanting in the same latitudes along the shores of South Carolina.

8. No part of the world affords a more difficult or dangerous navigation than the approaches of the northern coasts of the United States in winter. Before the warmth of the Gulf Stream was known, a voyage at this season from Europe to New England, New York, and even to the Capes of the Delaware or Chesapeake, was many times more trying, difficult, and dangerous than it now is. In making this part of the coast, vessels were frequently met by snow-storms and gales, which mock the seaman's strength, and set at naught his skill. In a little while his bark becomes a mass of ice; with her crew frosted and helpless, she remains obedient only to her helm, and is kept away for the Gulf Stream.

9. After a few hours' run she reaches its edge, and almost at the next bound passes from the midst of winter into a sea at summer heat. Now the ice disappears from her apparel, and the sailor bathes his stiffened limbs in tepid waters. Feeling himself invigorated and refreshed with the genial warmth about him, he realizes

out there at sea the fable of Antæus and his mother Earth. He rises up, and attempts to make his port again, and is again, perhaps, as rudely met and beat back from the north-west; but each time that he is driven off from the contest, he comes forth from this stream, like the ancient son of Neptune, stronger and stronger, until, after many days, his freshened strength prevails, and he at last triumphs, and enters his haven in safety, though in this contest he sometimes falls, to rise no more.

10. The ocean currents are partly the result of the immense evaporation which takes place in the tropical regions, where the sea greatly exceeds the land in extent. The enormous quantity of water there carried off by evaporation disturbs the equilibrium of the seas; but this is restored by a perpetual flow of water from the poles. When these streams of cold water leave the poles, they flow directly toward the equator; but, before proceeding far, their motion is deflected by the diurnal motion of the earth.

11. "At the poles they have no rotary motion; and although they gain it more and more in their progress to the equator, which revolves at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, they arrive at the tropics before they have gained the same velocity of rotation with the intertropical ocean. On that account they are left behind, and, consequently, flow in a direction contrary to the diurnal rotation of the earth. Hence the whole surface of the ocean for thirty degrees on each side of the equator flows in a stream or current three thousand miles broad from east to west. The trade winds, which constantly blow in one direction, combine to give this Equatorial Current a mean velocity of ten or eleven miles in twenty-four hours."

12. Were it not for the land, such would be the uniform and constant flow of the waters of the ocean. The presence of the land interrupts the regularity of this great western movement of the waters, sending them to the north or south, according to its conformation.

13. The principal branch of the Equatorial Current of the Atlantic takes a north-westerly direction from off Cape St. Roque, in South America. It rushes along the coast of Brazil, and after passing through the Caribbean Sea, and sweeping round the Gulf of Mexico, it flows between Florida and Cuba, and enters the North Atlantic under the name of the Gulf Stream, the most beautiful of all the oceanic currents.

14. In the Straits of Florida the Gulf Stream is thirty-two miles wide, two thousand two hundred feet deep, and flows at the rate of four miles an hour. Its waters are of the purest ultramarine blue as far as the coasts of Carolina; and so completely are they separated from the sea through which they flow, that a ship may be seen at times half in the one and half in the other.

15. As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and as the deep-sea thermometer is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still much warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted, in the oceanic economy, to touch the bottom of the sea. There is everywhere a cushion of cold water between them and the solid parts of the earth's crust. This arrangement is suggestive, and strikingly beautiful.

16. One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico—where otherwise it would become excessive—and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic, for the amelioration of the climates of the British Islands, and of all Western Europe. Now, cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat; but if the warm water of the Gulf Stream were sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth, comparatively a good conductor of heat, instead of being sent across, as it is, in contact with a non-conducting cushion of cold water to fend it from the bottom, all its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme, and ice-bound.

17. It has been estimated that the quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream in a winter's day would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Islands from the freezing point to summer heat.

18. Every west wind that blows crosses the stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper there the northern winds of Europe. It is the influence of this Stream that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes; while, in the same latitude, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice.

19. As the Gulf Stream proceeds on its course, it gradually increases in width. It flows along the coast of North America to Newfoundland, where it turns to the east, one branch setting towards the British Islands, and away to the coasts of Norway and the Arctic Ocean. Another branch reaches the Azores, from which it bends around to the south, and after running along the African coast, it rejoins the great equatorial flow, leaving a vast space of nearly motionless water between the Azores, the Canaries and Cape de Verd Islands. This great area is the Grassy or Sargasso Sea, covering a space many times larger than the British Islands. It is so thickly matted over with gulf weeds that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded.

20. When the companions of Columbus saw it, they thought it marked the limits of navigation, and became alarmed. To the eye, at a little distance, it seemed substantial enough to walk upon. Patches of the weed are always to be seen floating along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream. Now, if bits of cork or chaff, or any floating substance, be put into a basin, and a circular motion be given to the water, all the light substance will be found crowding together near the centre of the pool, where there is the least motion. Just such a basin is the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf Stream: and the Sargasso Sea is the centre of the whirl. Columbus first found this weedy sea in his voyage of discovery: there it has remained to this day, moving up and down, and changing its position like the calms of Cancer, according to the seasons, the storms and the winds. Exact observations as to its limits and their range, extending back for fifty years, assure us that its mean position has not been altered since that time. MAURY.

XC.—OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more.

From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depth with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals—
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—

The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight: and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

BYRON.

XCI.—GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

1. HAS the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamenty from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word that he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House; but I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary; but, before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

2. On any other occasion I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt any thing which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me; conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in

the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it, when not made by an honest man.

3. The right honorable gentleman has called me an unimpeached traitor. I ask, why not traitor unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him: it was because he dare not. It was the act of a coward who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering of language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow.

4. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow. He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

5. I have returned, not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm; I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that constitution of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt; they are seditious; and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country.

6. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy the whole phalanx: let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this house, in defence of the liberties of my country.

XCII.—THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

A LEGEND OF GOTHAM.

O, TERRIBLY proud was Miss MacBride,
The very personification of pride,
As she minced along in fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
When the golden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting!

O, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,
And proud of fifty matters beside—
That wouldn't have borne dissection;
Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"
On a very slight inspection!

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come—
When she was glad, and when she was glum;
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tippling shop!—
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
"Proud as a boy with a bran-new top,"
Proud beyond comparison!

It seems a singular thing to say,
But her very senses led her astray
Respecting all humility;
In sooth, her dull, auricular drum
Could find in *humble* only a "hum,"
And heard no sound of "gentle" come
In talking about gentility.

What *lowly* meant she did not know,
For she always avoided "everything low,"
With care the most punctilious;
And, queerer still, the audible sound
Of "super-silly" she never had found
In the adjective supercilious!

The meaning of *meek* she never knew,
But imagined the phrase had something to do
With "Moses," a peddling German Jew,
Who, like all hawkers, the country through,
Was "a person of no position;"
And it seemed to her exceedingly plain,
If the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane
To a lady of high condition!

Even her graces—not her grace—
For that was in the "vocative case"—
Chilled with the touch of her icy face,
Sat very stiffly upon her!
She never confessed a favor aloud,
Like one of the simple, common crowd—
But coldly smiled, and faintly bowed,
As who should say, "You do me proud,
And do yourself an honor!"

And yet the pride of Miss MacBride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation;
But like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stories that often arise
And grow till they reach a four-story size—
Was merely a fancy creation!

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high—
For Miss MacBride first opened her eye
Through a sky-light dim, on the light of the sky;

But pride is a curious passion—
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracie!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, fleers and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglommeration;
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry-Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end,
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
My end in a loop of *stronger* twine,
That plagued some worthy relation:

But Miss MacBride had something beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—
For rich was the old paternal MacBride,
According to public rumor;
And he lived "up town," in a splendid square,
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feathers enough to plume her.

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to understand,
By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any man
An exceedingly vulgar fraction!

Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appalling;
For, though a regular *sutor* by trade,
He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid,
Who cut him off with a saw—and bade
"The cobbler keep to his calling!"

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,
And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse
A man of his wealth, and liberal views,
Began, at once, with "If you *choose*—
And could you really love him—"
But the lady spoiled his speech in a huff,
With an answer rough and ready enough,
To let him know she was up to snuff,
And altogether above him!

A young attorney, of winning grace,
Was scarce allowed to "open his face,"
Ere Miss MacBride had closed his case
With true judicial celerity;
For the lawyer was poor, and "seedy" to boot,
And to say the lady discarded his *suit*,
Is merely a double verity!

The last of those who came to court,
Was a lively beau of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support,"
A crime by no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
A ragged fellow "a vagrant!"

Now dapper Jim his courtship plied
(I wish the fact could be denied)
With an eye to the purse of the old MacBride,
And really "nothing shorter!"
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever he dies—as die he must—
And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with his dust,'
In behalf of his only daughter."

And the very magnificent Miss MacBride,
Half in love, and half in pride,
Quite graciously relented;
And, tossing her head, and turning her back,
No token of proper pride to lack—
To be a bride, without the "Mac,"
With much disdain, consented!

Old John MacBride, one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
Of fortune's undertakers;
And staking all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
Among the brokers and breakers!

But, alas, for the haughty Miss MacBride,
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride!
She couldn't recover, although she tried
Her jaded spirits to rally;
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a place "up town," to a nook "up stairs,"
From an avenue down to an alley!

'Twas little condolence she had, God wot—
From her "troops of friends," who hadn't forgot
The airs she used to borrow!
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
Was a different thing from sorrow!

And one of those chaps who make a pun,
As if it were quite legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one
With a regular, double-loaded gun—
Remarked that moral trangression
Always brings retributive stings
To candle-makers as well as kings;
For "making light of *cereous* things"
Was a very *wick*-ed profession!

And vulgar people—the saucy churls—
Inquired about "the price of pearls,"
And mocked at her situation:
"She wasn't ruined—they ventured to hope—
Because she was poor, she needn't mope;
Few people were better off for *soap*,
And that was a consolation!"

And to make her cup of woe run over,
Her elegant, ardent plighted lover
Was the very first to forsake her;
"He quite regretted the step, 'twas true—
The lady had pride enough 'for two,'
But that alone would never do
To quiet the butcher and baker!"

And now the unhappy Miss MacBride—
The merest ghost of her early pride—
Bewails her lonely position;
Cramped in the very narrowest niche,
Above the poor, and below the rich—
Was ever a worse condition?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,

But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation! JOHN G. SAXE.

XCIII.—ELOCUTION. 10

EXPRESSIVE READING.

Expressive reading adds to all that is required by mechanical and logical reading, such modulations of the voice as are pleasing to a cultivated ear, and appropriate to the sentiments or passions expressed.

"We can distinguish," says Max Muller, "in every note, 1st, its strength or loudness; 2nd, its height or pitch; 3rd, its quality." By striking the same note on the piano with different degrees of force, we obtain sounds of different degrees of *loudness*. By striking different notes with the same degree of force, we obtain sounds that differ only in *pitch*. And by striking the same note with the same force on two different pianos, we are able to recognize a difference of *quality*. These three properties—force, pitch and quality—are inherent in all the sounds we utter when we speak or read, as well as in those produced in singing, or by means of musical instruments.

It is unfortunate that our language is so scantily supplied with words to express fitly the varieties of sound Most of the words that we employ for this purpose are borrowed from the other senses, and can only do duty for the sense of hearing at second-hand; such as, high, low, soft, sweet, harsh, clear, smooth. *Loud* is almost the only word in common use that belongs primarily to sound; and loudness, in its usual acceptation, is not a simple property of sound, but rather a combination of force, pitch and quality.

Young persons are very apt to confound loudness with pitch. When told to read louder they raise the pitch instead of increasing the force; and when asked to read in a low tone, they diminish the force, while they lower the pitch

There is a certain pitch (which varies in different voices) in which a reader can read with more ease than in any other, and for a longer time. This is the natural or middle pitch. We may easily distinguish in reading two grades above this, and two below it, thus making five varieties of pitch;—very high, high, middle, low, and very low.

In like manner we may distinguish five varieties of *force*:—very strong, strong, moderate, gentle, and very gentle.

The varieties of *quality* are very numerous: we speak of a voice being rough, smooth, harsh, sweet, clear, pure, full, shrill, slender, nasal, guttural, hollow, etc. We shall ask the learner to mark only three principal varieties: the pure, (smooth and clear), the orotund, (round and full), and the aspirate, (or rough).

It must be understood that the foregoing is not intended to be a complete analysis of sound as regards pitch, force, and quality; but merely to call attention to the general facts, and to serve as an introduction to this important subject.

EXERCISES IN PITCH.

The student should pronounce each of the following sentences five times, 1st, with very low pitch; 2nd, low; 3rd, middle; 4th, high; 5th, very high: keeping the *quality*, *force* and *time*, as nearly as possible the same, at each reading. If he finds any difficulty in the exercise, he should persevere till he can perform it with ease.

[Quality, *pure*; Force, *moderate*; Time, *slow*.]

1. Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
   Some boundless contiguity of shade,
   Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
   Of unsuccessful or successful war,
   Might never reach me more.

[Quality, *orotund*; Force, *strong*; Time, *medium*.]

2. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
   I hold to you the hands you once beheld,
   To show they still are free!

[*Aspirate; very strong; medium time.*]

3. Whence and what art thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, to advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates?

[*Aspirate; very strong; medium time.*]

4. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee;
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with! Hence, horrible shadow—
Unreal mockery, hence!

XCIV.—ASTRONOMY REVEALS GOD'S GLORY.

1. In our admiration for that genius which has been able to reveal the mysteries of the universe, let us not forget the homage due to Him who created, and by the might of His power sustains all things. If there be anything which can lead the mind upward to the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe, and give to it an approximate knowledge of His incomprehensible attributes, it is to be found in the grandeur and beauty of His works.

2. If you would know His *glory*, examine the interminable range of suns and systems which crowd the Milky Way: multiply the hundred millions of stars which belong to our own "island universe" by the thousands of those astral systems that exist in space, within the range of human vision, and then you may form some idea of the infinitude of His kingdom; for lo! these are but a part of His ways: examine the scale on which the universe is built; comprehend, if you can, the vast dimensions of our sun; stretch outward through his system, from planet to planet, and circumscribe the whole within the immense circumference of Neptune's orbit.

3. This is but a single unit out of the myriads of similar systems. Take the wings of light, and flash with impetuous speed, day and night, and month, and year, till youth shall wear away, and middle age is gone, and the extremest limit of human life has been attained:

count every pulse, and at each speed on your way a hundred thousand miles; and when a hundred years have rolled by, look out and behold! The thronging millions of blazing suns are still around you, each separated from the other by such a distance that in this journey of a century you have only left a score behind you.

4. Would you gather some idea of the *eternity* past of God's existence? Go to the astronomer and bid him lead you with him in one of his walks through space; and as he sweeps outward from object to object, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those filmy stains on the deep pure blue of heaven, now falling on your eye, has been traversing space for a million of years.

5. Would you gather some knowledge of the *omnipotence* of God? Weigh the earth on which we dwell: then count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone for the last six thousand years; unite their strength into one arm, and test its power in an effort to move this earth. It could not stir it a single foot in a thousand years; and yet under the omnipotent hand of God, not a moment passes that it does not fly more than a thousand miles.

6. But this is a mere atom—the most insignificant point among His innumerable worlds. At His bidding, every planet, and satellite, and comet, and the sun himself, fly onward in their appointed courses. His single arm guides the millions of sweeping suns, and around His throne circle the great constellations of unnumbered universes.

7. Would you comprehend the *omniscience* of God? Remember that the highest pinnacle of knowledge reached by the whole human race, by the combined efforts of its brightest intellects, has enabled the astronomer to compute approximately the perturbations of the planetary worlds. He has predicted roughly the return of half a score of comets; but God has computed the mutual perturbations of millions of suns, and planets, and comets, and worlds, without number, through the ages which are yet to come, not approximately, but with perfect and absolute precision.

8. The universe is in motion; system rising above system, cluster above cluster, nebula above nebula; all majestically sweeping around under the providence of God, who alone knows the end from the beginning, and before whose glory and power all intelligent beings, whether in heaven or on earth, shall bow with humility and awe.

9. Would you gain some idea of the *wisdom* of God? Look to the admirable adjustment of the magnificent retinue of planets and

satellites which sweep around the sun. Every globe has been weighed and poised, every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form; all is changing, but the laws fixed by the wisdom of God, though they permit the rocking to and fro of the system, never introduce disorder, or lead to destruction; all is perfect and harmonious, and the music of the spheres that burn and roll around our sun, is echoed by that of ten millions of moving worlds that sing and shine around the bright suns that reign above.

10. If overwhelmed with the grandeur and majesty of the universe of God, we are led to exclaim with the Hebrew poet-king, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy hands, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the sons of man that Thou visitest him?" if fearful that the eye of God may overlook us in the immensity of His kingdom, we have only to call to mind that other passage, "Yet Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor: Thou madest him to have dominion over all the works of Thy hand; Thou hast put all things under his feet." Such are the teachings of the Word, and such are the lessons of the works of God.

O. M. MITCHELL.

XCV.—LOCHINVAR.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,—
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best!
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,—
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for break, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter,—my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SCOTT.

XCVI.—EMMETT'S VINDICATION.

1. What have I to say why the sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored—as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country—to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be secured from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

2. I do not imagine, that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammeled as this is. I only wish—and it is the utmost I expect—that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storms by which it is at present buffeted.

3. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere—whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice; the man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

4. When my spirit shall have been wafted to a more friendly port, when my shade shall have joined those bands of martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I

look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made. (*Here Lord Norbury said,* "*Weak and wicked enthusiasts like you can never accomplish their wild designs.*")

5. I appeal to the immaculate God, to the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, to the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before, that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence.

6. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him. Again I say that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordships—whose situation I commiserate rather than envy; my expressions were for my countrymen; if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction——(*Here he was interrupted by the Court.*)

7. I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood the judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity—to exhort the

victim of the laws, and to offer with tender benignity their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he had been adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy and not your justice is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

8. My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the proposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the accused culprit: I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach?

9. Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my charater and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show to a collected universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressors, or——(*Here Lord Norbury said, "Listen, sir, to the sentence of the law."*)

10. My lords, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me—or rather, why insult justice—in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form pre-

scribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the castle before your jury was empannelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit; but I insist on the whole of the forms. (*Here Mr. Emmett paused, but was told by the Court to proceed.*)

XCVII.—EMMETT'S VINDICATION—(Concluded.)

1. I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France!—and for what end? It is alleged I wished to sell the independence of my country. And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No; but for ambition. O my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors?

2. My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life. O God! No, my lord! I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which she is destined to occupy.

3. Connection with France was, indeed, intended; but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid; and

we sought it as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I would meet them on the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war, and I would animate you, my countrymen, to immolate them in their boats before they had contaminated the soil of my country.

4. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I would leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world, that Irishmen deserved to be assisted; that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country!

5. I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America—to procure an aid whose example would be as important as its valor—allies disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would perceive the good and polish the rough points of our character; who would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing our perils, and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. These were my views, and these only become Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France—because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

6. I have been charged with such importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord—men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called

your friends, who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

7. What, my lord! shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold which tyranny has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? (*Here he was interrupted.*) I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life: and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood you have shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it! (*Here the judge interferred.*)

8. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor! Let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the present domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought on the threshold of my country; and its enemy should only enter by passing over my lifeless corpse.

9. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it? No! God forbid! If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life; O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have ever, for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

10. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that sur-

round your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient. I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

11. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world. It is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written! I have done.

ROBERT EMMET.

XCVIII.—THE MOTHER'S TRUST.

FAR away are our beloved,
Where resounds the battle-cry;
Where, like hail, the fiery meteors
Carry death, as on they fly.
Far from home's dear shelter speeding—
They its joys were wont to be—
God of Battles, safely guide them!
"*We will trust our boys to Thee!*"

Few the years that each had numbered,
When they heard their country's call—
When they left the sheltering fireside—
Home and kindred—left them all.
Vacant is each place, and lonely—
Must it always vacant be?
Thou—who seest a sparrow falling,
"*We will trust our boys to Thee!*"

May they, in the hour of danger,
Say the prayer a mother taught;
May the lessons of their childhood
With rich blessings now be fraught;
May they never turn, or falter,
From the path that leads to Thee—
Very precious, in Thy keeping,
Father, let our children be!

When the strife shall all be ended,
When the battle shall be won,
May we fondly, proudly greet them,
Saying—"*Well, and bravely done!*"
But, if Thou shouldst early call them,
Suddenly to breast the tide—
Call them from the midst of battle,
Sheltered safe at Thy dear side—

May they at their post be watching,
Ready for the Captain's word,
And, their earthly weapon grounding,
Be forever with the Lord!
Father, our weak hearts are failing:
As Thou wilt, so let it be!
'Midst the battle shouldst Thou call them,
"*We will trust our boys to Thee!*"

And when life's last hour shall find us
Drifting out upon the tide,
We will breast the chilling waters,
Knowing *Thou* art close beside.
When we gain the shining shore
And the glistening portals see,
May *they* be the first to greet us—
Those dear boys we trust to Thee!

XCIX.—AMERICAN LITERATURE.

1. We can not honor our country with too deep a reverence; we can not love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we can not serve her with an energy of purpose, or a faithfulness of zeal, too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio, and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family —our country.

2. If, indeed, we desire to behold a literature like that which has sculptured, with such energy of expression, which has painted so faithfully and vividly, the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe; if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war; the glittering march of armies, and the revelry of the camp; the shrieks and blasphemies, and all the horrors of the battle-field; the desolation of the harvest, and the burning cottage; the storm, the sack, and the ruin of cities; if we desire to unchain the furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge, and ambition, those lions that now sleep harmless in their den: if we desire that the lake, the river, the ocean, should blush with the blood of brothers; that the winds should waft from the land to the sea, from the sea to the land, the roar and the smoke of battle; that the very mountain tops should become altars for the sacrifice of brothers,—if we desire that these, and such as these—the elements, to an incredible extent, of the literature of the old world—should be the elements of our literature, then, but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic statue of our Union, and scatter its fragments over all our land.

3. But, if we covet for our country the noblest, purest, loveliest literature the world has ever seen, such a literature as shall honor God and bless mankind, a literature whose smiles might play upon

an angel's face, whose "tears would not stain an angel's cheek," then let us cling to the union of these States with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Christian's hope, In her heavenly character, as a holocaust self-sacrificed to God; at the height of her glory, as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people, American literature will find that the intellectual spirit is her very tree of life, and that union her garden of paradise.

GRIMKÉ.

C.—THE SANDS O' DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
All alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?
A tress of golden hair,
Of drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea:
Was never salmon got that shone so fair
Among the stakes at Dee!

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee. KINGSLEY.

CI.—THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

1 It has sometimes been said, as if it were a derogation from the merits of the American Declaration of Independence, that this paper contains nothing new; that it only states grounds of proceedings, and presses topics of argument, which had often been stated and pressed before. But it was not the object of the Declaration to produce anything new. It was not to invent reasons for independence, but to state those which governed the Congress.

2. The Declaration having been reported to Congress by the Committee, the resolution itself was taken up and debated on the first day of July, 1776, and again on the second, on which last day it was agreed to and adopted, in these words: *Resolved*, That these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and

that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

3. Having thus passed the main resolution, Congress proceeded to consider the reported draught of the Declaration. It was discussed on the second and third and FOURTH days of the month, in committee of the whole; and on the last of those days, being reported from that committee, it received the final approbation and sanction of Congress. It was ordered, at the same time, that copies be sent to the several States, and that it be proclaimed at the head of the army.

4. The Congress of the Revolution, fellow-citizens, sat with closed doors, and no report of its debates was ever made. The discussion, therefore, which accompanied this great measure has never been preserved, except in memory and by tradition. But it is, I believe, doing no injustice to others to say, that the general opinion was, and uniformly has been, that in debate, on the side of independence, John Adams had no equal.

5. The great author of the Declaration himself, Thomas Jefferson, has expressed that opinion uniformly and strongly. "John Adams," said he, in the hearing of him who has now the honor to address you, "John Adams was our Colossus on the floor. Not graceful, not elegant, not always fluent, in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power, both of thought and of expression, which moved us from our seats."

6. For the part which he was here to perform, Mr. Adams doubtless was eminently fitted. He possessed a bold spirit, which disregarded danger, and a sanguine reliance on the goodness of the cause and the virtues of the people, which led him to overlook all obstacles. The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required.

7. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

8. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it: they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires,—with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible.

9. Even genius istelf then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, god-like action. WEBSTER.

CII.—VENICE—A COURT OF JUSTICE

DUKE, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, *and others.*

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. SHYLOCK, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange, apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,—
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,—
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;

Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond;
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But say, it is my humor. Is it answered?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think, you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands! You will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it;
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer: shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Call the messenger.

Enter PORTIA.

Give me your hand; came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger---do you not? (*To Antonio.*)

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the heart of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority;

To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel monster of his will.
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state; it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee:
Por. I pray you let me look upon the bond
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven;
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound; I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment; by my soul, I say
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me; I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true! O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond—doth it not noble judge?
Nearest his heart; those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; it is not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little; I am armed and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I have fallen to this for you!
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom; it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you; speak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do but cut deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this monster, to deliver you.
Nerissa. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Por. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter:
'Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! (*Aside.*)
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence; come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of—flesh.
Take, then, thy bond; take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew! O learned judge.
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew! a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice: soft! no haste;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou takest more.

Or less, than just a pound, be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip!
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take the forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I! a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then, I'll—I'll—why,
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew.
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it;
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life, and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, I hope

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more: that for this favor,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it. SHAKESPEARE

CIII.—THE BACHELOR'S CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair,
I never would change thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms!
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair:
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair;

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in hair,
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair,

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

W. M. THACKERAY.

CIV.—MILTON.

1. THE character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of thought; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is, perhaps, no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of

time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of the earth nor the hope of heaven could dispel it. It twined every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey.

2. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness!" The gloom of his character discloses all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne! All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belonged to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

3. Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men, by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds.

4. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman, were now the favorite writers of the sovereign and the public. It was a loathsome herd—which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus, grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human, dripping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dance. Amidst these his muse was placed, like the chaste lady of Masque, lofty, spotless, and serene—to be chatted at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rabble of Satyrs and Goblins. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton.

5. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscriptions, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His

spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was, when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be, when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die!

6. Hence it was, that though he wrote the Paradise Lost at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and in the moral world. His poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy land, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.

7. We must conclude. And yet we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the great poet. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes, rolling in vain to catch the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his afflictions!

8. We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word; the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it; the earnestness with which we should endeavor to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues; the eagerness with which we should contend with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend, Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

9. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the garden of Para-

dise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of this great Poet and Patriarch without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptation and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame. MACAULAY.

CV.—MILTON ON THE LOSS OF HIS SIGHT.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not, that I no longer see;
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O! Merciful One!
When men are farthest, then, Thou art most near!
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown:
My vision thou hast dimmed that I see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing:
Beneath it, I am almost sacred: here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been
Wrapped in the radiance from thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go:
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture: waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit: strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift Divine:
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

CVI.—THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, A TURNING POINT IN HISTORY.

1. THERE are turning points in history on which are hinged the fate of nations and the character of centuries. The battle of Arbela has been declared to be the most important battle of ancient history, and the modern battle of Tours has been classed "as among those signal deliverances which have affected for centuries the happiness of mankind." The battle of Bunker Hill may fairly take rank by their

side. It is true that the millions of Asia were not there—the mail-clad legions, the caparisoned horse, the war chariot, and the martial pomp and gorgeous heraldry of ancient and magnificent Persia; nor was the invincible Macedonian Phalanx there, with its great captain, the conqueror on a hundred fields. It is true the "countless multitude" were not there,

> "Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade
> Persian, and Copt, and Tartar, in one bond
> Of erring faith conjoined, strong in the youth
> And heat of zeal—a dreadful brotherhood."

2. No mighty king or conquering caliph,—no Alexander or Darius, no Charles Martel or Abderachman fought on that field. Yet there was a Warren, a Prescott, and a Putnam—names ever bright, ever glorious, immortal. It is true that there were only a few soldiers of Britain contending with a few husbandmen and mechanics, gathered hastily from the furrow and the workshop; but in that contest were decided the fate of a great empire and the future liberties of man. It was the shock of the East and of the West—of the principle of immobility, and the principle of progress. And amidst the roar of artillery and the shout of battle were hovering near, unseen, anxiously gazing, the spirits of ancient patriots who suffered for the rights of man; of Tell and Barneveldt, of Grotius, of Hampden and Sidney, and all those sainted martyrs who, in exile, in the dungeon, on the battle-field, and on the scaffold, yielded up their lives in the cause of freedom. It was the struggle of liberty against despotism; the individuality, the personal independence of man against the tyranny of man; the indefeasible rights of man against the despotic usurpations of man.

> "How sleep the brave who sink to rest
> By all their country's wishes blest!
> When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
>
> "By fairy hands their knell is wrung;
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
> There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
> And Freedom shall a while repair,
> To dwell, a weeping hermit, there." D. ULLMANN.

CVII.—MELT THE BELLS.

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
Still the tinkling on the plain,
And transmute the evening chimes
Into war's resounding rhymes,
That the invaders may be slain
By the bells.

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
That for years have called to prayer,
And instead, the cannon's roar
Shall resound the valleys o'er,
That the foe may catch despair
From the bells.

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
Though it cost a tear to part
With the music they have made,
Where the ones we loved are laid,
With pale cheek and silent heart,
'Neath the bells.

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
Into cannon vast and grim,
And the foe shall feel the ire
From its heaving lung of fire,
And we'll put our trust in Him
And the bells.

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
And when the foe is driven back,
And the lightning cloud of war
Shall roll thunderless and far,
We will melt the cannon back
Into bells.

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
And they'll peal a sweeter chime,
And remind us of the brave
Who have sunk to glory's grave,
And will sleep through coming time
'Neath the bells.

SOUTH SONGS.

CVIII.—ELOCUTION 11.

EXERCISES IN FORCE.

PRONOUNCE each of the first four exercises five times, beginning with "very gentle force," and increasing by degrees till it becomes "very strong." Do not let the *pitch* rise with the increase of force.

[Quality, *orotund;* Pitch, *middle;* Time, *medium.*]

1. Begone! run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plagues
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

[Quality, *orotund;* Pitch, *high;* Time, *medium.*]

2. We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder when their slaves
Tell of the Ghebers' bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains.

[Quality, *orotund;* Pitch, *low;* Time, *slow.*]

3. Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form;
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm.
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
"Revenge or Death"—their watchword and reply.

[Quality, *orotund;* Pitch, *low;* Time, *slow.*]

4. O Thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
Oh! beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul;
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

EXERCISES IN QUALITY.

[Quality, *pure;* Force, *moderate;* Pitch, *high;* Time, *brisk.*]

5. I come! I come!—ye have called me long:
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violets' birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

[Quality, *orotund;* Force, *moderate;* Pitch, *middle;* Time, *slow.*]

6 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own.

[Quality, *aspirate;* Force, *very strong;* Pitch, *low;* Time, *medium.*]

7. Here, I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions.

THE EVENING HOUR.

[Quality, *pure;* Force, *gentle;* Pitch, *high;* Time, *medium.*]

8. Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour!
That calms the air and shuts the flower,
That brings the wild bee to its nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour! that bids the laborer cease,
That gives the weary team release,
And leads them home, and crowns them there
With rest and shelter, food and care.

O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time
When feelings flow and wishes climb,
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer

NIAGARA.

[Quality, *orotund;* Force, *moderate;* Pitch, *middle;* Time, *rather slow.*]

9. There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!
Thou may'st not to the fancy's sense recall;
The thunder-riven cloud—the lightning's leap—
The stirring of the chambers of the deep—
Earth's emerald green, and many tinted dyes—
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies—
The tread of armies, thickening as they come,
The boom of cannon and the beat of drum—
The brow of beauty, and the form of grace—
The passion and the prowess of our race—
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour—
The unresisted sweep of Roman power—
Britannia's trident on the azure sea—
America's young shout of Liberty.
Oh! may the wars that madden in thy deeps,
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steeps;
And, till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace.

SHYLOCK'S HATRED OF ANTONIO.

[Quality, *aspirate;* Force, *very strong;* Pitch, *low;* Time, *moderate.*]

10. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance with us here in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him!
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

CIX.—UGLY DUCKS.

1. Amid a family of little ducks, there was one very big, ugly, and awkward. He looked so odd and uncouth, that those who beheld him generally felt that he wanted a thrashing. And in truth, he frequently got one. He was bitten, pushed about and laughed at by all the ducks, and even by the hens, of the house to which he belonged. Thus the poor creature was quite cast down under the depressing sense of his ugliness; and the members of his own family used him worst of all.

2. He ran away from home, and lived for a while in a cottage with a cat and an old woman. Here, likewise, he failed to be appreciated. For chancing to tell them how he liked to dive under the water, and feel it closing over his head, they laughed at him, and said he was a fool. All he could say in reply was, "You can't understand me!" "Not undersand you, indeed!" they replied in wrath, and thrashed him.

3. But he gradually grew older and stronger. One day he saw at a distance certain beautiful birds, snow-white, with magnificent wings. Impelled by something within him, he could not but fly toward

them, though expecting to be repulsed and perhaps killed for his presumption.

4. But suddenly looking into the lake below him, he beheld not the old ugly reflection, but something large, white, graceful. The beautiful birds hailed him as a companion. The stupid people had thought him an ugly duck, because he was too good for them. They could not understand him, nor see the great promise of that uncouth aspect. The ugly duck proved to be a Swan.

5. He was not proud, that wise bird; but he was very happy. Now, everybody said he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds; and he remembered how, once upon a time, everybody had laughed at him and thrashed him. Yes he was appreciated at his true value at last!

6. Possibly, my friendly reader, you have known various Ugly Ducks—men who were held in little esteem, because they were too good for the people among whom they lived—men who were held in little esteem, because it needed more wit than those around them possessed to discern the makings of great and good things under their first unpromising aspect.

7. Yes, many men, with the gift of genius in them, and many more, with no gift of genius, but with a little more industry and ability than their fellows, are regarded as little better than fools by the people among whom they live; more especially if they live in remote places in the country, or in little country towns. Some day, the Swans acknowledge the Ugly Duck for their kinsman: and then all the quacking tribe around him recognize him as a Swan.

8. And this reminds me that it will certainly make a man an Ugly Duck to be, in knowledge or learning, in advance of the people among whom he lives. A very wise man, if he lives among people who are all fools, may find it expedient, like Brutus, to pass for a fool too. And if he knows two things or three which they don't know, he had better keep his information to himself. Even the possession of a single exclusive piece of knowledge may be a dangerous thing.

9. Long ago, in an ancient university near the source of the Nile, the professors of divinity regarded not the quantity of Greek or Latin words. The length of the vowels they decided in each case according to the idea of the moment. And their pronunciation of Scripture proper names, if it went upon any principle at all, went on a wrong one.

10. A youthful student, named McLamroch, was reading an essay in the class of one of these respectable but antediluvian professors; and coming to the word Thessalonīca, he pronounced it, as all mortals do, with the accent on the last syllable but one, and giving the vowel as long. "Say Thessalonĭca," said the venerable professor, with emphasis. "I think, doctissime professor," (for all professors in that university were most learned by courtesy,) "that Thessalonīca is the right way," replied poor McLamroch. "I tell you it is wrong," shrilly shouted the good professor: "Say Thessalonĭca! and let me tell you, Mr. McLamroch, you are most abominably affectit!" So poor McLamroch was put down.

11. He was an Ugly Duck. And he found by sad experience, that it is not safe to know more than your professor. And I verily believe, that the solitary thing that McLamroch knew, and his professor did not know, was the way to pronounce Thessalonīca.

12. I have heard, indeed, of a theological professor of that ancient day, who bitterly lamented the introduction of new fashions of pronouncing scriptural proper names. However, he said, he could stand all the rest; but there were two renderings, he would never give up but with life. These were Kapper-nawm, by which he meant Capernaum; and Levvy-awthan, by which he meant Leviathan. And if you, my learned friend, had been a student under that good man, and had pronounced these words as scholars and all others do, you would have found yourself no better than an Ugly Duck, and a fearfully misplaced man.

13. To be in advance of your fellow-mortals in taste, too, is as dangerous as to be in advance of them in the pronunciation of Thessalonīca. When Mr. Jones built his beautiful Gothic house in a district where all other houses belonged to no architectural school at all, all his neighbors laughed at him. A genial friend, in a letter in a newspaper, spoke of his peculiar taste, and called him the preposterous Jones. And it was a current joke in the neighborhood, when you met a friend, to say, "Have you seen Jones's house?" You then held up both hands, or exclaimed, "Well, I never!"

14. We ought all to be very thankful, if we are in our right places; if we are set among people whom we suit, and who suit us, and among whom we need neither to practise a dishonest concealment of our views, nor to stand in the painful position of Ugly Ducks and Misplaced Men. Yes, a man may well be glad, if he is the square man in a

square hole. For he might have been a round man in a square hole; and then he would have been unhappy in the hole, and the hole would have hated him.

15. I know places where any one of the plainest canons of taste, being expressed by a man, would be taken as stamping him a fool. Now what would you do, my friend, if you found yourself set down among people with whom you were utterly out of sympathy; whose first principles appeared to you the prejudices of pragmatic blockheads, and to whom your first principles appeared those of a silly and Ugly Duck?

16. One would say, "If you don't want to dwarf and distort your whole moral nature, get out of that situation." But then some poor fellows cannot. And then they must either take rank as Misplaced Men, or go through life hypocritically pretending to share views which they despise. The latter alternative is inadmissable in any circumstances. Be honest whatever you do. Take your place boldly as an Ugly Duck, if God has appointed that to be your portion in this life.

CX.—THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.

At Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means in proper spelling,
  Trinity College, Cambridge—there resided
One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling
  In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education.
That is—he understood computing
  The odds at any race or match;
Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting;
  Could kick up rows—knock down the watch—
Play truant and the rake at random—
Drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem.
Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
So far from working reformation,

Seemed but to make his lapses greater,
Till he was warn'd that next offence
Would have this certain consequence—
Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer
To guess that, with so wild a wight,
The next offence occurr'd next night;
When our Incurable came rolling
Home, as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the college bell. No answer.
The second peal was vain—the third
Made the street echo its alarum,
When, to his great delight, he heard
The sordid Janitor, Old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den.
"Who's there?—I s'pose young Harum-scarum."
"'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry."
"Ay, so I thought—and there you'll tarry.
'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed—
You know my orders—I shall lose
My place if I undo the door."
"And I" (young Hopeful interposed)
"Shall be expell'd if you refuse,
So prythee"—Ben began to snore.

"I'm wet," cried Harry, "to the skin,
Hip! hallo! Ben—don't be a ninny;
Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
So tumble out and let me in."

"Humph!" growl'd the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoy'd and half in dudgeon,
"Now you may pass; but make no fuss,
On tip-toe walk, and hold your prate."
"Look on the stones, old Cerberus,"
Cried Harry as he pass'd the gate,
"I've dropp'd a shilling—take the light,
You'll find it just outside—good night."

Behold the Porter in his shirt,
Dripping with rain that never stopp'd,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success; but that
Is hardly to be wondered at,
Because no shilling had been dropp'd;
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door—and found it fast!

With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice; and then,
Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
Of Harry, mimmicking old Ben—
"Who's there? 'Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud. I've lock'd the gate;
I know my duty. 'Tis too late;
You would'nt have me lose my place?"
"Pshaw! Mr. Dashington; remember
This is the middle of November;
I'm stripp'd; 'tis raining cats and dogs."
"Hush, hush!" quoth Hal, "I'm fast asleep;"
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.
"But, hark ye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself."
"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.
"No—all or none—a full acquittance;
The terms, I know, are somewhat high:
But you have fix'd the price, not I—
I won't take less; I can't afford it."
So, finding all his haggling vain,
Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
Drew out the guinea and returned it.

"Surely you will give me," growl'd the outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,
"Something, now you've done your joking
For all this trouble, time, and soaking."

"Oh, surely, surely," Harry said,
"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you're half drown'd and quite undress'd,
I'll give you," said the generous fellow—
Free, as most people are when mellow—
"Yes, I'll give you—leave to go to bed!"

J. R. PLANCHE.

CXI.—WONDERS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE construction of the English language must appear most formidable to foreigners. One of them, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said, "See what a flock of ships?" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that "a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd."

THOMAS BLAINE.

CXII.—TRIUMPHS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

NOW GATHER all our Saxon bards, let harps and hearts be strung
To celebrate the triumphs of our own good Saxon tongue;
For stronger far than hosts that march with battle-flags unfurl'd,
It goes with Freedom, Thought, and Truth, to rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays on every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears its echoing far as Orkney's breakers roar—
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills it floats on every gale,
And warms with eloquence and song the homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck it scales the rough wave's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage—the fresh and fruitful West:
It climbs New England's rocky steeps, as victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice, still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows on bleak Canadian plains,
And where, on Essequibo's bank, eternal summer reigns;
It glads Acadia's misty coasts, Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where gay with early flowers, green Texan prairies smile:
It tracks the loud, swift Oregon, through sunset valleys roll'd,
And soars where California brooks wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves, on seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood, and towers of proud Bombay:
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes, dusk brows, and swarthy limbs;
The dark Liberian soothes her child with English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won in gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life by Sydney's shelter'd beach:
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird the wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart, that, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn's fruits, and *those* with flowers of spring:
It quickens lands whose meteor lights flame in an arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told, and righteous kings desired,—
With all that great apostles taught, and glorious Greeks admired;
With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse, and Milton's loftier mind,—
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,—to cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom, and error flies away,
As vanishes the mist of night before the star of day!
But grand as are the victories whose monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn, which speaks of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame, take heed, nor once disgrace
With deadly pen or spoiling sword, our noble tongue and race.
Go forth prepared in every clime to love and help each other,
And judge that they who counsel strife would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time, by good men pray'd for long,
When Christian states, grown just and wise, will scorn revenge and wrong;
When earth's oppress'd and savage tribes shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words—Faith, Freedom, Heaven, and Home.

J. G. LYONS.

CXIII.—WAR.

1. NOBODY sees a battle. The common soldier fires away amid a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides every thing from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is especially charged with to mind what others are doing.

2. The commander can not be present everywhere, and see every wood, watercourse, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution; he learns from reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon.

3. Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every gorge of a valley, or entry into a wood, there is murder committing—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form, God's image, is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way, and with every variety of torture.

4. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and

groan, without assistance; and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely.

5. Thirst, too, has seized upon the yet able-bodied soldier, who, with blood-shot eye and tongue lolling out, plies his trade; blaspheming; killing, with savage delight; callous, when the brains of his best-loved comrade are spattered over him! The battle-field is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. They are in their vocation, earning their bread: what will not men do for a shilling a-day?

6. But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick are left in the hurry, to be killed by stray shots or beaten down, as the charge or counter-charge goes over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit-trees, bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon-shot; churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses, and ruined in the conflict; barns and granaries take fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides.

7. At night the steed is stabled beside the altar, and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses, to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have not consumed.

8. The surviving soldiers march on, to act the same scenes over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return, to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved amid the blackened ruins of their homes; to mourn, with more than agonizing grief, over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain; to feel themselves bankrupt in the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine and pestilence, engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.

9. The soldier marches on and on, inflicting and suffering as before. War is a continuance of battles, an epidemic, striding from place to place, more horrible than the typhus, the pestilence, or the cholera, which, not unfrequently, follow in its train.

10. The siege is an aggravation of the battle. The peaceful inhabitants of the beleaguered town are cooped up, and cannot fly the place of conflict. The mutual injuries, inflicted by assailants and assailed, are aggravated; their wrath is more frenzied. Then come the storm

and the capture, and the riot and excesses of the victorious soldiery, striving to quench the drunkenness of blood in the drunkenness of wine

11. The eccentric movements of war, the marching and countermarching, often repeat the blow on districts slowly recovering from the first. Between destruction and the wasteful consumption of the soldiery, poverty pervades the land. Hopeless of the future, hardened by the scenes of which he is a daily witness, perhaps goaded by revenge, the peasant becomes a plunderer and assassin.

12. Families are dispersed; the discipline of the family circle is removed; a habit of living in the day for the day, of drowning the morrow in illicit and transient pleasure, is engendered. The waste and desolation which a battle spreads over the battle-field is as nothing when compared with the moral desolation which war diffuses through all ranks of society.

CXIV.—THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

An attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half-a-crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself:

"Unfortunate man that I am!
I've never a client but grief;
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief!

"I've waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an 'opening' to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind.

"'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

"O, how can a modest young man
E'er hope for the smallest progression—
The profession's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession!"

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotions, he sat
On a curb-stone the space of a minute,
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came
('Twas the coroner bade them attend),
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end!

"The man was a lawyer, I hear,"
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse;
"A lawyer? Alas!" said another,
"Undoubtedly he died of remorse!

A third said, "He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of the death,
'Twas no doubt from the want of a cause.

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
"That the lawyer was drowned, because
He could not keep his head above water!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

CXV.—THE VALOR OF THE IRISH.

1. THERE is one man, however, who, disdaining all imposture and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national sympathies of Englishmen, abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide, their motives—distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity, and religion—to be aliens—to be aliens in race—to be aliens in country—to be aliens in religion.

2. Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, "Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty?" The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown.

3. "The battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed," ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned.

4. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all the greatest——

5. Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge) from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers—when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science—when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me if, for an instant, when, to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched?

6. And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked, was at last let loose—when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault—tell me, if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe?

7. The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited—the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out? RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

CXVI.—DARK ROSALEEN.*

OH, my own Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
Thy priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.

*Ireland is meant.

There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake:
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen;
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh, there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood
My Dark Rosaleen;

All day long in unrest
To and fro I move;
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love.
The heart within my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen;
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so
Like to the mournful moon.

But yet will I uprear your throne
Again in golden sheen:
For you shall reign, and you alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Ay, you shall have the golden throne,
And you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy, delicate, white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, amid your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills!
And one beaming smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Oh, the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood;

And gun-peal, and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

CXVII.—RICHELIEU AND DE MAUPRAT.

Rich. (*Ringing a small bell on the the table*). HUGUET!

Enter HUGUET.

De Mauprat struggled not, nor murmured?
Huguet. No; proud and passive.
Rich. Bid him enter. Hold;
Look that he hide no weapon. Humph, despair
Makes victims sometimes victors. When he has entered,
Glide round unseen; place thyself yonder, (*pointing to the screen;*) watch him;
If he show violence—(let me see thy carbine;
So, a good weapon;)—if he play the lion,
Why—the dog's death.
Huguet. I never miss my mark.
Exit HUGUET; RICHELIEU *seats himself at the table and slowly arranges the papers before him. Enter* DE MAUPRAT, *preceded by* HUGUET, *who then retires behind the screen.*
Rich. Approach, sir. Can you call to mind the hour,
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,
Your presence honored me?
De Mau. It is, my lord,
One of my most—
Rich. (*Dryly.*) Delightful recollections.

De Mau. (*Aside.*) St. Denis! Doth he make jest of ax and headsman.

Rich. (*Sternly.*) I did then accord you
A mercy ill requitted—you still live.
Doom'd to sure death, how hast thou since consumed
The time allotted thee for serious thought
And solemn penitence?

De Mau. (*Embarrassed.*) The time, my lord?

Rich. Is not the question plain? I'll answer for thee.
Thou hast sought nor priest, nor shrine; no sackcloth chafed
Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's head
Have not, with pious meditation, purged
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast not done,
Brief told; what done, a volume! Wild debauch,
Turbulent riot:—for the morn the dice box—
Noon claimed the duel—and the night the wassail,
These your most holy, pure preparatives
For death and judgment. Do I wrong you, sir?

De Mau. I was not always thus:—if changed my nature,
Blame that which changed my fate. Alas, my lord,
Were you accursed with that which you inflicted—
By bed and board dogged by one ghastly spectre—
The while within you youth beat high, and life
Grew lovelier from the neighboring frown of death—
The heart nor bud, nor fruit—save in those seeds
Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear and wither
In the same hour. Were this your fate, perchance
You would have erred like me!

Rich. I might, like you,
Have been a brawler and a reveler; not,
Like you, a trickster and a thief.

De Mau. (*Advancing threateningly.*) Lord Cardinal!
Unsay those words;—

(Huguet *deliberately raises his carbine.*

Rich. (*Waving his hand.*) Not quite so quick, friend Huguet;
Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
And he can wait!—

You have outrun your fortune;
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar—
Each to his taste! But I do charge you, sir,
That being beggared, you would coin false moneys,
Out of that crucible, called debt. To live
On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds—splendid in banquets;—all
Not yours—ungiven—uninherited—unpaid for;—
This is to be a trickster; and to filch
Men's art and labor, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread,—quitting all scores with—"Friend,
You're troublesome!" Why this, forgive me,
Is what—when done with a less dainty grace—
Plain folks call "Theft!" You owe eight thousand pistoles,
Minus one crown, two liards!—

De Mau. (*Aside.*) The old conjuror!—
'Sdeath, he'll inform me next how many cups
I drank at dinner!—

Rich. This is scandalous,
Shaming your birth and blood, I tell you, sir,
That you must pay your debts—

De Mau. With all my heart,
My lord. Where shall I borrow then the money?

Rich. (*Aside and laughing.*) A humorous dare-devil! The very man
To suit my purpose—ready, frank, and bold!

(*Rising and earnestly.*)

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;—
I am not; I am just! I found France rent asunder,
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;—
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have recreated France: and from ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phœnix-like, to Jove! What was my art?

Genius, some say—some, Fortune—Witchcraft, some.
Not so:—my art was Justice! Force and Fraud
Misname it cruelty;—you shall confute them,—
My champion You! You meet me as your foe,
Depart my friend. You shall not die,—France needs you.
You shall wipe off all stains,—be rich, be honored,
Be great. LORD LYTTON

CXVIII.—MY HEART AND I.

ENOUGH! we're tired, my heart and I.
We sit beside the headstone thus,
And wish that name were carved for us.
The moss reprints more tenderly
The hard types of the mason's knife,
As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life
With which we're tired, my heart and I.

You see we're tired, my heart and I.
We dealt with books, we trusted men,
And in our blood drenched the pen,
As if such colors could not fly.
We walked too straight for fortune's end,
We loved too true to keep a friend;
At last we're tired, my heart and I.

How tired we feel, my heart and I!
We seem of no use in the world;
Our fancies hang gray and uncurled
About men's eyes indifferently;
Our voice which thrilled you so will let
You sleep; our tears are only wet:
What do we here, my heart and I?

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
It was not thus in that old time
When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime
To watch the sunset from the sky.

"Dear love, you're looking tired," he said;
I, smiling at him, shook my head:
'Tis now we're tired, my heart and I.
So tired, so tired, my heart and I!

Though now none take me on his arm
To fold me close and kiss me warm
Till each quick breath end in a sigh
Of happy languor. Now, alone,
We lean upon this graveyard stone,
Uncheered, unkissed, my heart and I.

Tired out we are, my heart and I.
Suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

Yet who complains? My heart and I?
In this abundant earth no doubt
Is little room for things worn out:
Disdain them, break them, throw them by!
And if before the days grew rough
We *once* were loved, used—well enough,
I think, we've fared, my heart and I.

MRS. BROWNING.

CXIX—.A DISH OF VEGETABLES.

1. THE Potato family is famous for its liberal principles, and the wide sphere over which its influence is spread. The members of this family, with equal generosity, are prompt to place a luxury upon the rich man's gravy, or a heap of food beside the poor man's salt. The potato family has been for many years one of the noblest benefactors to the human colony; and when it was prevented lately, by ill-health,

from the fulfilment of its good intentions, great was the anxiety of men, and many were the bulletins of health sought for and issued.

2. The family seat of the potatoes is well known to be in America. They are a comparatively new race in England, since they did not come over until some time after the Conqueror. The genealogists have nearly settled, after much discussion, that all members of this family spread over the world, are descended from the potatoes of Chili. Their town-seat is in the neighborhood of Valparaiso, upon hills facing the sea. The potatoes were early spread over many portions of America, on missions for the benefit of man, who had not been long in discovering that they were friends worth cultivating properly.

3. It is said that the first potato who visited Europe came over with Sir Francis Drake in 1573; it is said, also, that some of the family had accompanied Sir John Hawkins in 1563; it is certain that a body of potatoes quitted Virginia in 1586, and came to England with Sir Walter Raleigh. M. Duval, who has written an elaborate history of the potato family, shows it to be extremely probable that, before the time of Raleigh, a settlement of potatoes had been found in Spain. Reaching England in 1586, the benevolent potato family was welcomed into Belgium in 1590. In 1610, the first potatoes went to Ireland, where they eventually multiplied and grew to form one of the most important branches of this worthy race.

4. In France the kindly efforts of this family were not appreciated until, in the middle of the last century, there arose a man, Parmentier, who backed the introduction of potatoes into France with recommendations so emphatic that it was designed to impute to him the interest of near relationship, not indeed by calling him Potato, but by calling potatoes by his name, Parmentiers. The benevolent exertions made by the potato family on behalf of France, during the famine of 1793, completely established it in favor with the grateful people.

5. Potatoes, though so widely spread, are unable to maintain their health under too warm a climate. On the Andes, they fix their abode at a height of ten to thirteen thousand feet; in the Swiss Alps, they are comfortable on the mountain sides, and spread in Berne to the height of five thousand feet, or not very much less. Over the north of Europe the potato family extends its labors, further on into the cold than even barley, which is famous as the hardiest of grain. There are potatoes settled in Iceland, though that is a place in which

barley declines to live. The potato is so nutritious, and can be cultivated with so little skill and labor, that it tempts some nations to depend solely on it for sustenance.

6. The Barley branch of the grass family has a large establishment in Scotland, even to the extreme north, in the Orkneys, Shetland, and, in fact, even in the Faroe Islands. They who are in the secrets of the barleys, hint that they would be very glad to settle in the southern districts of Iceland—say about Reikjavik—if it were not for the annoyance of unseasonable rains. In Western Lapland there may be found heads of the house of barley as far north as Cape North, which is the most northern point of the continent of Europe. It has a settlement in Russia, on the shores of the White Sea, beyond Archangel. Over a great mass of Northern Siberia no barley will undertake to live; and as the potatoes have found their way into such barren districts only here and there, the country that is too far north for barley is too far north for agriculture. There the people live a nomad life, and owe obligation, in the world of plants, to lichens for their food, or to such families as offer them the contribution of roots, bark, or a few scraps of fruit.

7. It is not much that barley asks as a condition of its gifts to any member of the human colony. It wants a summer heat, averaging about forty-six degrees; and it does not want to be perpetually moistened. If it is to do anything at all in moist places, like islands, it must have three degrees added to the average allowance of summer heat with which it would otherwise be content. As for your broiling hot weather, no barley will stand it. Other grasses may tolerate the tropics if they please; barley refuses te be baked while it is growing.

8. We find Oats spread over Scotland to the extreme north point, and settled in Norway and Sweden to the latitudes sixty-three and sixty-five. Both oats and rye extend in Russia to about the same latitude of sixty-three degrees, The benevolent exertion of oats is put forth on behalf not only of men, but also of their horses. In Scotland and Lancashire, and in some countries of Germany, especially south of Westphalia, the people look to oats for sustenance. Scotch bone and muscle are chiefly indebted to oatmeal; for porridge (which consists of oatmeal boiled in water, and is eaten with milk) is the staple—almost the only—food of the sturdy Scotch peasantry. South of the parallel of Paris, however, the friendship of oats is little cultivated.

9. The Rye branch of the grass family travels more to the north than oats in Scandinavia. Rye is in great request in Russia, Germany, and parts of France, and one-third of the population of Europe look to its help for daily bread.

10. The most numerous and respectable members of the great grass family are those which bear the name of Wheat. There are an immense number of different wheats: as many wheats among the grasses as there are in this country Smiths among men. We know them best as summer and winter wheats. The family seat of the wheats most probably will never be discovered. There is reason to believe that Tartary and Persia are the native countries of wheat, oats, and rye.

11. How far north the wheats would consent to extend the sphere of their influence in America, it is not possible to tell, because enough attempt at cultivation has not yet been made there in the northern regions. Winter cold does not concern the wheats: the spring-sown wheat escapes it, and that sown in autumn is protected by a covering of snow. Wheat keeps a respectful distance of twenty degrees from the equator; indeed, in the warm latitudes, new combinations of heat and moisture, grateful to new and very beautiful members of the vegetable world, who suit their gifts more accurately to the wishes of the people whom they feed, would cause the kind offices of wheat to be rejected, even if they could be offered there. On the mountains in warm climates, settlements of wheat of course exist. On the north side of the Himalaya mountains, wheat and barley flourish at a height of thirteen thousand feet.

12. The well known name of Rice carries our thoughts to Asia. The family seat is somewhere in Asia, doubtless; but all trace of it is lost. The family has always lived in Southern Asia, where it supplies food, probably, to more men than any other race of plants has ever had occasion to support. No rice can enjoy good health without much heat and much moisture. If these could be found everywhere, everybody would cultivate a valuable friend, that is supposed to scatter over a given surface of ground more than a common share of nourishment.

13. Most liberal of all vegetables, however, in this respect, are the Bananas. Humboldt tells us that they spread over the same given extent of ground forty-four times more nutritive matter than the potatoes, and a hundred and thirty-three times more than any wheat

14. Where the benevolent among our grasses cease to grow, because it is too far south, there it is just far enough north for the Cocoa-nuts, who, within their limited sphere, supply a vast contribution toward the maintenance of man, that very wise and very independent creature. Very nearly three millions of cocoa-nuts have been exported in one year from the Island of Ceylon.

15. And, to come nearer home, there is a large-hearted plant bearing the name of Maize, and the nickname of Indian Corn. Its native seat has not been fixed yet by the genealogist. It grows at a good height above the sea in tropical America, and it occurs in eastern Europe on the banks of the Dniester, in latitude forty-nine. Maize does not care about the winter; it wants nothing but summer heat in a country which it is to choose as a congenial habitation. It will do also with less heat than the vine; for it has been grown in the lower Pyrenees, at three thousand two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, the vine stopping at two thousand six hundred and twenty.

16. We have here spoken only of a few great liberal families belonging to the world of plants; families to which the human colony looks for support; upon whose aid we, in fact, depend for our existence. The whole list of our vegetable patrons would be very long. It must be enough, therefore, that we have here briefly expressed a general sense of obligation to our vegetable friends, and hinted at a fact which, in our high philosophy, we now and then forget, that the outer world may be a shadow or a reflex of our own minds, or anything you please to call it; but that we, poor fellows, should be rather at a loss for dinner if the earth did not send up for us, out of a kitchen that we did not build, our corn, and wine, and oil.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CXX.—A SEASONABLE STORY.

WHERE is the man at twenty-eight
That never to himself hath said,
Whilst tumbling in his lonely bed,
"All marriages are made by fate!"

At least with me the saw holds good,
Fate doom'd me unto bach'lorhood,
For Bella Brawn is Mrs. More!
There never was a tidier body—
She should have borne the name I bore,
Mix'd every mixture that I swallow'd,
Whether 'twas gruel or gin-toddy,
For me perform'd all household duties,
Nursed each sweet babe my home that hallow'd,
And Mrs. More has four such beauties!

Bella, as Bailey's "Eve," was fair,
Save that her face was slightly freckled;
And, for her sake, with tenderest care,
I keep a bantam-hen that's speckled.
She had a dimple on her chin,
Where you must long to lay your finger;
Her pouting, rosy lips would win
A true St. Anthony to linger.
Her voice! O could you hear her sing,
You'd think within her pretty throat
A nightingale had closed its wing,
And lent her every thrilling note!
Her nose was slightly pugg'd, her eyes
Were like twin stars of equal size;
But why recount her beauties o'er?
She's not my wife—she's Mrs. More!

'Twas "on a raw and gusty day,"
I placed myself and trunk in charge
Of Margate's Nelson, Captain Large;
Just as the boat got under weigh,
Bella (she was my Bella then!),
Bella was there, (ah, weep, my pen,
Thine inkiest tears!) for Margate bound,
"To get a blow," her mother said;
But I—I got the blow instead,
As in the sequel 'twill be found.

The Pool was past, Gravesend, the Nore,
The sea was frothing up like yeast,
The wind was blowing Nor–Nor–East;
I never felt so queer before,
My sight each moment grew more dim,
My head around began to swim,
My legs went any way they pleased,
As though the steamer's deck was greased.
I strove to cry aloud, but no,
The words stuck in my throat, and so
I threw me madly on my trunk,
Like one (I blush to write it) drunk.

I knew not then—I know not now,
How long I lay in that distress,
Which mocks all other forms of woe;
Which even love cannot make less—
Its memory even now doth harrow;
But, when I woke to consciousness,
Myself and trunk were in a barrow,
Bump, jumping over Margate Jetty,
The while the rain in torrents fell,
At length I reach'd the Pier Hotel—
O, very cold and very wetty.

"This way, sir, if you please." I went—
Following my trunk, the boots, and maid,
"Send me some brandy."
It was sent;
And, when I drank the aforesaid,
I drew a key from out my pocket,
I knelt down by that trunk of leather;
But vainly sought I to unlock it—
The lock was damaged by the weather.
All shiveringly I rang the bell;
The chamber-maid came in a minute.
I told my tale. She said: "O well,
Sir, blow the key; there's something in it."

I blew; a note both loud and shrill
Replied!
"There," said the joker,
"As you can't open it, I will;
I'll pick the lock, sir, with the poker."

The deed was done, and she withdrew;
I doff'd my saturated clothes;
I raised the lid—what met my view
My blushing pen shall now disclose.

A roomy gown of bombazine
Upon the top was laid,
A pair of boots of faded green,
Of shape call'd Adelaide.

"What have they done?" I cried aloud;
"This trunk, it is not mine;
For every thing within it stowed,
By Gemini! is feminine."

'Twas so—the trunk was not mine own;
O, what was I to do?
I could not stand there cold as stone,
Nor go to bed, could you?
There was no choice, but Hobson's choice,
Nothing to pause between;
I, listening to compulsion's voice,
Put on the bombazine.

I had not sat scarce half an hour,
When up stairs came the maid:
Rapping the door with wondrous power,
Thus screamingly she said:
"Here is Miss Brawn and her mamma,
Which wishes, sir, to know
If you will go to Ranelagh?
Send word, sir—Yes, or No!"

Here was a fix! I was not fit
  By Bella to be seen.
Go down? I could not think of it,
  Dressed out in bombazine:
I answer'd "No!"
* * * * * * *
That fatal word I still deplore,
  It stung my Bella's pride.
That night she met with Mr. More;
  Next week she was his bride.
My heart is breaking! Soon my bed
  Will be in church-yard green,
And, should my ghost walk, cruel maid,
  'Twill walk in bombazine.

MARK LEMON.

CXXI.—THE GODDESS OF POVERTY.

1. PATHS sanded with gold, verdant wastes, ravines which the wild-goat loves, great mountains crowned with stars, tumbling torrents, impenetrable forests,—let the good Goddess pass, the Goddess of Poverty!

2. Since the world has existed, since men were in it, she traverses the world, she dwells among men; singing she travels, or working she sings,—the Goddess, the good Goddess of Poverty!

3. Some men assembled to curse her; but they found her too beautiful and too glad, too agile and too strong. "Strip off her wings!" said they; "give her chains, give her stripes, crush her, let her perish,—the Goddess of Poverty!"

4. They have chained the good Goddess; they have beaten her, and persecuted; but they cannot debase her! She has taken refuge in the souls of poets, of peasants, of artists, of martyrs, and of saints,—the good Goddess, the Goddess of Poverty!

5. She has walked more than the Wandering Jew; she has traveled more than the swallow; she is older than the cathedral of Prague; she is younger than the egg of the wren; she has increased more than the strawberry in Bohemian forests,—the Goddess, the good Goddess of Poverty!

6. Many children has she had, and many a divine secret has she taught them; she knows more than all the doctors and all the lawyers,—the good Goddess of Poverty!

7. She does all the greatest and most beautiful things that are done in the world; it is she who cultivates the fields and prunes the trees; it is she who drives the herds to pasture, singing the while all sweet songs; it is she who sees the day break, and catches the sun's first smile,—the good Goddess of Poverty!

8. It is she who builds of green boughs the woodman's cabin, and makes the hunter's eye like that of the eagle; it is she who brings up the handsomest children, and who leaves the plow and the spade light in the hands of the old man,—the good Goddess of Poverty!

9. It is she who inspires the poet, and makes eloquent the violin, the guitar, and the flute, under the fingers of the wandering artist; it is she who crowns his hair with pearls of the dew, and who makes the stars shine for him larger and more clear,—the Goddess, the good Goddess of Poverty!

10. It is she who instructs the dexterous artisan, and teaches him to hew stone, to carve marble, to fashion gold and silver, copper and iron; it is she who makes the flax flexible and fine as hair, under the hands of the old wife and the young girl,—the good Goddess of Poverty!

11. It is she who sustains the cottage shaken by the storm; it is she who saves rosin for the torch and oil for the lamp; it is she who kneads bread for the family, and who weaves garments for them, summer and winter; it is she who maintains and feeds the world,—the good Goddess of Poverty!

12. It is she who has built the great castles and the old cathedrals; it is she who builds and navigates all the ships; it is she who carries the sabre and the musket; it is she who makes war and conquests; it is she who buries the dead, cares for the wounded, and shelters the vanquished,—the good Goddess of Poverty!

13. Thou art all gentleness, all patience, all strength, and all compassion, O good Goddess! it is thou who dost reunite all thy children in a holy love, givest them charity, faith, hope, O Goddess of Poverty!

14. Thy children will one day cease to bear the world on their shoulders; they will be recompensed for all their pains and labors. The time shall come when there shall be neither rich nor poor on the

earth; but when all men shall partake of its fruits, and enjoy equally the bounties of Providence; but thou shall not be forgotten in their hymns, O good Goddess of Poverty!

15 They will remember that thou wert their fruitful mother and their robust nurse. They will pour balm into thy wounds; and, of the fragrant and rejuvenated earth, they will make for thee a couch, where thou canst at length repose, O good Goddess of Poverty!

16. Until that day of the Lord, torrents and woods, mountains and valleys, wastes swarming with little flowers and little birds, paths sanded with gold, without a master,—let pass the Goddess, the good Goddess of Poverty! MADAME DUDEVANT.

CXXII.—TOM BROWN'S DAY IN GOTHAM.

I'll tell you a story of Thomas Brown,—
I don't mean the poet of Shropshire town;
Nor the Scotch Professor of wide renown;
But "Honest Tom Brown;" so called, no doubt,
Because with the same
Identical name,
A good many fellows were roving about,
Of whom the sheriff might prudently swear
That "honest" with them was a *non est* affair.

Now Tom was a Yankee of wealth and worth,
Who lived and throve by tilling the earth;
For Tom had wrought,
As a farmer ought,
Who, doomed to toil by original sinning,
Began—like Adam—at the beginning.
He ploughed, he hammered, and he sowed:
He drilled, he planted, and he hoed;
He dug, and delved, and reaped, and mowed

At all the State Fairs he held a fair station,
Raised horses and cows, and his own reputation;

Made money and butter; took a Justice's niche;
Grew wheat, wool, and hemp; corn, cattle, and—sich!
But who would be always a country—clown?
And so Tom Brown
Sat himself down
And, knitting his brow in a studious frown,
He said, says he:—
"It's plain to see,
And I think Mrs. B. will be apt to agree
(If she don't, its much the same to me),
That I, Tom Brown,
Should go to town!
But then," says he, "what town shall it be?
Boston-town is considerably nearer,
And York is farther, and so will be dearer.
Ah!—the 'Smiths,' I remember, belong to York,
('Twas ten years ago I sold them my pork,)
Good, honest traders—I'd like to know them—
And so—'tis settled—I'll go to Gotham!"

And so Tom Brown
Sat himself down,
With many a smile and never a frown,
And rode, by rail, to that notable town,
Which I really think well worthy of mention
As being America's greatest invention!
And now Mr. Brown
Was fairly in town,
And I'm going to write his travels down;
But if you suppose Tom Brown will disclose
The usual sins and follies of those
Who leave rural regions to see city—shows,—
You couldn't well make
A greater mistake;
For Brown was a man of excellent sense;
Could see very well through a hole in a fence,
And was honest and plain, without shame or pretence;
Of sharp, city-learning he couldn't have boasted,
But he wasn't the chap to be easily roasted.

And here let me say,
In a very dogmatic, oracular way,
(And I'll prove it before I have done with my lay,)
Not only that honesty 's likely to "pay,"
But that one must be, as a general rule,
At least half a knave to be wholly a fool!

Of pocket-book dropping Tom never had heard,
(Or at least, if he had, he'd forgotten the word,)
And now when, at length, the occasion occurred,
For that sort of chaff he wasn't the bird.
The gentleman argued with eloquent force,
And begged him to pocket the money, of course;
But Brown, without thinking at all what he said,
Popped out the first thing that entered his head,
(Which chanced to be wondrously fitting and true,)
No—no,—my dear sir—I'll be burnt if I do!"
Two lively young fellows, of elegant mien,
Amused him awhile with a pretty machine—
An ivory ball, which he never had seen.
But, though the unsuspecting stranger
In the "patent safe" saw no patent danger,
He easily dodged the nefarious net,
Because "he wasn't accustomed to bet."

Ah! here, I wot,
Is exactly the spot,
To make a small fortune as easy as not?
That man with the watch—what lungs he has got!
It's "Going—the best of that elegant lot—
To close a concern, at a desperate rate,
The jeweler ruined as certain as fate!
A capital watch!—you may see by the weight—
Worth one hundred dollars as easy as eight—
Or half of that sum to melt down into plate—
(Brown doesn't know "Peter" from Peter the Great,)
But then I can't dwell,
I'm ordered to sell,
And mus'n't stand weeping—just look at the shelf—
I warrant the ticker to operate well—

Nine dollars!—it's hard to be selling it under
A couple of fifties—it's cruel, by thunder!
Ten dollars I'm offered!—the man who secures
This splendid—ten dollars!—say twelve, and it's yours."
"Don't want it,"—quoth Brown,—"I don't wish to buy.
Fifty dollars, I'm sure, one couldn't call high—
But to see the man ruined! Dear sir, I declare—
Between two or three bidders, it doesn't seem fair;
To knock it off now were surely a sin;
Just wait, my dear sir, till the people come in!
Allow me to say you disgrace your position
As Sheriff—consid'ring the debtor's condition—
To sell such a watch without more competition!"
And here Mr. Brown
Gave a very black frown,
Stepped leisurely out, and walked farther up town.

And Mr. Brown
Returned from town,
With a bran new hat and a muslin gown,
And he told the tale, when the sun was down,
How he spent his eagles and saved his crown;
How he showed his pluck by resisting the claim
Of an impudent fellow who asked his name;
But paid—as a gentleman ever is willing—
At the old Park Gate, the regular shilling!

JOHN G. SAXE.

CXXIII.—THE END OF THE WORLD.

1. IMAGINE all nature now standing in a silent expectation to receive its last doom! the tutelary and destroying angels to have their instructions; everything to be ready for the fatal hour; and then, after a little silence, all the host of heaven to raise their voice, and sing aloud: "Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered; as smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God." And upon this,

as upon a signal given, all the sublunary world breaks into flames, and all the treasures of fire, are opened in heaven and in earth.

2. Thus the conflagration begins. If one should now go about to represent the world on fire, with all the confusions that necessarily must be in nature and in mankind upon that occasion, it would seem to most men a romantic scene. Yet we are sure there must be such a scene. The heavens will pass away with a noise, and the elements will melt with fervent heat, and all the works of the earth will be burnt up; and these things cannot come to pass without the greatest disorders imaginable, both in the minds of men and in external nature, and the saddest spectacles that eye can behold. We think it a great matter to see a single person burnt alive; here are millions shrieking in the flames at once.

3. It is frightful to us to look upon a great city in flames, and to see the distractions and misery of the people; here is a universal fire through all the cities of the earth, and a universal massacre of their inhabitants. Whatsoever the prophets foretold of the desolations of Judea, Jerusalem, or Babylon, in the highest strains, is more than literally accomplished in this last and general calamity; and those only that are spectators of it can make its history.

4. The disorders in nature and the inanimate world will be no less, nor less strange and unaccountable, than those in mankind. Every element, and every region, so far as the bounds of this fire extend, will be in a tumult and a fury, and the whole habitable world running into confusion. A world is sooner destroyed than made; and nature lapses hastily into that chaos state out of which she came by slow and leisurely motions: as an army advances into the field by just and regular marches; but, when it is broken and routed, it flies with precipitation, and one cannot describe its posture.

5. Fire is a barbarous enemy; it gives no mercy; there is nothing but fury, and rage, and ruin, and destruction wheresoever it prevails, as storm, or hurricane, though it be but the force of air, makes a strange havoc where it comes; but devouring flame, or exhalations set on fire, have still a far greater violence, and carry more terror along with them. Thunder and earthquakes are the sons of fire; and we know nothing in nature more impetuous or more irresistibly destructive than these two. And accordingly, in this last war of the elements, we may be sure they will bear their

parts, and do great execution in the several regions of the world. Earthquakes and subterraneous eruptions will tear the body and bowels of the earth; and thunders and convulsive motion of the air rend the skies. The waters of the sea will boil and struggle with streams of sulphur that run into them, which will make them fume, and smoke, and roar, beyond all storms and tempests; and these noises of the sea will be answered again from the land by falling rocks and mountains. This is a small part of the disorders of that day.

6. But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath got an entire victory over all other bodies, and hath subdued everything to itself, the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor, like molten glass or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But this is not our present business. Let us only, if you please to take leave of this subject, reflect, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world; how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labors of men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent is obliterated or banished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood; read the inscription; tell the victor's name!

7. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills and mountains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax before the sun; and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stones, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; the huge mass of stones is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus,

and Taurus and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder, towards the north, stood the Riphæan Hills clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints! Hallelujah. BURNET.

CXXIV.—A DIRGE.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept, and those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Brothers, sisters of the worm—
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his solemn trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil;
It shall come in blood and spoil,

It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then, ambition, rue thy lust! —
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment-sign;
In the East the King shall shine;
Thousand thousands round his state,
Flashing from heaven's golden gate—
Spirits with the crown and plume.
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turned to living light,
Kingdoms of the ransomed just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!" CROLY.

CXXV.—LIFE IN A WATER-DROP.

1. THE Sun is reflected in the ocean as in the water-drop, and in both are called into existence beings the most varied in size and form. We admire the myriads of creatures which inhabit the depths of the ocean, from the monstrous whale to the tiniest specimen of the finny tribe. But if the size, the power, and the variety of the denizens of the deep excite our admiration, how much more do we find ourselves carried away by that feeling while looking into the water-drop!

2. Clear and transparent it lies before us: vainly our eye endeavors to discover the least evidence of life, or the smallest creature, in that which seems in itself too small to contain any living object; the breath of our mouth is strong enough to agitate it, and a few rays of the Sun are sufficient to convert it into vapor. But we place this drop of water between two clean squares of glass, beneath the microscope, and lo! what life suddenly presents itself! We scarcely trust our senses. The little drop has expanded into a large plain; wonderful shapes rush backward and forward, drawing toward and repulsing each other, or resting placidly and rocking themselves, as if they were cradled on the waves of an extensive sea.

3. These are no delusions; they are real, living creatures, for they play with each other, they rush violently upon one another, they

whirl round each other, they free and propel themselves, and run from one place to another in order to renew the same game with some other little creature; or madly they precipitate themselves upon one another, combat and struggle until the one conquers and the other is subdued; or carelessly they swim side by side, until playfulness or rapacity is awakened anew.

4. One sees that these little creatures, which the sharpest eye cannot detect without the aid of the microscope, are susceptible of enjoyment and pain; in them lives an instinct which induces them to seek, and enables them to find, sustenance, which points out and leads them to avoid and to escape the enemy stronger than themselves.

5. Here one tumbles about in mad career and drunken lust, it stretches out its feelers, beats about its tail, tears its fellows, and is as frolicsome as if perfectly happy. It is gay, cheerful, hops and and dances, rocks and bends about upon the little waves of the water-drop. There is another creature; it does not swim about—remains upon the same spot—but it contracts itself convulsively, and then stretches itself palpitatingly out again.

6. Who could not detect in these motions the throes of agony; and so it is; for only just now it has freed itself from the jaws of a stronger enemy. The utmost power has it exerted in order to get away; but he must have had a tight hold, severely wounded it, for only a few more throes, each becoming weaker and more faint, it draws itself together, stretches out its whole length once more, and sinks slowly to the bottom. It was a death struggle. It has expired.

7. On one spot a great creature lies, apparently quiet and indifferent. A smaller one passes carelessly by, and, like a flash of lightning, the first dashes upon it. Vainly does the weaker seek to escape its more powerful enemy; he has already caught it, embraces it, the throes of the vanquished cease—it has become a prey.

8. This is only a general glance at the life in a water-drop, but how *great* does even this already show the *small;* how wondrously does everything shape itself within that, of which we had formerly not the least conception. These are creatures which nature nowhere presents to the eye upon an enlarged scale, so marvellous, odd, and also again so beautiful, so merry, happy in their whole life and movements; and, although defective, and in some respects only one step removed from vegetable life, they are yet animated, and possessed of

will and power. It would be impossible here to give a description of all, or even of a great part of the ephemerous world in all its varied aspects; but we propose to take a nearer survey of some few at least, in order to display the life which exists in a single drop of water taken from a pond.

9. Slowly and gracefully through the floods of this small drop of water comes glidingly, swimming along, the little swan animalcule, turning and twisting its long pliant neck, swaying itself comfortably, and moving in every direction, sucking whatever nourishment or prey may present itself. This animalcule has its name from its likeness to the swan. It carries its neck just as proudly and gracefully arched, only the head is wanting, for at the end there is a wide opening mouth, surrounded by innumerable beam-like lashes.

10. The entire little creature is transparent, and it seems impossible that any species of nutriment could possibly pass through the thin throat, for even water seems too course a material for this small tube; but scarcely does one of the variously formed *monads* (single cells), which exist in all waters, and of which many thousands could move and tumble freely about in the hollow of a poppy seed, approach its mouth, ere it gulps them down; we see them gliding through the throat, and see the green, gray or white monads lying in its little stomach. This monad is itself an animalcule, a living atom; and possibly a still smaller animalcule serves for its nourishment; but the human eye has not yet penetrated thus far; possibly it may never do so, for the Creator has hidden from the material vision of man the limits of His creating power, alike in the infinitely great as in the infinitesimally small.

11. Whirling along comes swimming by the side of the swan animalcule, the *Bell*. Here nature has retained a form out of the vegetable kingdom, for the body of this animalcule is similar to the bell-shaped blossom of a Mayflower fastened to a long stem. This stem, through which passes a spiral-formed vein, a fine dark tube, is easily movable; it closes itself, screw-like, together, and stretches itself out again. This is the tail of the bell animalcule. At the end there is a little knot, and soon this knot becomes attached to the bottom, or to a blade of grass, or to a piece of wood, and the little animalcule is like a ship at anchor in a bay or harbor. Its tail extends and turns itself, and the body of the animalcule, the little bell, whose opening is at the top, begins to whirl itself round and round, and

this movement is so quick and powerful that it creates, even in the billows of the water-drop, a whirlpool, which keeps ever going round wilder and more violently; it grows to a *Charybdis*, which none of the little monads who are caught within it can escape—the whirlpool is too fierce, they get drawn into it, and find a grave in the jaws of the bell animalcule.

12. The bell closes, the tail rolls together, but soon it stretches itself out again; the bell whirls, the whirlpool goes round, and in it many a quiet and thoughtless passing monad is drawn down. But the bell animalcule is also about meeting its punishment. Again it whirls its bell violently—the tail breaks from the body, and the bell floats without control hither and thither on the waves of the water-drop; but it knows how to help itself. Nature has provided for such a catastrophe in its creation. The bell sinks to the bottom, and soon the missing tail grows again;—and if death even comes, nature has been so liberal in the creation of this little world—new life and new creatures arise so quickly out of those which have passed away, and so great is their number—that the death of one is less than a drop in the ocean, or a grain of sand in the desert of Sahara.

13. The lives of innumerable animalcules pass away at a breath; but they rise into existence in equally infinite numbers. The animalcules multiply in every variety of way; but the most curious is that of dividing, and out of the several parts new animalcules are formed, which, in a few hours, again divide themselves into parts, forming new creatures—and this process of increase proceeds to infinity. Numbers alone are able in some measure to give an idea of this infinite increasing power. An animalcule requires for its parting process about five hours, after which time the new creatures stand then perfect, and these again require the same time for their increase.

14. At this rate of increase, one single animalcule would, by the process of separation, be increased to half a million in four days, and after a month it would be inconceivable where this innumerable quantity of animalcules, which are, singly, imperceptible to the naked eye, can possibly be placed. But nature has limited even this vast increasing power, and she freely sacrifices millions in order to preserve their species always in their proper quantities. What are, compared with these numbers, the quantities of herrings, sprats, and other fish which crowd the sea in such mighty masses? They vanish into nothingness.

SHARPE'S MAGAZINE.

CXXVI.—THE MEETING PLACE.

Where the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the moon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never severed—
Partings, claspings, sobs, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done;
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered in the wild—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where the hidden wound is healed;
Where the blighted light re-blooms;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring-bright clime;

Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before;
Loving on unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once and evermore—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendor here,
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been;
Where a King, in kingly glory
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the heavenly crown—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

CXXVII.—THE LYING SERVANT.

1. There lived in Suabia a certain lord, pious, just and wise, to whose lot it fell to have a serving-man, a great rogue, and, above all, addicted to the vice of lying. The name of the lord is not in the story, therefore the reader need not trouble himself about it.

2. The knave was given to boast of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which are nowhere to be found in the map, and seen things which mortal eye never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock; for he dreamed falsehoods in his sleep, to the truth of which he swore when he was awake.

3. His lord was a cunning as well as a virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the varlet's mouth, so that the liar was often caught—hung, as it were, in his own untruths, as in a trap.

3. Nevertheless he persisted still the more in his lies, and when any one said, "How can that be?" he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, swearing *stone and bone* that so it was; thus striving, as is the wont of liars, to cause himself to be believed by the vehemence of his oaths.

5. Yet was the knave useful in the household, quick and handy; therefore he was not disliked of his lord, though verily a great liar.

6. It chanced one pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily and swollen much the floods, that the lord and the knave rode out together, and their way passed through a shady and silent forest.

7. Suddenly appeared an old and well grown fox. "Look!" exclaimed the master of the knave, "look, what a huge beast: never before have I seen a reynard so large!"

8. "Doth this beast surprise thee by its hugeness!" replied straight the serving-groom, casting his eyes slightingly on the animal, as it fled for fear into the cover of the brakes; "by stone and bone, I have been in a kingdom where the foxes are as big as oxen in this!"

9. Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the lord answered calmly, but with mockery in his heart, "In that kingdom there must be excellent lining for the cloaks, if furriers can there be found well to dress skins so large!"

10. And so they rode on—the lord in silence. But soon he began to sigh heavily. Still he seemed to wax more and more sad in spirit, and his sighs grew deeper and more quick. Then enquired the knave of the lord what sudden affliction, or cause of sorrow, had happened.

11. "I trust in heaven's goodness that neither of us two hath to-day, by any frowardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not; for, assuredly, he who hath so done must this day perish."

12. The knave, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on the paleness of his master's countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, that not a word or a syllable of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense.

13. And so, with eager exclamation, he demanded of the lord to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to fall upon liars. "Hear, then, dear knave," answered the

lord to the earnestness of his servant, "since thou must needs know, hearken, and may no trouble come to thee from what I shall say.

14. "To-day we ride far, and in our course is a vast and heavy rolling flood, of which the ford is narrow and the pool is deep. To it hath heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes all dealers in falsehood who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current; but to him who hath told no lie there is no fear of this river. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

15. Then the knave said unto himself, "Long indeed must the journey be for some who are now here!" And as he spurred he sighed more heavily and deeply than his master had done before him. The lord went on more gayly; nor ceased he to cry, "Spur we on our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

16. As the lord and the serving-man traveled on they came unto a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet nevertheless the knave began to tremble, and falteringly asked, "Is this now the river where harmless liars must perish?" "This? ah no!" replied the lord, "no liar need tremble here."

17. Yet was the knave not wholly assured, and, stammering, he said, "My gracious lord, thy servant now bethinks him that he to-day hath made a fox too huge. That of which he spake was verily not so large as an ox, but, stone and bone, as big as a good-sized roe!"

18. The lord replied with wonder in his tone, "What of this fox concerneth me? If large or small, I care not. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

19. "Long indeed!" still said the serving-groom unto himself; and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then came they to a stream running quickly through a green meadow, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy waters.

20. The varlet started, and cried aloud: "Another river! Surely of rivers there is to-day no end. Was it of this thou talkedst heretofore?" "No," replied the lord, "not of this."

21. And more he said not; yet marked he with inward gladness his servant's fear. "Because in good truth," rejoined the knave, "it is on my conscience to give thee note that the fox of which I spake was not bigger than a calf!" "Large or small, let me not be troubled by thy fox; the beast concerneth me not at all."

22. As they quitted the wood they perceived a river in the way, which gave sign of having been swollen by the rains, and on it was a boat. "This, then, is the doom of liars," said the knave, and he looked earnestly toward the passage-craft. "Be informed, my good lord, that reynard was not larger than a good fat wedder sheep!"

23. The lord seemed angry, and answered, "This is not yet the grave of falsehood; why torment me with this fox? Rather spur we our horses, for we have far to go." "Stone and bone," said the knave unto himself, "the end of my journey approacheth!"

24. Now the day declined, and the shadows of the travelers lengthened on the ground; but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And as the wind rustled the trees he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of his master if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water.

25. Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern; so that his spirits began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the lord. But the lord held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

26. Suddenly the way became steep, and they descended into a low and woody valley, in which was a broad and black river, creeping fearfully along, like the dark stream of Lethé, without bridge or bark to be seen near.

27. "Alas! alas!" cried the knave, and the anguish oozed from the pores of his pale face. "Ah! miserable me! this then is the river in which liars must perish!"

28. "Even so," said the lord; "this is the stream of which I spake; but the ford is strong and good for true men. Spur we our horses, knave, for night approacheth, and we have yet far to go."

29. "My life is dear to me," said the trembling serving-man; "and thou knowest that, were it lost, my wife would be disconsolate. In sincerity, then, I declare that the fox which I saw in the distant country was not larger than the one which fled from us in the wood this morning!"

30. Then laughed the lord loud and said, "Ho, knave! wert thou afraid of thy life, and will nothing cure thy lying? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul, worse than death, which has mastery over the body only? This river is no more than any other, nor hath it a power such as I feigned.

31. "The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed; but who shall pass thee over the shame of this day? In it thou must needs sink, unless penitence come to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulf of thy lies as on a danger from which thou hast been delivered by heaven's grace."

32. And as he railed against his servant the lord rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore. Then vowed the knave that from that time forward he would duly measure his words, and glad was he so to escape.

33. Such is the story of the lying servant and the merry lord; by which let the reader profit.

CXXVIII. —THE CRADLE-SONG OF THE POOR.

Hush! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee, just to bless me,
Proud, and thankful too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary.
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day;
Soon I know, will want and fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Better thou should perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than in helpless sin and sorrow
Vainly love as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace, were flown,
Than thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all opprest;
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to his heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling; thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary

Such the plaint that, late and early,
Did we listen, we might hear
Close beside us—but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear, MISS PROCTER

CXXIX.—CHARACTER OF THE GENTLEMAN.

1 THE kindness of his feeling prevents him from vaunting; moroseness and asperity are foreign to him, and his forbearance as well as generosity makes him the safe keeper of secrets, even without the special exaction of secrecy. He is not meddlesome; and it is a principle with him, not only to keep positive secrets, but to abstain from talking about the personal affairs of others, as a general rule, to be suspended only when there is a positive and specific reason for so doing.

2. The discourse of the gentleman turns upon facts, not persons. He keeps a secret, even though it give him power over an antagonist, because a secret of this kind is power, and a generous use of all power is one of the essential attributes of the true gentleman.

3. Nor does he indicate that he possesses a secret; for doing so is vanity, and conceit and vanity are undignified, and lower the person that harbors them. His polish makes him the civil attendant upon the weaker sex, but his essential refinement does not allow him to carry this necessary element of all civilization to a degree of caricature, in treating women as if they were incapable of argument, and must forego the privilege of being dissented from, or of arriving at truth by their own reasoning.

4. He shows instinctive deference to old age, and respect to superior authority. In discussions he shows his true character, not only by his calmness, and by abstaining from offensive positiveness, but also by the fairness of his arguments. He does not recur to those many fallacies which, though they belong to vulgar minds, are, nevertheless, not without effect in brisk disputes.

5. The well-bred gentleman gladly seizes upon those minor yet delicate attentions, which, though apparently trifling, are cheering tokens of a friendly heart, and may be compared to graceful flowerets growing by the roadside of the rugged and toilsome path of life. His habitual candor will make him, to use a familiar term, "off-hand" in his intercourse with friends; he delights in serving others, and in turn, feels the luxury of being grateful. Above all, it pains him to give pain; and he does and feels all that we have mentioned without affectation, selfishness, dryness or pedantry.

6. We have in our country a noble example of calmness, truthfulness, dignity, fairness and urbanity—constituents of the character which we are considering—in the father of our country; for Washington, the wise and steadfast patriot, was also the high-minded gentleman. When the malcontent officers of his army informed him that they would lend him their support, if he were willing to build himself a throne, he knew how to blend the dictates of his oath to the commonwealth, and of his patriotic heart, with those of a gentlemanly feeling toward the deluded and irritated.

7. In the sense in which we take the term here, it is not the least of his honors that, through all the trying periods and scenes of his

remarkable life, the historian and moralist can write him down, not only as Washington, the wise; not only as Washington, the pure and single-minded; but also as Washington, the gentleman.

LIEBER.

CXXX.—THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled—we're all *at home:*
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot:
For once be every care forgot:
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour:
We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us the ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth;
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in, and thinned our little band:
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day;
The quiet graveyard—some lie there—
And cruel Ocean has its share—
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!
E'en they—the dead—though dead, so dear;
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view,

How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past:
From each to each kind looks are cast:
We hear their words, their smiles behold;
They're round us as they were of old—
We *are* all here.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear,
This may not long of us be said:
Soon must we join the gathered dead:
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
O! then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below,
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—all *here!*" SPRAGUE

CXXXI.—PROGRESS OF AMERICA.

1. I DARE not trust myself to speak of my country with the rapture which I habitually feel when I contemplate her marvellous history. But this I will say, that on my return to it, after an absence of only four years, I was filled with wonder at all I saw and all I heard. What upon earth is to be compared with it? I found New York grown up to almost double its former size, with the air of a great capital, instead of a mere flourishing commercial town, as I had known it.

2. I listened to accounts of voyages of a thousand miles in magnificent steamboats, on the waters of those great lakes which, but the other day, I left sleeping in the primeval silence of nature, in the recesses of a vast wilderness; and I felt that there is a grandeur

and a majesty in this irresistible, onward march of a race, created, as I believe, and elected to possess and people a continent, which belong to few other objects, either of the moral or material world.

3. We may become so much accustomed to such things that they shall make as little impression upon our minds as the glories of the heavens above us; but, looking on them lately, as with the eye of a stranger, I felt what a recent English traveler is said to have remarked, that, far from being without poetry, as some have vainly alleged, our whole country is one great poem.

4. Sir, it is so; and if there be a man that can think of what is doing, in all parts of this most blessed of all lands, to embellish and advance it; who can contemplate the living mass of intelligence, activity and improvement as it rolls on, in its sure and steady progress, to the uttermost extremities of the West; who can see scenes of savage desolation transformed, almost with the suddenness of enchantment, into those of fruitfulness and beauty; crowned with flourishing cities, filled with the noblest of all populations; if there be a man, I say, who can witness all this passing under his very eyes, without feeling his heart beat high, and his imagination warmed and transported by it, be sure, sir, that the raptures of song exist not for him; he would listen in vain to Tasso or Camoens, telling a tale of the wars of the knights and crusaders, or of the discovery and conquest of another hemisphere.

5. Sir, thinking as I do of these things—not doubting, for a moment, the infinite superiority of our race in everything that relates to a refined and well-ordered public economy, and in all the means and instruments of a high social improvement, it strikes me as of all paradoxes the most singular, to hear foreign examples seriously proposed for our imitation in the very matters wherein that superiority has ever appeared to me to be most unquestionable.

6 The reflection has occurred to me a thousand times in traveling over the continent of Europe, as I passed through filthy, ill-paved villages, through towns in which there is no appearance of an improvement having been made since the Reformation, as I have looked at the wretched hovel of the poor peasant or artisan, or seen him at his labor with his clumsy implements and course gear—what a change would take place in the whole aspect of the country, if it were to fall into the hands of the Americans for a single generation!

LEGARÉ.

CXXXII.—THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

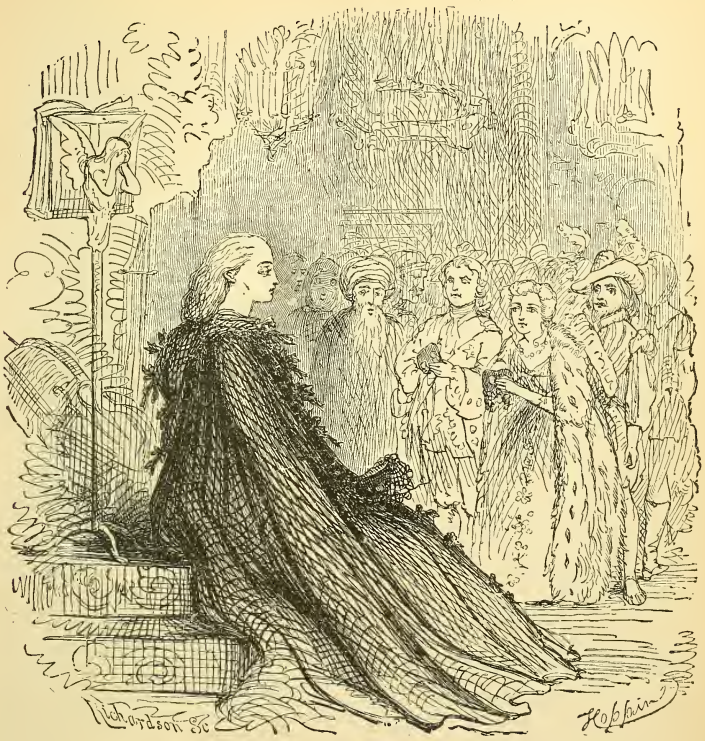
When is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care:
Morn is the time for prayer.

And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil, or by sad cares oppressed,
Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
And He will give you rest;
Thy voice shall reach him through the fields of air:
Noon is the time for prayer.

When the bright sun hath set,
While eve's bright colors deck the skies;
When with the loved at home again thou 'st met,
Then let thy prayers arise;
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share,
Eve is the time for prayer.

And when the stars come forth—
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
To pure bright dreams of heaven;
Kneel to thy God—ask strength, life's ills to bear:
Night is the time for prayer.

When is the time for prayer?
In every hour, while life is spared to thee;
In crowds or solitude, in joy or care,
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
At home, at morn and eve, with loved ones there,
Bend thou thy knee in prayer!



CXXXIII.—THE BROKEN HEART.

1. Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmett, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

2. But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

3. But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored! there was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender though melancholy circumstances, which endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

4. To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain.

5. There are some strokes of calamity which scathe and scorch the soul—which penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude; walking about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

6. The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquer-

ade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more triking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and, looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

7. The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

8. He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but no-nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at last sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

9. It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CXXXIV.—PROGRESS.

In closest girdle, O reluctant Muse!
In scantiest skirts, and lightest-stepping shoes,
Prepare to follow Fashion's gay advance,
And thread the mazes of her motley dance;
And, marking well each momentary hue,
And transient form, that meets the wondering view,
In kindred colors, gentle Muse, essay
Her Protëan phases fitly to portray.
To-day, she slowly drags a cumbrous trail,
And "Ton" rejoices in the length of tail;
To-morrow, changing her capricious sport,
She trims her flounces just as much too short;
To-day, right jauntily, a hat she wears
That scarce affords a shelter to her ears;
To-morrow, haply, searching long in vain,
You spy her features down a Leghorn lane;
To-day, she glides along with queenly grace,
To-morrow, ambles in a mincing pace.
To-day, erect, she loves a martial air,
And envious train-bands emulate the fair;

To-morrow, changing as her whim may serve,
" She stoops to conquer" in a " Grecian curve."
To-day with careful negligence arrayed
In scanty folds, of woven zephyrs made,
She moves like Dian in her woody bowers,
Or Flora floating o'er a bed of flowers;
To-morrow, laden with a motley freight,
Of startling bulk and formidable weight,
She waddles forth, ambitious to amaze
The vulgar crowd, who giggle as they gaze!
Despotic fashion! potent is her sway,
Whom half the world full loyally obey;
Kings bow submissive to her stern decrees,
And proud republics bend their necks and knees;
Where'er we turn the attentive eye, is seen
The worshiped presence of the modish queen;
In dress, philosophy, religion, art,
Whate'er employs the head, or hand, or heart.

JOHN G. SAXE.

CXXXV.—LAST FIGHT IN THE COLISEUM—A. D. 404.

1. THE grandest and most renowned of all these amphitheatres is the Coliseum at Rome. It was built by Vespasian and his son Titus, the conquerors of Jerusalem, in a valley in the midst of the seven hills of Rome. The captive Jews were forced to labor at it; and the materials—granite outside, and softer travertine stone within—are so solid and so admirably built, that still, at the end of eighteen centuries, it has scarcely even become a ruin, but remains one of the greatest wonders of Rome.

2. Five acres of ground were enclosed within the oval of its outer wall, which outside rises perpendicularly in tiers of arches, one above the other. Within, the galleries of seats projected forward, each tier coming out far beyond the one above it, so that between the lowest and the outer wall, there was room for a great space of chambers, passages and vaults around the central space, called the arena, from the *arena*, or sand, with which it was strewn. Altogether, when

full, this huge building held no less than eighty-seven thousand spectators. It had no roof, but when there was no rain, or if the sun was too hot, the sailors in the porticoes unfurled awnings that ran along upon the ropes, and formed a covering of silk and gold tissue over the whole. Purple was the favorite color for this veil; because, when the sun shone through it, it cast such beautiful rosy tints on the snowy arena, and the white purple-edged robes of the Roman citizens.

3. When the Emperor had seated himself, and given the signal, the sports began. Sometimes a rope-dancing elephant would begin the entertainment, by mounting even to the summit of the building, and descending by a cord. Then a bear, dressed up as a Roman matron, would be carried along in a chair between porters, as ladies were wont to go abroad; and another bear, in a lawyer's robe, would stand on his hind legs and go through the motions of pleading a cause. Or a lion came forth with a jeweled crown on his head, a diamond necklace round his neck, his mane plaited with gold, and his claws gilded, and played a hundred pretty gentle antics with a little hare that danced fearlessly within his grasp.

4. The Coliseum had not been built for such harmless spectacles as these alone. The fierce Romanswanted to be excited, and feel themselves strongly stirred; and, presently, the doors of the pits and dens around the arena were thrown open, and absolutely savage beasts were let loose upon one another—the rhinoceroses and tigers, bulls and lions, leopards and wild boars—while the people watched with savage curiosity to see the variou kinds of attacks and defence; or, if the animals were cowed or sullen, their rage would be worked up—red would be shown to bulls, white to boars, red-hot goads would be driven into some, whips would be lashed at others, until the work of slaughter was fairly commenced, and gazed on with greedy eyes, and ears delighted, instead of horror-stricken, by the roars and howls of the noble creatures whose courage was thus misused.

5. Wild beasts tearing each other to pieces might, one would think, satisfy any taste for horror; but the spectators needed even nobler game to be set before their favorite monsters—*men* were brought forward to confront them. Some of these were, at first, in full armor, and fought hard, generally with success; and there was a revolving machine, something like a squirrel's cage, in which the bear was

always climbing after his enemy, and then rolling over by his own weight. Or hunters came, almost unarmed, and gained the victory by swiftness and dexterity throwing a piece of cloth over a lion's head, or disconcerting him by putting their fist down his throat.

6. But it was not only skill, but death, that the Romans loved to see; and condemned criminals and deserters were reserved to feast the lions, and to entertain the populace with their various kinds of death. Among those condemned was many a Christian martyr, who witnessed a good confession before the savage-eyed multitude around the arena, and "met the lion's gory mane" with a calm resolution and hopeful joy that the lookers-on could not understand. To see a Christian die, with upward gaze and hymns of joy on his tongue, was the most strange and unaccountable sight the Coliseum could offer, and it was therefore the choicest, and reserved for the last of the spectacles in which the brute creation had a part.

7. The carcasses were dragged off with hooks, the blood-stained sand was covered with a fresh clean layer, then perfume was wafted in stronger clouds, and a procession came forward—tall, well-made men, in the prime of their strength. Some carried a sword and a lasso, others a trident and a net; some were in light armor, others in the full, heavy equipment of a soldier; some on horseback, some in chariots, some on foot. They marched in, and made their obeisance to the Emperor; and with one voice their greeting sounded through the building: "Hail, Cæsar! those about to die salute thee!"

8. They were the gladiators—the swordsmen trained to fight to the death, to amuse the populace. They were usually slaves placed in schools of arms under the care of a master; but sometimes persons would voluntarily hire themselves out to fight by way of a profession; and both these, and such slave gladiators as did not die in the arena, would sometimes retire and spend an old age of quiet; but there was little hope of this, for the Romans were not apt to have mercy on the fallen.

9. When a gladiator wounded his adversary, he shouted to the spectators, "He has it!" and looked up to know whether he should kill or spare. If the people held up their thumbs, the conquered was left to recover, if he could; if they turned them down, he was to die; and if he showed any reluctance to present his throat for the death-blow, there was a scornful shout, "Receive the steel!"

10 Christianity worked its way upward, and at last was pro-

fessed by the Emperor on his throne. Persecution came to an end, and no more martyrs fed the beasts in the Coliseum. The Christian Emperors endeavored to prevent any more shows where cruelty and death formed the chief interest, and no truly religious person could endure the spectacle; but custom and love of excitement prevailed even against the Emperor.

11. Meantime, the enemies of Rome were coming nearer and nearer, and Alaric, the great chief of the Goths, led his forces into Italy, and threatened the city itself. Honorius, the Emperor, was a cowardly, almost idiotical boy; but his brave general, Stilicho, assembled his forces, met the Goths at Pollentia, and gave them a complete defeat on Easter Day of the year 403. He pursued them into the mountains, and for that time saved Rome. In the joy of victory, the Roman Senate invited the conqueror and his ward Honorius to enter the city in triumph, at the opening of the new year, with the white steeds, purple robes, and vermilion cheeks, with which of old victorious generals were welcomed at Rome.

12. The churches were visited instead of the Temple of Jupiter, and there was no murder of the captives; but Roman blood-thirstiness was not yet allayed, and, after all the procession had been completed, the Coliseum shows commenced, innocently at first, with races on foot, on horseback and in chariots; then followed a grand hunting of beasts turned loose in the arena; and next a sword-dance. But after the sword-dance came the arraying of swordsmen, with no blunted weapons, but with sharp spears and swords—a gladiator combat in good earnest.

13. The people, enchanted, applauded with shouts of ecstacy this gratification of their savage tastes. Suddenly, however, there was an interruption. A rude, roughly-robed man, bareheaded and barefooted, had sprung into the arena, and signing back the gladiators, began to call aloud upon the people to cease from the shedding of innocent blood, and not to requite God's mercy in turning away the sword of the enemy by encouraging murder. Shouts, howls, cries, broke in upon his words; this was no place for preachings—the old customs of Rome should be observed—"Back, old man!"—"On, gladiators!"

14. The gladiators thrust aside the meddler, and rushed to the attack. He still stood between, holding them apart, striving in vain to be heard "Sedition! sedition!" "Down with him!" was the

cry; and the man in authority, Alypius, the Præfect, himself added his voice. The gladiators, enraged at interference with their vocation cut him down. Stones, or whatever came to hand, rained down upon him from the furious people, and he perished in the midst of the arena! He lay dead, and then came the feeling of what had been done

15. His dress showed that he was one of the hermits, who vowed themselves to a holy life of prayer and self-denial, and who were greatly reverenced, even by the most thoughtless. The few who had previously seen him, told that he had come from the wilds of Asia on pilgrimage, to visit the shrines, and keep his Christmas at Rome; they knew he was a holy man—no more; and it is not even certain whether his name was Alymachus or Telemachus. His spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple-hearted zeal he had resolved to stop the cruelty or die. He had died, but not in vain. His work was done.

16. The shock of such a death before their eyes turned the hearts of the people; they saw the wickedness and cruelty to which they had blindly surrendered themselves; and from the day when the hermit died in the Coliseum, there was never another fight of gladiators. Not merely at Rome, but in every province of the Empire the custom was utterly abolished; and one habitual crime, at least, was wiped from the earth by the self-devotion of one humble, obscure, almost nameless man.

A Book of Golden Deeds.

CXXXVI.—LONGING FOR HOME.

A song of a boat:—
There was once a boat on a billow:
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake, like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day, when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow;
I marked her course till, a dancing mote,
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short:—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open, desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me.

A song of a nest:—
There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over it, purple and dim,
With butter-cup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:
You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among,—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That, wind-like, did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah! happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly;
O! one after another they flew away,
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,—
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the West?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my heart was set
Now all its hope has failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be,—
There is the home where my hopes are sent,
The only home for me. JEAN INGELOW.

CXXXVII.—MEMORY.

1. THERE is, perhaps, no mental power in which such extreme differences appear, in different individuals, as in memory. To a good memory there are certainly two qualities requisite—the capacity of *retention*, and the faculty of *reproduction*. But the former quality appears to be that by which these marvellous contrasts are principally determined.

2. I should only fatigue you, were I to enumerate the prodigious feats of retention which are proved to have been actually performed. I shall only select the one told by Muretus, which appears to me the most extraordinary.

3. At Padua there dwelt a young man, a Corsican by birth, and of a good family in that island, who had come thither for the cultivation of civil law, in which he was a diligent and distinguished student. He was a frequent visitor at the house and gardens of Muretus, who, having heard that he possessed a remarkable art, or faculty, of memory, took occasion, though incredulous in regard to reports, of requesting from him a specimen of his power.

4. He at once agreed; and having adjourned with a considerable party of distinguished auditors into a saloon, Muretus began to dictate words, Latin, Greek, barbarous, significant and non-significant, disjoined and connected, until he wearied himself, the young man who wrote them down, and the audience who were present.

5. The Corsican alone was the one of the whole company alert and fresh, and continually desired Muretus for more words, who declared he would be more than satisfied, if he could repeat the half of what had been taken down, and at length he ceased. The young man, with his gaze fixed upon the ground, stood silent for a brief season, "and then," says Muretus, "I saw a very wonderful feat."

6. Having begun to speak, he absolutely repeated the whole words, in the same order in which they had been delivered, without the slightest hesitation; then, commencing from the last, he repeated them backwards till he came to the first. Then again, so that he spoke the first, the third, the fifth, and so on; did this in any order that was asked, and all without the smallest error.

7. "Having subsequently become familiarly acquainted with him, I have had other and frequent experience of his power. He assured me, (and he had nothing of the boaster in him,) that he could recite, in the manner I have mentioned, to the amount of thirty-six thousand words. And what is more wonderful, they all so adhered to the mind, that, after a year's interval, he could repeat them without trouble."

8. Two opposite doctrines have been maintained in regard to the relation of this faculty to the higher powers of mind. One of these doctrines holds that a great development of memory is incompatible with a high degree of intelligence; the other, that a high degree of intelligence supposes such a development of memory as its condition. The former of these opinions is one very extensively prevalent, not only among philosophers, but among mankind in general. There seems, however, no valid ground for it.

9. If an extraordinary power of retention is frequently not accompanied with a corresponding power of intelligence, it is a natural, but not a very logical, procedure, to jump to the conclusion that a great memory is inconsistent with a sound judgment. The opinion is refuted by the slightest induction; for we immediately find that many of the individuals who towered above their fellows in intellectual superiority, were almost equally distinguished for the capacity of their memory.

10. For intellectual power of the highest order, none were distinguished above Grotius and Pascal; and Grotius and Pascal forgot nothing they had ever read or thought. Leibnitz and Euler were

not less celebrated for their intelligence than for their memory, and both could repeat the whole of the Æneid.

11. Donellus knew the Corpus Juris by heart, and yet he was one of the profoundest and most original speculators in jurisprudence. Muratori, though not a genius of the very highest order, was still a man of good ability and judgment; and so powerful was his retention, that, in making quotations, he had only to read his passages, put the books in their place, and then to write out from memory the words.

12. Ben Johnson tells us that he could repeat all he had ever written, and whole books that he had read. Themistocles could call by their names the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. Cyrus is reported to have known the name of every soldier in his army. Hortensius, after Cicero the greatest orator of Rome, after sitting a whole day at a public sale, correctly enunciated from memory all the things sold, their prices, and the names of the purchasers.

13. Niebuhr, the historian of Rome, was not less distinguished for his memory than for his acuteness. In his youth he was employed in one of the public offices of Denmark; part of a book of accounts having been destroyed, he restored it from his recollection.

14. But if there be no ground for the vulgar opinion that a strong faculty of retention is incompatible with intellectual capacity in general, the converse opinion is not better founded. This doctrine does not, however, deserve an articulate refutation; for the common experience of every one sufficiently proves that intelligence and memory hold no necessary proportion to each other.

SIR WM. HAMILTON

CXXXVIII.—THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

Have you heard of the wonderful one-*hoss shay*,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—Ah but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay;
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen Hundred and Fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down;
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-*hoss shay*.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, somewhere, a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise breaks down, but does'nt wear out.

But the Deacon swore—(as Deacons do,
With an "*I dew vum*" or an "I tell *yeou*")—
He would build one *shay* to beat the *taown*
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break *daown*:
"*Fur*," said the Deacon, "*'t's* mighty plain
That the *weakes' place mus' stan'* the strain;
'N' the way *t' fix it, uz*, I maintain,
Is only *jest*
T' make that place *uz* strong *uz* the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills:
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;

The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's *ellum*"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em;

Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin to,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, tough old hide,
Found in the pit where the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "*naow she'll dew!*"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away;
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-*hoss shay*,
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen Hundred—it came, and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—
"*Hahnsum kerridge*" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual—much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive;
And then came Fifty—and Fifty-five.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year,
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

(This is a moral that runs at large:
Take it. You're welcome. No extra charge.)

First of November—the Earthquake-day;
There are traces of age in the one-*hoss shay*.
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring, and axle, and hub encore.
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-*hoss shay*,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"*Huddup!*" said the parson. Off went they!

The parson was working his Sunday text,—
Had got to the *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
And what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the *meet'n'-house* on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the *meet'n'-house clock*—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it been to the mill and ground!

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
End of the wonderful one-*hoss shay*.
Logic *is* Logic. That's all I say. HOLMES.

CXXXIX.—FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

1. FROM 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theatre, with short intervals to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils at home or abroad. Of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life, it does not become me to speak; history, if she deign to notice me, and posterity, if the recollection of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, and most impartial judges. When death has closed the scene, their sentence will be pronounced, and to that I commit myself.

2. During that long period, however, I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure and detraction of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character; and, though not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it, in general, with composure and without disturbance, waiting, as I have done, in perfect and undoubting confidence, for the ultimate triumph of justice and of truth, and in the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be, and that, whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, He to whom all hearts are open and fully known, would, by the inscrutable dispensations of His providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

3. But I have not, meanwhile, been unsustained. Everywhere throughout the extent of this great continent, I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgments, I would now offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment, the feelings

and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to *them* for all the fondness they have shown me, what shall I say, what *can* I say at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been inspired by the State whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber?

4. I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky, now nearly forty-five years ago; I went as an orphan boy who had not yet attained the age of majority; who had never recognized a father's smile, nor felt his warm caresses; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil, when I was embraced with parental kindness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with unbounded munificence.

5. From that period the highest honors of the State have been freely bestowed upon me; and when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion. I return with indescribable pleasure to linger a while longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that State; and when the last scene shall for ever close upon me, I hope that my earthly remains will be laid under her green sod with those of her gallant and patriotic sons.

6. In the course of a long and arduous public service, especially during the last eleven years in which I have held a seat in the Senate, from the same ardor and enthusiasm of character, I have no doubt, in the heat of debate, and in an honest endeavor to maintain my opinions against adverse opinions alike honestly entertained as to the best course to be adopted for the public welfare, I may have often inadvertently and unintentionally, in moments of excited debate, made use of language that has been offensive, and susceptible of injurious interpretation, toward my brother Senators. If there be any here who retain wounded feelings of injury or dissatisfaction, produced on such occasions, I beg to assure them that I now offer the most ample apology for any departure on my part from the established rules of parliamentary decorum and courtesy. On the other

hand, I assure Senators, one and all, without exception and without reserve, that I retire from this chamber without carrying with me a single feeling of resentment or dissatisfaction to the Senate or any of its members.

7. I go from this place under the hope that we shall mutually consign to perpetual oblivion whatever personal collisions may, at any time, unfortunately have occurred between us; and that our recollections shall dwell in future only on those conflicts of mind with mind, those intellectual struggles, those noble exhibitions of the powers of logic, argument and eloquence, honorable to the Senate and to the nation, in which each has sought and contended for what he deemed the best mode of accomplishing one common object, the interest and the best happiness of our beloved country. To these thrilling and delightful scenes it will be my pleasure and my pride to look back, on my retirement, with unmeasured satisfaction.

HENRY CLAY.

CXL.—THE BRIDES OF ENDERBY.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if you never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play up, play up, O, Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells—
Play up 'The Brides of Enderby!'"

Men say it was a stolen tide—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in mine ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the door—
My thread broke off, I raised mine eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;

And dark against day's golden heath,
She moved where Lindis wandereth—
My son's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Far away I heard her song—
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking song:

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow;
From the clovers lift your head;
Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot,
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long—aye, long ago—
When I begin to think how long,
Again I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow, sharp and strong;
And all the air, it seemeth me,
Is full of floating bells, (saith she,)
That ring the tune of Enderby.

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadow might be seen,
Save where, full five good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the green:

And lo! the great bell, far and wide,
Was heard in all the country side,
That Saturday at eventide

The swannerds, where their sedges are,
Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
The shepherd lads I heard afar,
And my son's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea,
Came down that kindly message free,
"The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked up into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows,
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They said, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pirate galleys warping down;
For ships ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the town:
But while the west is red to see,
And storms be none, and pirates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo! my son
Came riding down with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again:
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall," (he cried,) "is down,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder town,
Go sailing up the market-place."

He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good son, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns, I marked her long;
And ere yon bells began to play,
Afar I heard her milking-song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left—"Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that, he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling banks amain;
Then madly at the egyre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again;
Then banks came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So far, so fast, the eygre drove,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sat that night—
The noise of bells went sweeping by:
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—

A lurid mark, and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang, the sailor lads to guide
From roof to roof who fearless rowed;
And I—my son was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O, come in life, or come in death!
O, lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter dear;
The waters laid thee at his door,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear:
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Down-drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass—
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebb and flow, alas!
To many more than mine and me:
But each will mourn his own, (she saith,)
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,
Than my son's wife Elizabeth

JEAN INGELOW

LXLI.—ENGLISH OPERATIVES IN MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

1. THEY are deprived in childhood of all instruction and all enjoyment; of the sports in which childhood instinctively indulges; of fresh air by day, and of natural sleep by night. Their health, physical and moral, is alike destroyed; they die of diseases induced by unremitting task-work, by confinement in the impure atmosphere

of crowded rooms, by the particles of metallic or vegetable dust which they are continually inhaling; or they live to grow up without decency, without comfort, and without hope: without morals, without religion, and without shame; and bring forth slaves, like themselves, to tread in the same path of misery. The dwellings of the laboring manufacturers are in narrow streets and lanes, blockaded up from light and air; crowded together, because every inch of land is of such value that room for light and air cannot be afforded them.

2. In Manchester, a great proportion of the poor lodge in cellars, damp and dark, where every kind of filth is suffered to accumulate, because no exertions of domestic care can ever make such homes decent. Those places are so many hotbeds of infection, and the poor in large towns are rarely or never without an infectious fever among them; a plague of their own, which leaves the habitations of the rich, like a Goshen of cleanliness and comfort, unvisited.

3. Wealth flows into the country; but how does it circulate there? Not equally and healthfully through the whole system; it sprouts into wens and tumors, and collects in aneurisms, which starve and palsy the extremities. The Government, indeed, raises millions as easily as it raised thousands in the days of Elizabeth; the metropolis is six times the size that it was a century ago.

4. A thousand carriages drive about the streets of London, where three generations ago there were not a hundred; a thousand hackney-coaches are licensed in the same city, where, at the same distance of time, there was not one; they whose grandfathers dined at noon from wooden trenchers, and from the produce of their own farms, sit down by the light of waxen tapers to be served upon silver, and to partake of delicacies from the four quarters of the globe. But the numbers of the poor and the sufferings of the poor have continued to increase.

5. When the poor can contribute no longer to their own support, they are removed to what is called the workhouse. I cannot express to you the feeling of hopelessness and dread with which all the decent poor look to this wretched termination of a life of labor. To this place all vagrants are sent for punishment, and poor orphans and base-born children are brought up here till they are of age to be apprenticed off; the other inmates are those unhappy people who are utterly helpless:—parish idiots and madmen, the blind, and the palsied, and the old, who are fairly worn-out.

6. It is not in the nature of things that the superintendents of such institutions as these should be gentle-hearted, when the superintendence is undertaken merely for the salary. Whatever kindness of disposition they may bring with them to the task, it is soon perverted by the perpetual sight of depravity and suffering. The management of children who grow up without one natural affection, where there is none to love them, and, consequently, none whom they can love, would alone be sufficient to sour a happier disposition than is usually brought to the government of a workhouse. To this society of wretchedness the laboring poor of England look as their last resting-place on this side of the grave; and, rather than enter abodes so miserable, they endure the severest privations as long as it is possible to exist.

7. We talk of the liberty of the English, and they talk of their own liberty; but *there is no liberty in England for the poor.* They are no longer sold with the soil, it is true; but they cannot quit the soil, if there be any probability or suspicion that age or infirmity may disable them. If, in such a case, they endeavor to remove to some situation where they hope more easily to maintain themselves—where work is more plentiful or provisions cheaper—the overseers are alarmed; the intruder is apprehended, as if he were a criminal, and sent back to his own parish!

8. Wherever a pauper dies, that parish must be at the cost of his funeral; instances, therefore, have not been wanting of wretches in the last stage of disease having been hurried away in an open cart upon straw, and dying upon the road! SOUTHEY.

CXLII.—HOMELESS.

It is cold, dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of my tiny feet!
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the bleak, cold street?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and the sleet?

My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;

All the beasts in our Christian England
Find pity wherever they go—
(Those are only the homeless children,
Who are wandering to and fro).

Look out in the gusty darkness—
I have seen it again and again,
That shadow that flits so slowly
Up and down past the window pane—
It is surely some criminal lurking
Out there in the frozen rain?

Nay, our criminals all are sheltered,
They are pitied, and taught, and fed:
That is only a sister-woman,
Who has got neither food nor bed—
And the Night cries: "Sin, to be living!"
And the River cries: "Sin, to be dead!"

Look at that farthest corner,
Where the wall stands blank and bare—
Can that be a pack which a peddler
Has left and forgotten there?
His goods lying out unsheltered
Will be spoilt by the damp night-air.

Nay—goods in our thrifty England
Are not left to lie and grow rotten,
For each man knows the market value
Of silk, or woolen, or cotton.
But in counting the riches of England,
I think our poor are forgotten.

Our beasts, and our thieves, and our chattels,
Have weight for good or for ill;
But the poor are only His image,
His presence, His word, His will;
And so Lazarus lies at our door-step,
And Dives neglects him still.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

CXLIII.—A STORM.

The sun went down in beauty; not a cloud
Darkened its radiance,—yet there might be seen
A few fantastic vapors scattered o'er
The face of the blue heavens; some fair and slight
As the pure lawn that shields the maiden's breast;
Some shone like silver; some did stream afar,
Faint and dispersed, like the pale horse's mane,
Which Death shall stride hereafter; some were glittering
Like dolphin scales, touched out with varying hues
Of beautiful light; outvying some the rose,
And some the violet, yellow, white, and blue,
Scarlet and purpling red. One small lone ship
Was seen with outstretched sails, keeping its way
In quiet o'er the deep; all nature seemed
Fond of tranquility; the glassy sea
Scarce rippled—the halcyon slept upon the wave;
The winds were all at rest,—and in the east
The crescent moon, then seen imperfectly,
Came onward with the vesper star, to see
A summer day's decline.
The sun went down in beauty; but the eyes
Of ancient seamen trembled, when they saw
A small, black, ominous spot far in the distance:—
It spread, and spread—larger and dark—and came
O'ershadowing the skies;—the ocean rose;
The gathering waves grew large, and broke in hoarse
And hollow sounds; the mighty winds awoke,
And screamed and whistled through the cordage; birds
That seemed to have no home, flocked there in terror,
And sat with quivering plumage on the mast.
Flashes were seen, and distant sounds were heard—
Presages of a Storm.
The sun went down in beauty!—but the skies
Were wildly changed. It was a dreadful night.
No moon was seen in all the heavens, to aid
Or cheer the lone and sea-beat mariner:
Planet nor guiding star broke through the gloom;

But the blue lightnings glared along the waters,
As if the *Fiend* had fired his torch to light
Some wretches to their graves. The tempest winds
Raving came next, and in deep hollow sounds—
Like those the spirits of the dead do use
When they would speak their evil prophecies—
Muttered of death to come; then came the thunder,
Deepening and crashing, as 'twould rend the world;
Or as the Deity passed aloft in anger
And spoke to man—despair; the ship was toss'd
And now stood poised upon the curling billows,
And now 'midst deep and watery chasms, that yawned
As 'twere in hunger, sank. Behind there came
Mountains of moving water, with a rush
And sound of gathering power, that did appal
The heart to look on; terrible cries were heard;
Sounds of despair, some like a mother's anguish,
Some of intemperate, dark, and dissolute joy;
Music and horrid mirth, but unallied
To joy; and madness might be heard amidst
The pauses of the storm; and when the glare
Was strong, rude savage men were seen to dance
In frantic exultation on the deck,
Though all was hopeless. Hark!—the ship has struck,
In frightful echoes, as if an alarm
Had spread through all the elements;—then came
A horrid silence—deep—unnatural—like
The quiet of the grave!

CXLIV.—TRAIN THE CHILDREN.

1. The world's greatest seminary is the fireside. For good or evil the child's heart is impressed there. Words of platform, and pulpit, and school-house, may be forgotten; but even when long years shall have swept over us, the influence of home will cling to us still. Make the home pure, healthy, happy, refined;—so shall those who live in it grow up, in some measure like it.

2. I don't say this is a rule without an exception. I dare say there were cowards in Sparta, but because the Spartan mothers were brave, so also were the Spartan children. There is little hope of a sober nation or a righteous people I fear, unless the good principles which are to exalt us, and the "Godliness which is profitable to all things," be taught by the fireside.

3. Give us the children and I shall have faith. I despair almost of some of those who are hardened and gnarled with long years of sin and depravity: but I believe in the little ones.

4. Train the children! Their hearts are soft and plastic now—the springs of life are bubbling up in crystal freshness and beauty—the sapling is straight and tender.

5. Train the children! and they shall go forth, with the charm of winning ways, and the power of goodness to touch the wandering soul, and turn the hearts of some of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.

6. Train the children! for by-and-by they will go into thronged cities, and crowded marts, or to the far West; there they will take the nobler messages, and be "loving epistles known and read of all men."

7. Train the children! they are to be the fathers, and masters, and guardians of the next generation; they will plough the land, and sell the corn, and build the ships, and write the books, and guide the destinies of a universe.

8. Train the children! then shall it be almost impossible for lost, and wretched, and perishing men to fling up wild arms in the mad vortex of passion, crying out as in despair, "no man cared for my soul"

9. Train the children! and the vices will be shriveled up, the church strengthened, the cause of God uplifted; and those who have looked with sadness at the apathy and neglect of the past, shall shout with joy: "the little one has already become a thousand: and the small one has become a great nation."

10. And do no tlittle children call up tender associations, and touching thoughts of the days of yore? When the shadows of life are lengthening, and your step grows less elastic, and you are drawing close to the "confines of eternity," does the sight of a little child never bring back the by-gone years, with their memories of joy and sorrow?

11. Don't you think of the time when your cheek (it is very wrinkled now) was round and ruddy, and your feet were swift for fun, and your heart was big to dare—and do? Don't you think of the bright, free, generous years of boyhood, when you never knew a care, and felt merry and light-hearted all the day long?

12. Ah, you are wealthy now. You are reported great on 'Change. You ride behind prancing steeds. You drink costly wines. You are lord of broad acres, but, perhaps, there are times when you would give all you possess if you could only bring back the fresh, brave days of boyhood and youth.

13. And what does yonder poor mother think? She thinks of the little child who had nestled close to her heart, and filled her soul with gladness; she thinks of the gleeful prattle, and the wild laughter; she thinks of the strange beauty, and of the cruel death that came to snatch it away; she thinks of the little grave above which the daisies have been growing so long—and of the dear lamb that went home early to the "Good Shepherd."

JOHN DE FRAINE.

CXLV.—GOD HELP THE POOR.

GOD help the poor, who, on this wintry morn,
Come forth from alleys dim and courts obscure.
God help yon poor pale girl, who droops forlorn,
And meekly her affliction doth endure;
God help her, outcast lamb; she trembling stands,
All wan her lips, and frozen red her hands;
Her sunken eyes are modestly down-cast,
Her night-black hair streams on the fitful blast;
Her bosom, passing fair, is half revealed,
And oh! so cold, the snow lies there congealed;
Her feet benumbed, her shoes all rent and worn,
God help thee, outcast lamb, who standst forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! An infant's feeble wail
Comes from yon narrow gateway, and behold!
A female crouching there, so deathly pale,
Huddling her child, to screen it from the cold:

Her vesture scant, her bonnet crushed and torn;
A thin shawl doth her baby dear enfold:
And so she 'bides the ruthless gale of morn,
Which almost to her heart hath sent its cold,
And now she, sudden, darts a ravening look,
As one, with new hot bread, goes past the nook;
And, as the tempting load is onward borne,
She weeps. God help thee, helpless one, forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! Behold yon famished lad,
No shoes nor hose his wounded feet protect;
With limping gait, and looks so dreamy sad,
He wanders onward, stopping to inspect
Each window, stored with articles of food.
He yearns but to enjoy one cheering meal;
Oh! to the hungry palate viands rude
Would yield a zest the famished only feel!
He now devours a crust of mouldy bread;
With teeth and hands the precious boon is torn;
Unmindful of the storm that round his head
Impetuous sweeps. God help thee, child forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! Another have I found—
A bowed and venerable man is he;
His slouched hat with faded crape is bound;
His coat is grey, and threadbare, too, I see.
"The rude winds" seem "to mock his hoary hair;"
His shirtless bosom to the blast is bare.
Anon he turns and casts a wistful eye,
And with scant napkin wipes the blinding spray,
And looks around, as if he fain would spy
Friends he had feasted in his better day;
Ah! some are dead; and some have long forborne
To know the poor; and he is left forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor, who in lone valleys dwell,
Or by far hills, where whin and heather grow;
Theirs is a story sad indeed to tell;
Yet little cares the world, and less 'twould know
About the toil and want men undergo.
The wearying loom doth call them up at morn;
They work till worn-out nature sinks to sleep;
They taste, but are not fed. The snow drifts deep
Around the fireless cot, and blocks the door;
The night storm howls a dirge across the moor;
And shall they perish thus—oppressed and lorn?
Shall toil and famine, hopeless, still be borne?
No! God will yet arise and help the poor!

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

CXLVI.—DEATH TO THE GOOD DESIRABLE.

AND what is death, my friend, that I should fear it?
To die! why 'tis to triumph: 'tis to join
The great assembly of the good and just:
Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, saints!
Oh, 'tis to join the band of holy men,
Made perfect by their suffering: 'tis to meet
My great progenitors: 'tis to behold
The illustrious patriarchs; them with whom the Lord
Deigned hold familiar converse. 'Tis to see
Blessed Noah and his children; once a world:
'Tis to behold (O rapture to conceive)
Those we have known, and loved, and lost below;
Behold Azariah and the band of brothers
Who sought in bloom of youth the scorching flames;
Nor shall we see heroic men alone,
Champions who fought the fight of faith on earth;
But heavenly conquerors, angelic hosts,
Michael and his bright legions who subdued
The foes of truth!

To join their blest employ
Of love and praise! to the high melodies
Of choirs celestial to attune my voice,
Accordant to the golden harps of saints!
To join in blest hosannas to their King,
Whose face to see, whose glory to behold,
Alone were heaven, though saint or seraph none
Should meet our sight, and only God were there,—
This is to die! Who would not die for this?
Who would not die that he might live for ever?

HANNAH MORE.

CXLVII.—ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

1. IT is true, whether you believe it at present or not, that above all things the interest of your own life depends upon being diligent now, while it is called to-day, in this place where you have come to get education. Diligent! That includes all virtues in it that a student can have; I mean to include it in all qualities that lead to the acquirement of real instruction and improvement in such a place.

2. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is, the seed-time of life, in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterwards, and you will arrive at indeed little; while in the course of years, when you come to look back, if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers, you will bitterly repent when it is too late.

2. The habits of study acquired in youth are of the highest importance in after life. At the season when you are in young years the whole mind is as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to order it to form itself into. The mind is in a fluid state, but it hardens up gradually to the consistency of rock or iron, and you cannot alter the habits of an old man.

4. By diligence I mean, among other things, honesty in all your inquiries into what you are about. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. More and more endeavor to do that.

Keep an accurate separation of what you have really come to know, in your own minds, and what is still unknown. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence.

5. There is such a thing as a man endeavoring to persuade himself, and endeavoring to persuade others, that he knows about things when he does not know more than the outside skin of them; and he goes flourishing about with them. Avoid all *that* as entirely unworthy of an honorable habit. Be honest and humble, and diligent in your attention to what your teachers tell you, who are profoundly interested in trying to bring you forward in the right way, so far as they have been able to understand it.

6. Try all things they set before you, in order, if possible, to understand them, and to value them in proportion to your fitness for them. Gradually see what kind of work you can do; for it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. In fact, morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and overrides all others.

7. I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense—you will find that there is a division of good books and bad books; there is a good kind of a book, and a bad kind of a book.

8. Cast aside altogether the idea that people have that if they are reading any book—that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I entirely call that in question. I even venture to deny it. It would be much safer and better would he have no concern with books at all than with some of them. There are a number, an increasing number, of books that are decidedly to him not useful.

9. But he will learn also that a certain number of books were written by a supreme, noble kind of people—not a very great number—but a great number adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, I conceive that books are like men's souls—divided into sheep and goats. Some of them are calculated to be of very great advantage in teaching—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others are going down, down, doing more and more, wilder and wilder mischief.

10. On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it—not in sorrows or contradiction to yield, but pushing on towards the goal. And don't suppose that people are hostile to you in the world. You will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You will feel often as if the whole world is obstructing you, more or less, but you will find that to be because the world is traveling in a different way from you, and rushing on its own path.

11. If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you in a world that you consider to be inhospitable and cruel—as often, indeed, happens to a tender-hearted, stirring young creature—you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you, and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed to you. THOMAS CARLYLE.

CXLVIII.—THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

AN Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Every effort engineers essay,
For fame, for fortunes fighting; furious fray—
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honors heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kindred, kindred kinsmen kill.
Labor low levels loftiest, longest lines;
Men marching 'mid moles, 'mid mounds, 'mid murderous mines.
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles opposing ought:
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly quarter quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds;
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds!

Truce to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train;
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vain victory, vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield, yield, ye youths, ye yeomen, yield your yell;
Zeno's, Zapater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all, arts against arms appeal!

REV. B. POULTER.

CXLIX.—THE ITALIAN BRIDE.

[Clodio, a Venetian nobleman, is in prison, under sentence of death, on a false charge of assassinating the father of Venetia, his betrothed. Venetia urges him to make his escape in disguise.]

Venetia. Is there no ear to pry into our council?
No lurking spy? Clodio, are we alone?
Clodio. Aye, all alone; except with Misery.
Venetia. Then up and let us go.
I have without a gondola as swift
As eagles' wings, mann'd by a crew as brave
As Venice boasts. Hugo did furnish these.
Thy jailer, old Gonsalvo, whom thou know'st
Thy father's trusty servant, opens wide
These dreary portals: quick, don this disguise
And let us fly.
Clodio. Fly? Aye, and to what purpose?
To be pursued, ta'en like a skulking knave,
And hurried back to death? If thou hadst known
What guard the winged lions keep o'er Venice
Thou hadst not hatch'd this scheme. I will not go!
Venetia. We shall not be pursued,—we shall escape.
The Doge hath said, "I cannot pardon him;
But if he 'scape there shall be no pursuit
Until such time as he shall well have reach'd
The boundaries of the State."

Clodio. Ha! said he that?
Quick, give me the disguise!
Venetia. He's saved, he's saved!
Hasten, sweet Clodio: by to-morrow's morn,
The sun, which was to look upon thy death,
Will see us far away upon the waves.
Come, come! why dost thou stay?
Clodio. All men will say,
Speaking of this in the far time to come—
Venice knew nothing nobler than this house
Until one Clodio, doom'd to unjust death,
Did prove himself a coward,—basely fled,—
Leaving his name the scorn of ev'ry tongue,
And blacken'd all his race with infamy!
I will not go; I cannot go, Venetia!
Venetia. Thou wilt not go? Distraction! 'Tis a fiend,
Not Clodio, who doth thus assail my hearing.
Thou canst not mean it! Know'st thou not 'tis death—
'Tis death thy resolution ushers in?
Clodio. Aye, death, Venetia! Wherefore speak it thus,
With such a terror in thy quiv'ring voice?
'Tis not so terrible; it seems to me
'Tis not the grisly monster that they paint:
But rather 'tis a matron meek and mild,
Who stretches forth her shelt'ring arms for us,
And bears us in her bosom safe and hush'd
E'en as a mother bears a weary child.
Venetia. Yes, yes;—but then this death upon the wheel;
To see thy quiv'ring limbs, thy writhing form,
The foam upon thy lips all fleck'd with blood:
To see thee as my father was last night,
All red with gore,—oh, horror! horror!! horror!!!
Clodio, thou'lt go with me—I know thou wilt.
What is this dainty honor
Thou dost speak of? Does it forbid the man
Unjustly charg'd, to save his judges from
A dreadful crime? To save thyself, and me,
From death and madness by a little time
Snatch'd from oblivion?

Clodio. My poor Venetia,
Thou mak'st excuses, not an argument.
Honor! 'Tis boundless as the universe,
And yet it may be held in little compass:
'Tis mighty as the ocean in a storm,
And yet so weak, a child may overthrow it:
No, no, Venetia! importune no more;
Tho' I possess'd a boundless sea of honor,
A drop of it were worth a thousand lives.

Venetia. And so thy mind is fix'd? Thou wilt not go?

Clodio. Not on such terms. In such a case as this
I have no choice: the path of honor is
To cleave unto our house's purity:
That, stainless, it may not record I fled,
A coward, from the judgment of my country.
I have no fear of death: the innocence,
Conscious within me, doth oppose a mail
Impenetrable 'gainst all suffering.
'Tis but the guilty wretch would seek by flight
To save his life,—a wretched fugitive.
No, I must die!

Venetia. Then I will die with thee.
Be sure, the sun which rises on thy death
Shall herald me to heav'n.

Clodio. Why, thou art mad!

Venetia. Yes, yes, I am—too true, I am: but still
There's purpose in my madness, Clodio.

Clodio. This is not well, Venetia

Venetia. Dost thou remember, once thou told'st me of
That noble Roman dame, who, when her lord
Was doom'd to death, yet was allow'd to choose
The manner of his death, did snatch the knife
From his reluctant hand and drove it home
To her own heart: then gave it back and said—
"Sweet love, there is no pain,"—and smiling died.
Thou then didst say that all th' angelic host,
With waving pinions and triumphat songs,
Must have come forth to welcome her to heav'n,
So shall they me.

Clodio. Nay, nay; not so, Venetia!
It was a heathen dame who did that deed:
She answer'd nobly to her sense of right:
But thou hast other guides:—look to thy faith,
That precious balm to sooth misfortune's wounds.
Religion is a heav'nly gem, which shines
With purer lustre when 'tis placed within
The jetty setting of adversity!
Look thou to that, and when I shall have gone,
And the whole heav'n shall darken to thy sight,
Thou'lt find this star shine ever brighter from
The blackness of the sky.

Venetia. When thou art gone!

Clodio. If thou should'st die, Venetia, who is left
To rescue from its shame my memory?
Thy portion will be solitude, 'tis true:
But thou wilt need no manly arm to shield thee.
Men will regard thee with a holy awe,
As one made sacred by her many griefs;
The poor will love thee with a tender love,
For thy kind heart will sooth away their sorrows;
Each soul bow'd down with grief will turn to thee,
For thou wilt weep with them, and ev'ry tear
Shall consolation bring; until at length
Thou'lt seem an angel sent down from the skies
To banish grief. Oh! from such lips as thine
My innocence asserted shall be thron'd
Upon the minds of all; and, when the time
Of thy long trial reaches its bourne,
Thou'lt find me waiting to conduct thee hence
To happiness eternal.

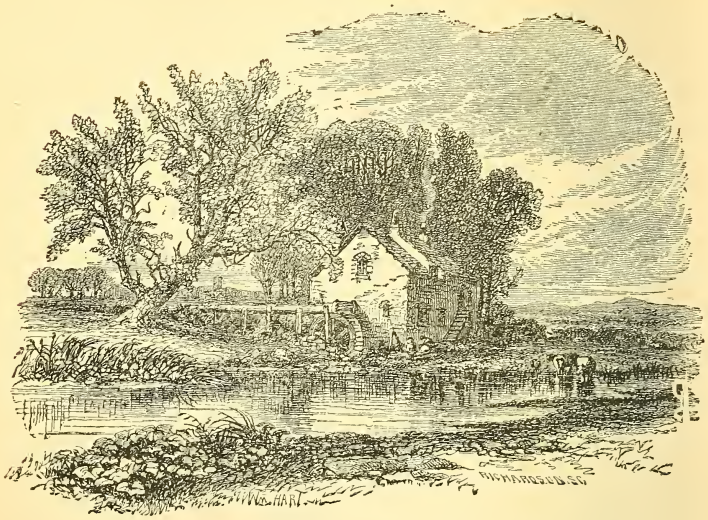
Venetia. Oh speak no further;
Thou must not die: I'll to the Doge once more.

Clodio. My Venetia, we may not meet again!

Venetia. Oh, say not so: oh! Clodio, say not so.
Lest that thou frigh'st me from my enterprise:
And yet it may be: so I will not go.

Clodio. Yes, go, Venetia, and heav'n crown thy pray'rs
With all success. Farewell, sweet love, farewell

S. T. Levi.



CL.—THE FUNERAL OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

1. Those who are in the habit of remarking such matters, must have noticed the passive quiet of an English landscape on Sunday. The clacking of the mill, the regularly recurring stroke of the flail, the din of the blacksmith's hammer, the whistling of the ploughman, the rattling of the cart, and all other sounds of rural labor are suspended. The very farm-dogs bark less frequently, being less disturbed by passing travelers. At such times I have almost fancied the winds sunk into quiet, and that the sunny landscape, with its fresh green tints melting into blue haze, enjoyed the hallowed calm

> Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky.

2. Well was it ordained that the day of devotion should be a day of rest. The holy repose which reigns over the face of nature has its moral influence; every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us. For my part there are feelings that visit me, in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

3. During my recent residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles; its mouldering monuments; its dark oaken paneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation; but being in a wealthy, aristocratic neighborhood, the glitter of fashion penetrated even into the sanctuary; and I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me.

4. The only being in the whole congregation who appeared thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar.

5. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer; habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart; I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

6. I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow.

7. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank,

which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse.

8. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

9. I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of her lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

10. Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business: the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness.

11. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

12. As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the

mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

13. I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by, and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

14. When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life, at best, is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which makes us feel the impotency of consolation.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CLI.—ALFRED THE GREAT TO HIS MEN.

My friends, our country must be free! The land
Is never lost that has a son to right her—
And here are troops of sons, and loyal ones!
Strong in her children should a mother be;
Shall ours be helpless, that has sons like us?
God save our native land, whoever pays
The ransom that redeems her! Now, what wait we?
For Alfred's word to move upon the foe?
Upon him, then! Now think ye on the things
You most do love! Husbands and fathers, on
Their wives and children! lovers on their beloved;

And *all*, upon their COUNTRY! When you use
Your weapons, think on the beseeching eyes,
To whet them, could have lent you tears for water!
O, now be men, or never! From your hearths
Thrust the unbidden feet, that from their nooks
Drove forth your aged sires—your wives and babes!
The couches your fair-handed daughters used
To spread, let not the vaunting stranger press,
Weary from spoiling you! Your roofs, that hear
The wanton riot of the intruding guest,
That mock their masters—clear them for the sake
Of the manhood to which all that's precious clings,
Else perishes. The land that bore you—O!
Do honor to her! Let her glory in
Your breeding! Rescue her! Revenge her—or
Ne'er call her mother more! Come on, my friends!

And where you take your stand upon the field,
However you advance, resolve on this—
That you will ne'er recede, while from the tongues
Of age, and womanhood, and infancy,
The helplessness whose safety in you lies,
Invokes you to be strong! Come on! Come on!
I'll bring you to the foe! And when you meet him,
Strike hard! Strike home! Strike while a dying blow
Is in an arm! Strike till you're free, or fall!

KNOWLES.

CLII.—THE BATTLE.

HEAVY and solemn, a cloudy column,
Thro' the green plain they marching came!
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
The looks are bent on the shaking ground,
And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound;

Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt
Gallops the Major along the front,-
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent halt!

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing!
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"

God be with ye—children and wife!
Hark to the music—the trump and the fife,
How they ring through the ranks which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke, how the lightning is clearing asunder!
Hark the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouting signal circles round;
Aye, shout it forth to life or death—
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall
The iron death-dice fall!

Nearer they close—foes upon foes—
'Ready!"—from square to square it goes.
Down on the knee they sank,
And the fire comes sharp on the foremost rank;
Many a man to the earth is sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent—
O'er the corpse before springs the hinder man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van.
To the right, to the left, and around and around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.

God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the host falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

The dead men lie bathed in their weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
'What, Francis! Give Charlotte my last farewell."
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—
"I'll give—O God! are the guns so near?
Ho! comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the rear!—
I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell.
Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsakest thy side shall regain!"
Hitherward—thitherward reels the fight,
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night!
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying—
Victory!
The terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!
Victory!
Closed in the brunt of the glorious fight,
And the day, like a conqueror, burst on the night.
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er,
There's another in which we shall meet you once more!

SCHILLER.

CLIII.—GEOLOGY

1. Geology embraces, in its widest sense, all that can be known of the constitution and history of our globe. Its object is to examine the various materials of which our planet is composed, to describe their appearance and relative positions, to investigate their nature and mode of formation, and generally to discover the laws which seem to regulate their arrangement.

2. As a department of natural science, Geology confines itself more especially to a consideration of the mineral or rocky constituents of the earth, and leaves its surface configuration to Geography, its vegetable life to Botany, its animal life to Zoology, and the elementary constitution of bodies to the science of Chemistry. Being unable to penetrate beyond a few thousand feet into the solid substance of the globe, the labors of geologists are necessarily confined to its exterior shell or crust; hence we speak of the "crust of the globe," meaning thereby that portion of the rocky structure accessible to human investigation.

3. The materials composing this crust are rocks or minerals of various kinds—as granite, basalt, roofing-slate, sandstone, marble, coal, chalk, clay, and sand—some hard and compact, others soft and incohering. These substances do not occur indiscriminately in every part of the world, nor, when found, do they always appear in the same position. Granite, for example, may exist in one district of a country, marble in another, coal in a third, and chalk in a fourth. Some of these rocks occur in regular layers or courses, termed *strata*, while others rise up in irregular mountain-masses. It is evident that substances differing so widely in composition and structure must have been formed under different circumstances and by different causes; and it becomes the task of the geologist to discover those causes, and thus infer the general conditions of the regions in which, and of the periods when, such rock substances were produced.

4. When we sink a well, for example, and dig through certain clays, sands and gravels, and find them succeeding each other in layers, we are instantly reminded of the operations of water, seeing it is only by such agency that accumulations of clay, sand and gravel are formed at the present day. We are thus led to inquire as to the origin of the materials through which we dig, and to discover whether

they were originally deposited in river-courses, in lakes, in estuaries, or along the sea-shore. In our investigation we may also detect shells, bones, and fragments of plants imbedded in the clays and sands; and thus we have a further clue to the history of the strata through which we pass, according as the shells and bones are the remains of animals that lived in fresh-water lakes and rivers, or inhabited the waters of the ocean.

5. Again, in making a railway-cutting, excavating a tunnel, or sinking a coal pit, we may pass through many successions of strata—such as clay, sandstone, coal, ironstone, limestone, and the like; and each succession of strata may contain the remains or impressions of different plants and animals. Such differences can only be accounted for by supposing each stratum, or set of strata, to be formed by different agencies and under different conditions of climate, as well as under different arrangements of sea and land, just as at the present day the rivers, estuaries, and seas of different countries are characterized by their own special accumulations, and by the imbedded remains of the plants and animals peculiar to these regions.

6. In making these investigations, the geologist is guided by his knowledge of what is now taking place on the surface of the globe—ascribing similar results to similar or analogous causes. Thus, in the present day, we see rivers carrying down sand, and mud, and gravel, and depositing them in layers either in lakes, in estuaries, or along the bottom of the ocean. By this process many lakes and estuaries have, within a comparatively recent period, been filled up and converted into land.

7. We see also the tides and waves wasting away the sea-cliffs in one district, and accumulating expanses of sand and salt-marsh in some sheltered locality. By this agency thousands of acres of land have been washed away and covered by the sea, even within the memory of man; while, by the same means, new tracts have been formed in districts formerly covered by the tide and waves. Further, we learn that, during earthquake convulsions, large districts of country have sunk beneath the waters of the ocean; while in other regions the sea bottom has been elevated into dry land. Volcanic action is also sensibly affecting the surface of the globe—converting level tracts into mountain ridges, throwing up new islands from the sea, and casting forth molten lava and other materials, which, in time, become hard and consolidated rock-masses.

8. As these and other agents are at present modifying the surface of the globe, and changing the relative positions of sea and land, so in all time past have they exerted a similar influence, and have necessarily been the main agents employed in the formation of the rocky crust which it is the province of Geology to investigate. Not a foot of the land we now inhabit but has been repeatedly under the bed of the ocean, and the bed of the ocean has formed as repeatedly the habitable dry land.

9. No matter how far inland, or at what elevation above the sea, we now find accumulations of sand and gravel—no matter at what depth we now discover strata of sandstone or limestone—we know, from their composition and arrangement, that they must have been formed under water, and brought together by the operation of water, just as layers of sand, and gravel, and mud are accumulated or deposited at the present day. And as earthquakes and volcanoes break up, elevate, and derange the present dry land, so must the fractures, derangements, and upheavals among the strata of the rocky crust be ascribed to the operation of similar agents in remote and distant epochs.

10. By the study of existing operations, we thus get a clew to the history of the globe; and the task is rendered much more certain by an examination of the plants and animals found imbedded in the various strata. At present, shells, fishes, and other animals are buried in the mud or *silt* of lakes and estuaries; rivers also carry down the remains of land animals, the trunks of trees, and other vegetable drift; and earthquakes submerge plains and islands, with all their vegetable and animal inhabitants. These remains become enveloped in the layers of mud, and sand, and gravel formed by the waters, and in process of time are *petrified;* that is, are converted into stony matter, like the shells and bones found in the deepest strata.

11 Now, as at present, so in all former time must the remains of plants and animals have been similarly preserved; and as one tribe of plants is peculiar to the dry plain, and another to the swampy morass—as one family belongs to a temperate, and another to a tropical region—so, from the character of the imbedded plants, we are enabled to arrive at some knowledge of the conditions under which they flourished. In the same manner with animals: each tribe has its localities assigned it by peculiarities of food, climate, and the like;

and by comparing *fossil* remains with existing races, we are enabled to determine many of the past conditions of the world with considerable certainty.

12. By examining, noting, and comparing, as indicated in the preceding paragraphs, the geologist finds that the strata composing the earth's crust can be arranged in series; that one set or series always underlies, and is succeeded by another set; and that each series contains the remains of plants and animals not to be found in any other series. Having ascertained the existence of such a sequence among the rocky strata, his next task is to determine the sequence in point of time—that is, to determine the older from the newer series of strata; to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the plants and animals whose remains are imbedded in each set; and, lastly, to discover the geographical range or extent of the successive series.

13. These series he calls *formations*, as having been formed during different arrangements of sea and land, and under the varying influences of climate and other external conditions; and it is by a knowledge of these that the geologist is enabled to arrive at something like a history of the globe—imperfect, it may be, but still sufficient to show the numerous changes its surface has undergone, and the varied and wonderful races of plants and animals by which it has been successively inhabited. To map out the various mutations of sea and land, from the present moment to the earliest time of which we have any traces in the rocky strata; to restore the forms of extinct plants and animals; to indicate their habits, the climate and conditions under which they grew and lived—to do all this, and trace their connection up to existing races, would be the triumph, as it is now the aim, of all true geology. PAGE.

CLIV.—THE PIG.

JACOB! I do not like to see thy nose
Turn'd up in scornful curve at yonder pig.
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
Were perfect in our kind! And why despise
The sow-born grunter? He is obstinate,
Thou answerest; ugly, and the filthiest beast

That banquets upon offal. Now, I pray you,
Hear the pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words;
We must not take them as unheeding hands
Receive base money at the current worth,
But with a just suspicion try their sound,
And in the even balance weigh them well
See now to what this obstinacy comes:
A poor, mistreated, democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit, and not his. He hath not learn'd
That pigs were made for man, born to be brawned
And baconized: that he must please to take
Just what his gracious masters please to give;
Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave
For self-defence, the general privilege;
Perhaps—hark, Jacob! dost thou hear that horn?
Woe to the young posterity of Pork!
Their enemy is at hand.

Again, thou say'st

The pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him!
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
His face—nay, Jacob! Jacob! were it fair
To judge a lady in her dishabille?
Fancy it dress'd, and with saltpetre rouged.
Behold his tail, my friend: with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse:
So crisp in beauty, Amoretta's hair
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
And what is beauty, but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious? Give thy fancy scope,
And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
The starry glories of the peacock's pride,
Give him the swan's white breast; for his horn hoofs
Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss,
When Venus from the enamour'd sea arose;

Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him!
All alteration man could think, would mar
His pig perfection.
The last charge: He lives
A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With noble and right reverend precedents,
And show by sanction of authority
That 'tis a very honorable thing
To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
On better ground the unanswerable defence.
The pig is a philosopher, who knows
No prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt?
If matter, why the delicate dish that tempts
An o'ergorged epicure to the last morsel
That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no more.
If matter be not, but as sages say,
Spirit is all, and all things visible
Are one, the infinitely modified,
Think, Jacob, what that pig is, and the mire
Wherein he stands knee-deep!
And there! the breeze
Pleads with me, and has won thee to a smile
That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field
Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CLV.—THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seem to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimm'd the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Track'd I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew

With the maurauders
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Fill'd to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning out tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I woo'd the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosen'd vest
Flutter'd her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleam'd upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I ask'd his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd
Loud then the champion laugh'd,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blush'd and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launch'd they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind fail'd us:
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hail'd us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veer'd the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail.

Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hull did reel
Through the black water.

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seam'd with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"*
—Thus the tale ended. LONGFELLOW.

CLVI.—MAN'S USE AND FUNCTION.

1. MAN'S use and function (and let him who will not grant me this, follow me no further, for this I purpose always to assume) is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.

2. Whatever enables us to fulfil this function, is, in the pure and first sense of the word, useful to us. Pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist are in a secondary and mean sense useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless and worse; for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence.

3. And yet people speak in this working age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses and lands, and food and raiment, were alone useful, as if sight, thought, and admiration were all profitless; so that men insolently call themselves utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables.

4. Men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body, who look to this earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder; vine-dressers and husbandmen who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew, and the water they draw, are better than the pine-forests that cover the mountain like the shadow of God, and the great rivers that move like His eternity.

*Health.

5. And so comes upon us that woe of the Preacher, that though God "hath made everything beautiful in His time, also He hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end." This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends us to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace.

6. In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of the deliverance, the faith. But now, when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other; and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem arising out of their rest—evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood, though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart, though they do not torture it.

7. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others, and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear also—a fear greater than that of sword and sedition—that dependence on God may be forgotten because the bread is given and the water sure; that gratitude to Him may cease, because His constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law; that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world; that selfishness may take place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vain glory, and love a dissimulation; that enervation may succeed to strength, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp.

8. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; iris colors its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty; but when the stream is silent and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and the lichen to feed upon them, and are ploughed down into dust.

9. And at this time, there is need, bitter need, to bring back, if we may, into men's minds, that to live is nothing, unless to live be

to know Him by whom we live, and that He is not to be known by naming His fair works, and blotting out the evidence of His influence upon His creatures; not amidst the hurry of crowds and crash of innovation, but in solitary places, and out of the glowing intelligence which He gave to men of old.

JOHN RUSKIN.

CLVII.—THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber door:
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor!
Eagerly I wish'd the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore,—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrill'd me,—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you;" here I open'd wide the door:—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word "Lenore!"
This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder than before:
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he, not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he,
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber door—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,—
Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

Then, this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvell'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy, bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door—
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;
Nothing farther then he utter'd, not a feather then he flutter'd,
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,—
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his song one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore
Of 'Nevermore,' of 'Nevermore.'"

But, the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore—
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels, whose faint footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor:
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath sent thee—by these angels He hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted,—tell me truly, I implore,
Is there, is there balm in Gilead? tell me, tell me, I implore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if within the distant Aidenn
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore,
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore;
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken,
Leave my loneliness unbroken, quit the bust above my door,
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

CLVIII.—BOYS.

1. Boys, like men, have their troubles—more than fall to the lot of men, say some; less, if the opinion of others be received. Be this as it may, there can be no question but that boys bear their share of trouble more cheerfully and contentedly than men, and should have all due consideration given them on this account.

Trouble to a boy is like water to a duck; he is always getting into it, but it runs off his back as soon as he can manage to scramble upon dry land for a little.

2. The troubles of boys are threefold, being brought about by their superiors, or by their equals, or by themselves. I confess that we Dominies are to blame, if any one is, for the greater part of these troubles. It is the necessity for instruction, incarnated and represented in our persons, which is the bane of the boy's existence.

3. I, and the like of me, are the darkest shadows over the young life—terrible thought! How my heart has bled as I have seen one of my boys bending over his book and faintly muttering, "Oh, Forty-seventh Prop., how I do hate you!"

4. Through the open window of the room the sweet June breeze came peering, wondering, no doubt, to what end was the dull, dusty prison it had found its way to. Merry shouts and careless laughs were borne on its wings, to mock the sad captive of angles and parallelograms. Cruelly sweet visions of green cricket-fields and cool bathing places floated before his weary eyes. But there he sat at his hard task, and presently I heard him lift up his voice again, and exclaim, "Oh, Euclid, I wish you had died when you were a boy!"

5. It was so hard for him to learn; yet learn he must, and I must make him; so on he sat, and on I sat, and to occupy my mind, and to fortify it against the compassionate impulses which might prevent me from doing my duty, I began to turn over these thoughts about the troubles of boys. This was the same young gentleman, I may mention, who went rushing about one morning in fearful haste, anxiously inquiring if anybody could tell him where to find a translation of the Greek Testament.

6. When such are our duties, is it to be wondered at that so many of our boys look upon us, to some extent, as the standing army of a hostile power, and fight against us bravely, though in all kindness and honor?

7. But they fight in vain. We are stronger of arm and of purpose than they, and in the end we conquer them, and deliver them over to be tormented. We bind on them heavy burdens, grievous to be borne, which we ourselves, very likely, would disdain to touch with the tips of our fingers. We compel them to learn by rote long, ugly names, that thus they may know the earth they live on.

8. We force them to gabble over lists of adverbs and prepositions, and harrow their young souls with every irregular verb that our language has in its torture chamber. We put into their hands books containing abridged lectures on botany, chemistry, and astronomy, which they bawl over and hear exclaimed with trusting acquiescence.

9. This, reader, is what we do to our pupils,—not that I am so bad as the rest, but I feel that it would be mean and altogether out of place to desert my companions; so I shall cast in my lot, for this once, with the stupidest and cruelest of them, and take whatever share of the blame falls to me. This is the way in which we heap troubles upon boys.

10. Some of them live and learn through it all, and in due time serve as texts for us to preach the glorification of ourselves and our systems. Some, on the other hand, become broken-hearted, and run away to sea or go up for the army examination, and thus are emancipated upon comparatively easy terms. Others, perhaps the majority, survive, indeed, but little more. We turn the boy out in the world, with a small bundle of useless learning, to look about for himself for a little wisdom. A. R. Hope.

CLIX.—THE DIVER.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the mælstrom that maddened the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all, as before, heard in silence the king,
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
And dark through the whiteness, and still through the swell
The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean,
A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell;
The stiller and darker the farther it goes,
Sucked into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again,
Hark! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,—
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the heights save the murmur that went
From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
Thrilled from lip unto lip,—"Gallant youth, fare thee well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry,—"Who may find it, shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown, at such hazard, were valued too dear,
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen tossed aloft in the glee of the wave!
Like the growth of a storm, ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea?
Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb?
Steering stalwart and shoreward. O joy, it is he!
The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
"He lives—lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee;
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee—
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spoke the Diver—"Long life to the King!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice—
Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Nevermore, nevermore may he lift from the sight
The vail which is woven with terror and night!

"Quick brightening like lightning, the ocean rushed o'er me,
Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day;
Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that bore me,
And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

"From the deep, then I called upon God, and He heard me,
In the dread of my need, He vouchsafed to mine eye
A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me;
I sprang there, I clung there, and death passed me by,
And, lo! where the goblet gleamed through the abyss,
By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!
A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!
Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms;
Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed;
And, with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark—the hyena of ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The one human thing, with the goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneness so ghastly—ALONE!
Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
And begirt with the broods of the desert of death.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
I saw a dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!—
And darted, devouring; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more,
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore."

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled: quoth he,
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
And this ring I will give, a fresh guerdon to thee—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the innermost main!"

Then out spake the daughter in tender emotion—
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself has confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes;
He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face—
It pales—at the feet of her father she lies!
How priceless the guerdon! a moment—a breath—
And headlong he plunges to life and to death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
  Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell,
  They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

SCHILLER

CLX.—THE FOUR MISFORTUNES.

A pious Rabbi, forced by heathen hate
  To quit the boundaries of his native land,
Wandered abroad submissive to his fate,
  Through pathless woods and wastes of burning sand.

A patient ass, to bear him in his flight,
  A dog, to guard him from the robber's stealth,
A lamp, by which to read the law at night,—
  Was all the pilgrim's store of worldly wealth.

At set of sun he reached a little town,
  And asked for shelter and a crumb of food;
But every face repelled him with a frown,
  And so he sought a lodging in the wood.

"'Tis very hard," the weary traveler said,
  "And most inhospitable, I protest,
To send me fasting to this forest bed;
  But God is good, and means it for the best!"

He lit his lamp to read the sacred law,
  Before he spread his mantle for the night;
But the wind rising with a sudden flaw,
  He read no more,—the gust put out the light.

"'Tis strange," he said, "'tis very strange, indeed,
  That ere I lay me down to take my rest,
A chapter of the law I may not read,—
  But God is good, and all is for the best."

With these consoling words the Rabbi tries
To sleep,—his head reposing on a log,—
But, ere he fairly shut his drowsy eyes,
A wolf came up and killed his faithful dog.

"What new calamity is this?" he cried;
"My honest dog—a friend who stood the test
When others failed—lies murdered at my side!
Well,—God is good and means it for the best."

Scarce had the Rabbi spoken, when, alas!
As if, at once, to crown his wretched lot,
A hungry lion pounced upon the ass,
And killed the faithful donkey on the spot.

"Alas!—alas!" the weeping Rabbi said,
"Misfortune haunts me like a hateful guest;
My dog is gone, and now my ass is dead,—
Well,—God is good and all is for the best!"

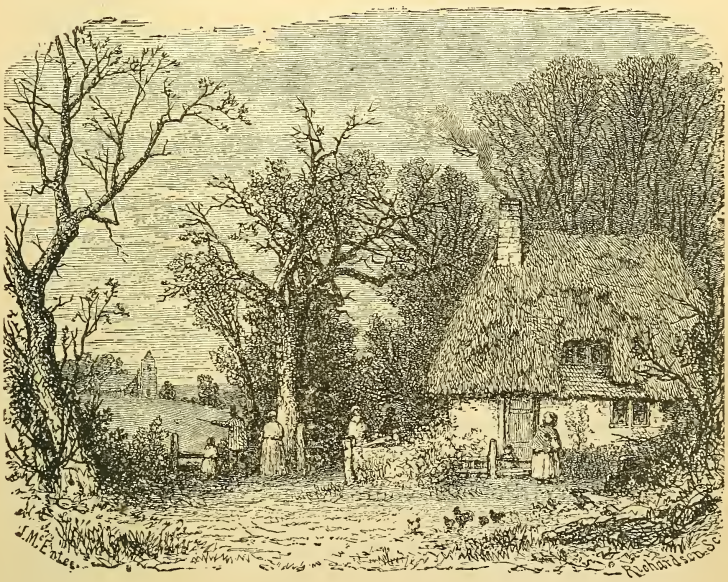
At dawn of day, imploring heavenly grace,
Once more he sought the town; but all in vain;
A band of robbers had despoiled the place,
And all the churlish citizens were slain!

"Now God be praised!" the grateful Rabbi cried;
"If I had tarried in the town to rest,
I, too, with these poor villagers, had died,—
Sure, God is good, and all is for the best!

"Had not the wanton wind put out my lamp,
By which the sacred law I would have read,
The light had shown the robbers to my camp,
And here the villains would have left me dead!

"Had not my faithful animals been slain,
Their noise, no doubt, had drawn the robbers near,
And so their master, it is very plain,
Instead of them, had fallen murdered here!

"Full well I see that this hath happened so
To put my faith and patience to the test;
Thanks to His name! for now I surely know
That God is good, and all is for the best!"



CLXI.—CHRISTMAS DAY

1. While I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was—

Rejoice, our Saviour he was born
On Christmas day in the morning.

2. I rose softly, slipped on my clothes, opened the door suddenly, and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the eldest not

more than six, and lovely as seraphs. They were going the rounds of the house, and singing at every chamber door; but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness. They remained for a moment playing on their lips with their fingers, and now and then stealing a shy glance from under their eyebrows, until, as if by one impulse, they scampered away, and as they turned an angle of the gallery, I heard them laughing in triumph at their escape.

3. Everything conspired to produce kind and happy feelings in this stronghold of old-fashioned hospitality. The window of my chamber looked out upon what in summer would have been a beautiful landscape. There was a sloping lawn, a fine stream winding at the foot of it, and a tract of park beyond, with noble clumps of trees, and herds of deer. At a distance was a neat hamlet, with the smoke from the cottage chimneys hanging over it; and a church with its dark spire in strong relief against the clear, cold sky.

4. The house was surrounded with evergreens, according to the English custom, which would have given almost an appearance of summer; but the morning was extremely frosty; the light vapor of the preceding evening had been precipitated by the cold, and covered all the trees and every blade of grass with its fine crystalizations. The rays of a bright morning sun had a dazzling effect among the glittering foliage.

5. A robin, perched upon the top of a mountain-ash that hung its clusters of red berries just before my window, was basking himself in the sunshine, and piping a few querulous notes; and a peacock was displaying all the glories of his train, and strutting, with the pride and gravity of a Spanish grandee, on the terrace-walk below.

6. The beauty of the day was of itself sufficient to inspire philanthropy. Notwithstanding the frostiness of the morning, the sun in his cloudless journey had acquired sufficient power to melt away the thin covering of snow from every southern declivity, and to bring out the living green which adorns an English landscape even in midwinter. Large tracts of smiling verdure contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of the shaded slopes and hollows. Every sheltered bank, on which the broad rays rested, yielded its silver rill of cold and limpid water, glittering through the dripping grass; and sent up slight exhalations to contribute to the thin haze that hung just above the surface of the earth.

7. There was something truly cheering in this triumph of warmth

and verdure over the frosty thraldom of winter; it was, as the squire observed, an emblem of Christmas hospitality, breaking through the chills of ceremony and selfishness, and thawing every heart into a flow. He pointed with pleasure to the indications of good cheer reeking from the chimneys of the comfortable farm-houses, and low thatched cottages.

8. "I love," said he, "to see this day well kept by rich and poor; it is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having, as it were, the world all thrown open to you; and I am almost disposed to join with Poor Robin, in his malediction on every churlish enemy to this honest festival,—

"Those who at Christmas do repine
And would fain hence despatch him,
May they with old Duke Humphrey dine,
Or else may Squire Ketch catch 'em."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CLXII.—RICHELIEU'S VINDICATION.

Richelieu. Room, my lords, room! The minister of France
Can need no intercession with the king. [*They fall back.*
Louis. What means this false report of death, Lord Cardinal?
Richelieu. Are you anger'd, sire, that I live still?
Louis. No; but such artifice——
Richelieu. Not mine:—look elsewhere!
Louis—my castle swarm'd with the assassins.
Baradas. [*Advancing.*] We have punish'd them already.
Huguet is now
In the Bastile. O my lord, *we* were prompt
To avenge you—*we* were——
Richelieu. WE? Ha! ha! you hear,
My liege! What page, man, in the last court grammar
Made you a plural? Count, you have seized the *hireling:*
Sire, shall I name the *master?*

Louis. Tush! my lord,
The old contrivance:—ever does your wit
Invent assassins,—that ambition may
Slay rivals——

Richelieu. Rivals, sire! in what?
Service to France? *I have none!* Lives the man
Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems
Rival to Armand Richelieu?

Louis. What! so haughty!
Remember, he who made can unmake.

Richelieu. Never!
Never! Your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers,—but my name—my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre!
Pass sentence on me if you will; from kings,
Lo, I appeal to time! Be just, my liege—
I found your kingdom rent with heresies
And bristling with rebellion; lawless nobles
And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord;
Austria—her clutch on your dominion; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armed thunderbolts. The arts lay dead,
Trade rotted in your marts, your armies mutinous,
Your treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole,
Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm,
From Ganges to the Icebergs:—Look without:
No foe not humbled! Look within: the arts
Quit for your schools their old Hesperides—
The golden Italy! while through the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides,
Trade, the calm health of nations!
Sire, I know
Your smoother courtiers please you best—nor measure
Myself with them,—yet sometimes I would doubt
If statesmen, rock'd and dandled into power,
Could leave such legacies to kings!

Louis *appears irresolute.*

Baradas. [*Passing him, whispers.*] But Julie,
Shall I not summon her to court?

Louis. [*Motions to* BARADAS, *and turns haughtily to the* CARDINAL.] Enough!
Your eminence must excuse a longer audience.
To your palace:—For our conference, this
Nor place nor season.

Richelieu. Good, my liege! for *Justice*
All place a temple, and all season, summer!
Do you deny me justice? Saints of heaven,
He turns from me! *Do you deny me justice?*
For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt empire,
The humblest craftsman, the obscurest vassal,
The very leper shrinking from the sun,
Though loathed by Charity, might ask for justice!
Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien
Of some I see around you—counts and princes—
Kneeling for *favors*:—but, erect and loud,
As men who ask man's rights! my liege, my lord,
Do you refuse me justice—audience even—
In the pale presence of the baffled murderer?

Louis. Lord Cardinal—one by one you have sever'd from me
The bonds of human love. All near and dear
Mark'd out for vengeance—exile, or the scaffold.
You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,
My closest kindred; you would tear them from me;
They murder *you*, forsooth, since *me* they love.
Enough of plots and treasons for one reign!
Home! home! and sleep away these phantoms!

Richelieu. Sire!
[—— patience, Heaven! sweet Heaven! Sire, from the foot
Of that great throne, these hands have raised aloft
On an Olympus, looking down on mortals
And worship'd by their awe—before the foot
Of that high throne—spurn you the gray-hair'd man
Who gave you empire—and now sues for safety!

Louis. No:—when we see your eminence in truth
At the *foot* of the throne—we'll listen to you. LORD LYTTON.

CLXIII.—THE DEAD LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

1. Out—out at sea, the light (so typical of God, seeing it ever watches man, and shines to warn him from the world of death) burns year by year, tended by willing hands. Of such a light I have a tale to tell—I would it were not true, but it is; yet, if you will not believe it so, 'tis wise, perhaps, for it is well to think life's tragedies are few.

2. This lighthouse which I speak about hath long since yielded to the sea; but at the time I tell of, it was strong, stout oak. It was far away from shore, and the mad sea, when slightly moved elsewhere, raged round this light. Sometimes, through three long months, the two keepers saw no other human face than their own. What talked they of? There could be no news; the weather, sea, and passing ships, were all in all to them. Did they quarrel,—no one saw. Had one of them murdered the other,—no human voice was there to whisper, "Cain, where is thy brother?"

3. It was a Christmas-eve, and the two watchers looked toward the shore, which in the day was rocky, far-off haze. The weather was rough and likely to be rougher. Gay were the men, for you must understand that those who watch in distant lighthouses, live so long at the light—so long on shore. It was a coming holiday for those two men, so they were merry. At last the boat had come. Much laughter was there, for one of the arriving watchers—a great rough man of over six feet high—was sad, quite downcast.

4. They said this Hal was deep in love, and piqued at leaving his young mistress several months. Few words he answered—he lumbered up the lighthouse steps, leaving his comrades and the men chatting village gossip blithely at the bottom of the stairs cut in the rock. "Good night," the boat's crew sang out loudly when the food for three long months, and the large cans of oil for the beneficent lamp, all had been landed; for they were hurried, the wind growing lusty. "Good night," once more they said, but never answer came from within the lighthouse.

5. They laughed again; then with quick-pulsing oar they pulled towards land, whence blew the fierce, fierce wind. The second watcher, comrade to Hal, stood, the water lapping round about his feet, watching the lessening boat and softening sounds of the oars.

At last he turned and went up the flight of steps into the lighthouse. There he saw Hal stretched at length upon the rough wood floor. "Hal!" No answer came. "Hal!" in a louder voice. No answer. "Hal!" half fear, half anger. Still the man lying on the ground spoke not.

6. "What, surly, Hal? Why, come, look up, my lad!" Yet no reply. He then pushed him with his feet. The body yielded and turned. Then the man, terror-struck, leaned down and swept the face up to the light. Great God! bubbling at the mouth, he sees a torrent of red blood. The man was ailing ere he came; and having come, he died—a great broad-shouldered man in his full prime, yet dead.

7. Down, down the slippery steps fled the living tender of the light, and hoarsely called to the far-distant boat. They saw the broad flood of light pour from the door as it was opened, and guessing that rough Hal had tardily come to wish the boat good night, they sang "All's well!" which swept across the waves. But the same wind which carried the sweet sounds to him who helpless called, carries his voice far out to sea; for the wind set from the land, and the boat neared it.

8. He was quite alone with the dead man! His fear was terrible. It was so still. He shrank away—indeed he trembled. Then he thought it moved. He cried, "Old Hal!" once more, and then he was afraid again. At last, all fear being gone, he took the mute body in his arms and kissed it. Then he wept, and called the dead man, "Poor old Hal!"

9. Then again a dread panic seized him. He crouched far away from the dead man, and the ice-sweat stood on his forehead. Then for a short time he was mad—remembering that if he cast Hal in the sea, the world might tell his children he was a murderer; and in his madness he piled over the dead all things that came to hand.

10. Yet still he saw the awful outline of the dead. Then once again he caught it in his arms and wept. And so the first night passed, and Christmas Day had come. Three months must pass ere human life would once more bless him with its presence. They seemed thrice three hundred years.

11. He notched the days on a stick, and so lost was he sometimes, he gave a week a dozen days at least. In one way alone could he have gained the human help he needed—by letting out the

lamp, and thus giving the alarm. This he would not do; and every night the light shone out, a comfort to all mariners. At last he scarce knew how the time went on. Down the steps with the tide he moved and came back only with it; so that he might be as far away as possible from that which daily grew more and more terrible.

12. He played cards with himself and quarreled with himself, that he might hear a human voice. Then as ships passed far off, he waved to them white drapery, and if he heard a cheer it was a red-letter day. So the time dragged from miserable day to day. And all this time each eve the light shone clear, as true as God. The winter passed, and spring had come, and the three months were gone. On that blessed day when they were passed he wept for very joy.

13. The hours lagged at first, but as the good sun declined, they fled as panic stricken. Had he not lived for this dear liberating day? He drew the limit of his future at this date. And he had grown so sure of liberation on this day, that to think he still must live with it was madness. "Oh, holy Heaven—pity me!" (For he had learned to pray heartily while in this tomb.)

14. The sun set calmly, saying "Peace." But he was all unrestful. He had endured three months of nights—he could endure no more. His haggard eyes streamed in terror shoreward over the vacant waves. The twilight coming, then he fell prone to the rocks amidst the heaving tide. He sought death—he would never rise again. The mounting waves should toss about him till they reckoned him dead asleep. Twilight was gone and night had come. For the first time the "Light" was blind.

15. As he lay—the water rising, he thought he heard the grating of a keel upon the rocks. Yet turned he not, for he had often thought the same when it was the wind. Then he heard human voices—'twas still the mocking wind. Then, his eyes still closed, he felt lifted. 'Twas the rising tide, he thought. Breath! He felt warm human breath upon his face. He opened his eyes—saw brethren near—near him. "Oh God!" he cried, "the boat—the boat—the boat!"

16. The lights are safer now. Not less than three men tend each, and they, in watching, can with ease hold converse with the land. My tale is done.

J. R. WARE.

CLXIV.—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Some vast amount of years ago,
Ere all my youth had vanished from me,
A boy it was my lot to know,
Whom his familiar friends called Tommy.

I love to gaze upon a child;
A young bud bursting into blossom;
Artless as Eve, yet unbeguiled,
And agile as a young opossum.

And such was he—a calm-browed lad,
Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter:
Why hatters, as a race, are mad
I never knew, nor does it matter.

He was what nurses call a "limb;"
One of those small, misguided creatures
Who, though their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers.

And if you asked of him to say
What twice ten was, or three times seven,
He'd glance (in quite a placid way)
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And smile and look politely round,
To catch a casual suggestion;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

And so not much esteemed was he
Of the authorities: and therefore
He fraternized by chance with me,
Needing a somebody to care for.

And three fair summers did we twain
Live (as they say) and love together;
And bore by turns the wholesome cane
Till our young skins became as leather:

And carved our names on every desk,
  And tore our clothes, and inked our collars;
And looked unique and picturesque,
  But not, it may be, model scholars.

At last the separation came.
  Real love, at that time, was the fashion;
And by a horrid chance, the same
  Young thing was, to us both, a passion.

She was a blushing, gushing thing;
  All—more than all—my fancy painted;
Once—when she helped me to a wing
  Of goose—I thought I should have fainted.

The people said that she was blue;
  But I was green, and loved her dearly.
She was approaching thirty-two;
  And I was then eleven, nearly.

I did not love as others do;
  (None ever did that I've heard tell of;)
My passion was a by-word through
  The town she was, of course, the belle of.

I'd sent her little gifts of fruit;
  I'd written lines to her as Venus;
I'd sworn unflinchingly to shoot
  The man who dared to come between us.

And it was you, my Thomas, you,
  The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
  I may say, much the same as I did.

One night I saw him squeeze her hand;
  There was no doubt about the matter;
I said he must resign, or stand
  My vengeance—and he chose the latter.

We met, we "planted" blows on blows;
We fought as long as we were able:
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable.

When the school-bell cut short our strife,
Our belle gave both of us a plaster;
And in a week became the wife
Of Horace Nibbs, the writing-master.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

CLXV.—GEMS FROM HOMER.

THE MOON.

As WHEN the Moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light!
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tipt with silver every mountain's head!
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

THE SNOW-STORM.

As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep,
Then pours the silent tempest thick and deep:
At first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;

Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men:
The circling seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.

RACE SUCCEEDS RACE.

Like leaves of trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these, when those are past away.

NOT STRENGTH BUT ART.

It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise.
'Tis more by art than force of numerous strokes,
The dexterous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;
And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
Not those who trust in chariot and in horse.

DISCORD.

Discord! dire sister of the slaughtering power,
Small at her birth, but rising every hour,
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around;
The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,
The groan still deepens and the combat burns.

TO DIE FOR ONE'S COUNTRY.

Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;

Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honor'd, all his race succeed;
And late posterity enjoy the deed!

THE MAN DELIGHTING IN WAR.

Cursed is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care,
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war;
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!

CLXVI.—THE OPERATIONS OF NATURE.

1. Nature never deceives us—the rocks, the mountains, the streams, always speak the same language; a shower of snow may hide the verdant woods in spring, a thunder-storm may render the blue limpid streams foul and turbulent; but these effects are rare and transient—in a few hours, or at least days, all the sources of beauty are renovated.

2. And Nature affords no continued trains of misfortunes and miseries, such as depend upon the constitution of humanity; no hopes forever blighted in the bud; no beings full of life, beauty, and promise, taken from us in the prime of youth. Her fruits are all balmy, bright, and sweet; she affords none of those blighted ones so common in the life of man, and so like the faded apples of the Dead Sea—fresh and beautiful to the sight, but, when tasted, full of bitterness and ashes.

3. The operations of Nature, though slow, are sure; however man may for a time usurp dominion over her, she is certain of recovering her empire. He converts her rocks, her stones, her trees, into forms of palaces, houses, and ships; he employs the metals found in the bosom of the earth as instruments of power, and the sands and clays which constitute its surface, as ornaments and resources of luxury; he imprisons air by water, and tortures water by fire, to change, to modify, or destroy the natural forms of things

4. But, in some lustrums, his works begin to change, and, in a few centuries, they decay and are in ruins; and his mighty temples, framed, as it were, for immortal and divine purposes; and his bridges, formed of granite, and ribbed with iron; and his walls for defence, and the splendid monuments by which he has endeavored to give eternity even to his perishable remains,—are gradually destroyed; and these structures, which have resisted the waves of the ocean, the tempests of the sky, and the stroke of the lightning, shall yield to the operation of the dews of heaven, of frost, rain, vapor, and perceptible atmospheric influences; and as the worm devours the lineaments of man's mortal beauty, so the lichens, and the moss, and the most insignificant plants, shall feed upon his columns and his pyramids; and the most humble and insignificant insects shall undermine and sap the foundations of his colossal works, and make their habitations amongst the ruins of his palaces, and the falling seats of his earthly glory.

5. Time is almost a human world, and Change entirely a human idea; in the system of nature we should rather say progress than change. The sun appears to sink in the ocean in darkness, but it rises in another hemisphere; the ruins of a city fall, but they are often used to form more magnificent structures; even when they are destroyed so as to produce only dust, Nature asserts her empire over them; and the vegetable world rises in constant youth, in a period of annual successions, by the labors of man—providing food, vitality, and beauty, upon the wrecks of monuments which were raised for purposes of glory, but which are now applied to objects of utility.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

CLXVII.—JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SHE stood before her father's gorgeous tent,
To listen for his coming. Her loose hair
Was resting on her shoulders, like a cloud
Floating around a statue, and the wind,
Just swaying her light robe, revealed a shape
Praxiteles might worship. She had clasp'd
Her hands upon her bosom, and had raised

Her beautiful, dark, Jewish eyes to heaven,
Till the long lashes lay upon her brow.
Her lip was slightly parted, like the cleft
Of a pomegranate blossom; and her neck,
Just where the cheek was melting to its curve
With the unearthly beauty sometimes there,
Was shaded, as if light had fallen off,
Its surface was so polished. She was stilling
Her light, quick breath, to hear; and the white rose
Scarce moved upon her bosom, as it swell'd,
Like nothing but a lovely wave of light,
To meet the arching of her queenly neck.
Her countenance was radiant with love.
She look'd like one to die for it—a being
Whose whole existence was the pouring out
Of rich and deep affections. I have thought
A brother's and a sister's love were much;
I know a brother's is—for I have been
A sister's idol—and I know how full
The heart may be of tenderness to her!
But the affection of a delicate child
For a fond father, gushing, as it does,
With the sweet springs of life, and pouring on,
Through all earth's changes, like a river's course,
Chastened with reverence, and made more pure
By the world's discipline of light and shade—
'Tis deeper, holier.

The wind bore on
The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion notes
Rang sharply on the ear at intervals;
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts
Returning from the battle, pour'd from far,
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.
They came, as earthly conquerors always come,
With blood and splendor, revelry and wo.
The stately horse treads proudly—he hath trod
The brow of death, as well. The chariot wheels
Of warriors roll magnificently on—

Their weight hath crushed the fallen. *Man* is there—
Majestic, lordly man—with his sublime
And elevated brow, and godlike frame;
Lifting his crest in triumph—for his heel
Hath trod the dying like a wine-press down.

The mighty Jephtha led his warriors on
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set,
And his stern lip curl'd slightly, as if praise
Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,
But free as India's leopard, and his mail
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear,
Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.
His crest was Judah's kingliest; and the look
Of his dark, lofty eye and bended brow,
Might quell the lion. He led on; but thoughts
Seemed gathering round which troubled him. The veins
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow,
And his proud lip was press'd as if with pain.
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill
He dare not meet, were there. His home was near;
And men were thronging with that strange delight
They have in human passions, to observe
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.
He gazed intensely forward. The tall firs
Before his tent were motionless. The leaves
Of the sweet aloe, and the clustering vines
Which half concealed his threshold, met his eye,
Unchanged and beautiful; and one by one,
The balsam, with its sweet-distilling stems,
And the Circassian rose, and all the crowd
Of silent and familiar things stole up,
Like the recover'd passages of dreams.
He strode on rapidly. A moment more,
And he had reach'd his home; when, lo! there sprang
One with a bounding footstep and a brow
Of light to meet him. Oh how beautiful!—
Her dark eye flashing like a sun-lit gem—

And her luxuriant hair!—'twas like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,
As if the sight had withered him. She threw
Her arms about his neck—he heeded not.
She call'd him "Father"—but he answered not.
She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth?
There was no anger in that blood-shot eye.
Had sickness seized him? She unclasp'd his helm,
And laid her white hand gently on his brow,
And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like cords.
The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands,
And spoke the name of God in agony.
She knew that he was stricken, then; and rush'd
Again into his arms; and, with a flood
Of tears she could not bridle, sobb'd a prayer
That he would breathe his agony in words.
He told her—and a momentary flush
Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul
Of Jephtha's daughter waken'd; and she stood
Calmly and nobly up, and said 'twas well—
And she would die. * * * * *

The sun had well nigh set.
The fire was on the altar; and the priest
Of the High God was there. A pallid man
Was stretching out his trembling hand to Heaven,
As if he would have prayed, but had no words—
And she who was to die, the calmest one
In Israel at that hour, stood up alone,
And waited for the sun to set. Her face
Was pale, but very beautiful—her lip
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint
Was deeper; but her countenance was like
The majesty of angels.

The sun set—
And she was dead, but not by violence.

N. P. Willis.

CLXVIII.—SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread:
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch.
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

Work—work—work—
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

Oh! men, with sisters dear!
Oh! men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once a double thread—
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of Death,
That Phantom of grizzly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own!
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep:
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags—

That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work,
As prisoner's work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright:
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet:
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessèd leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread;—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
  She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

HOOD.

CLXIX.—THE MAYFLOWER.

1. METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not in sight of the wished-for shore.

2. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

3. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

4. Shut now the volume of History, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this.

5. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it a tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea? was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all of them combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so simple, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious? EDWARD EVERETT.

CLXX.—THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travelers, Roger and I;
Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp;
Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old:
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather.
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink,—
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head;
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said;
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir! see him wag his tail, and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water;
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger here (what a plague a cough is, sir)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Paws up! Eyes front! Salute your officer!

'Bout face! Attention! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see.) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!
Some brandy—thank you—there! it passes.

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guess'd
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her! Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road; a carriage stopped;
But little she dream'd, as on she went,
Who kiss'd the coin that her fingers dropp'd!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry:
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before. Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart;
He is sad, sometimes, and would weep if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleeper needs neither victuals nor drink;
The sooner the better for Roger and me.

J. T. Trowbridge.

CLXXI.—FRANKLIN AND FREDERICK THE GREAT.

1. Franklin was not led on by hazard, by imitation, or by reminiscenes of what had been accomplished by the ancients. The discovery of the admirable instrument was for him the crowning of an edifice, the result of his experiments and observations on the nature of electricity. Franklin did not see in the mysterious fluid a kind of material autonomy constantly realized. Nevertheless, however imperfect his ideas may have been, they raised him to immortality; for they caused him to launch an iron point into the clouds above.

2. He brought to bear in this experiment that truly positive tendency which characterizes the whole of his long and admirable career. He raised his iron point in the most simple, the most popular manner, by means of a common child's kite, such as might have amused schoolboys during their Easter holidays.

3. Questioned with such sublime boldness, the clouds were not long in sending their reply. The courageous and sagacious observer was not long in recognizing with joy that he grasped the fire of the heavens contained in his simple apparatus. A spark was emitted whenever he approached his hand to the conducting portion of the string. The principle of the lightning-conductor was thus discovered; but this magnificent experiment was not yet sufficient to to realize it. How many others, how much thought, and what troubles were necessary to accomplish this! Nature herself is not always so difficult to vanquish; but to tame her phenomena and make them profitable to man, the most terrible obstacle one meets is almost invariably man himself.

4. The Royal Society of London received with superb scorn the account of these immortal experiments related in a communication by Dr. Mitchell. It required little more to stifle any further research. Vulgar caricatures were stuck up in the streets, and reverend gentlemen invited their lay brethren to forbid the use of so dangerous an instrument. A few centuries earlier, and Franklin would have been burnt alive, as many inventors of excellent things have been.

5. When the public mind was quieted by accumulated enlightenment, the torture was entirely of a moral nature. The most virulent opposition was that of a king, who gave himself the airs of a phi-

losopher, and who liked to frequent their society. Who would dare to affirm that the great Frederick was not infinitely humiliated when he learned that an unpretending man, a species of clodhopper, had discovered a great secret, which had escaped all the physicists of his court, all the powdered, scented, frilled professors who sat in the Royal Society of Berlin!

6. What appears most evident is, that he used as many endeavors to convince his people of the imposture of this American artisan, as he did to triumph over Maria Theresa. But he soon learned, at the expense of his pride, that it was easier to divide Poland, to snatch Silesia from the daughters of the Cæsars, and even to gain the battle of Rosbach, than to stop the progress of a scientific fact, of an invincible light!

7. A learned and amiable man, Dr. Fothergill, an influential member of the Royal Society of London, took under his protection the little treatise in which Franklin made known his discoveries. In a short time this immortal work was translated into Italian, into German, and even into Latin! His experiments were repeated by Romas at Nerac; at Montbard by Buffon himself; at St. Germain by Delor; at Turin by Beccaria, and, finally, in Russia by Professor Richmann. The latter, who had erected a cabinet at his own house that he might study the properties of lightning, perished by his zeal for science. A blue ball of fire emanating suddenly from the chain which he had attached to his lightning conductor, struck him on the forehead and killed him instantly, in presence of the engraver Sokolow, who was also stunned and thrown to the ground.

8. Up to this time almost unknown in Europe, the philosopher of Philadelphia was now the object of universal attention. The different Academies sought eagerly to enrol him among their members. The Royal Society of London, to repair as much as possible the harm done, admitted him a fellow, and exempted him from the payment of the twenty-three guineas. But how many Franklins die before their contemporaries have time to recognize their errors! How many Franklins have not even the consolation of thinking that after their death their discoveries may come to light! Less fortunate than Kepler, for the most part, centuries must elapse before a single reader will be found worthy of understanding them.

W. De Fonvielle.

CLXXII.—THE LAST CHARGE.

"We ride our last march—let each crest be borne high!
We raise our last cheer—let it startle the sky
And the land with one brave farewell;
For soon never more to our voice shall reply
Rock, hollow, fringed river, or dell.

"Let our trump ring its loudest; in closest array,
Hoof for hoof, let us ride; for the chief who to-day
Reviews us—is Death, the Victorious:
Let him to look up to Fame, as we perish, and say,
'Enrol them—the fall'n are the glorious!'

"We spur to the gorge; from its channel of ire
Livid light bursts like surf, its spray leaps in fire,
As the spars of some vessel staunch,
Bold hearts crack and fall; we nor swerve nor retire,
But in the mid-tempest we launch.

"We cleave the smoke-billows, as wild waves the prow;
The flash of our sabres gleams straight like the glow
Which a ploughing keel doth break
From the grim seas around, with light on her bow,
And light in her surging wake.

"We dash full on their guns—through the flare and the roar
Stood the gunners bare-armed; now they stand there no more;
The war-throat waits dumb for the ball:
For those men pale and mazed to the chine we shore,
And their own cannon's smoke was their pall.

"That's done, we're at bay; for the foe, with a yell
Piles his legions around us. Their bayonets swell
Line on line; we are planted in steel:
'Good carbine! trusty blade! Each shot is a knell,
Each sword-sweep a fate—they reel!'

One by one fall our men, each girt with his slain,
A death-star with belts! 'Charge! we break them!' In vain!
From the heights their batteries roar;
The fire-sluices burst; through that flood, in a rain
Of iron, we strike for the shore.

"Thunder answers to thunder, bolts darken the air,
To breathe is to die; their funeral glare
The lit hills on our brave ones rolled:
What of that? They had entered the lists with Despair,
And the lot which they met—they foretold.

"Comrade sinks heaped on comrade! A ghostly band
That fell tide, when it ebbs, shall leave on the strand;
Of the swimmers who stemmed it that day
A spent, shattered remnant we struggle to land,
And wish we were even as they."

Oh, my country, my country! Thy heart be the tomb
Of those who for thee rode fearless to doom,
The sure doom which they well foreknew;
Though mad was the summons, they saw in the gloom,
Duty beckon—and followed her through.

WESTLAND MARSTON.

CLXXIII.—TOO LATE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas:
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

Never a scornful word should grieve ye:
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

O! to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now, up in Heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you!
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows;
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas;
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew,
As I lay my hand on your dead heart, Douglas:
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINA MARIA MULOCH.

CLXXIV.—PERMANENCE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

1. THE election of a Chief Magistrate by the mass of the people of an extensive community was, to the most enlightened nations of antiquity, a political impossibility. Destitute of the art of printing, they could not have introduced the representative principle into their political systems, even if they had understood it. In the very nature of things, that principle can only be co-extensive with popular intelligence.

2. In this respect the art of printing, more than any invention since the creation of man, is destined to change and elevate the political condition of society. It has given a new impulse to the energies of the human mind, and opens new and brilliant destinies to modern republics, which were utterly unattainable by the ancients. The existence of a country population, scattered over a vast extent of territory, as intelligent as the population of the cities, is a phenomenon which was utterly and necessarily unknown to the free States of antiquity.

3. All the intelligence which controlled the destiny and upheld the dominion of republican Rome, was confined to the walls of the

great city. Even when her dominion extended beyond Italy to the utmost known limits of the inhabited world, the city was the exclusive seat both of intelligence and empire.

4. Without the art of printing, and the consequent advantages of a free press, that habitual and incessant action of mind upon mind, which is essential to all human improvement, could no more exist, among a numerous and scattered population, than the commerce of disconnected continents could traverse the ocean without the art of navigation.

5. Here, then, is the source of our superiority, and our just pride as a nation. The statesmen of the remotest extremes of the Union can converse together, like the philosophers of Athens, in the same portico, or the politicians of Rome, in the same forum. Distance is overcome, and the citizens of Georgia and of Maine can be brought to co-operate in the same great object, with as perfect a community of views and feelings as actuated the tribes of Rome in the assemblies of the people.

6. It is obvious that liberty has a more extensive and durable foundation in the United States than it ever has had in any other age or country. By the representative principle—a principle unknown and impracticable among the ancients—the whole mass of society is brought to operate, in constraining the action of power, and in the conservation of public liberty. McDUFFIE.

CLXXV.—MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun,

No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear;
But grateful take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff;—I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster, in the brook
Shall see its image given.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days, in golden haze,
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal—
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track,
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. WHITTIER.

CLXXVI.—GODFREY TO THE CRUSADERS.

"Warriors of God, by God himself elected,
Of his true Faith the breaches to restore!
Ye, whom his arm has guided, and protected
From storms by sea and ambuscades on shore!
So that in these few years that have flown o'er,
It has been ours strong monarchies to tame,
Realm after realm, rebellious now no more,
And through the shaken nations spread the fame
Of His triumphant Cross and consecrated name!

"We left not (do I err?) our native land,
Connubial pledges and domestic sweets,
Trusting our fortunes to a faithless strand,
Where battle rages and wild ocean beats,
But to acquire, with its barbaric seats,
A crowd's huzza; if upon this we built,
How poor th' ambition! sense with scorn repeats
The prize, and all the blood, our swords have spilt,
Has to our deathless souls been sown in deepest guilt!

"Built far more glorious were our aims,—we vow'd
The noble wall of Zion to obtain,
And work redemption for the faithful, bow'd
Beneath subjection's ignominious chain;
Founding in Palestine a purer reign
Where Piety may rest, and Peace recline
In full security, and none restrain
The free born pilgrim, passing o'er the brine,
From offering holy vows at meek Messiah's shrine.

"Thus, then, till now we have risk'd much, toil'd more:
Reap'd little good, but for our main intent
Or turn to other marks the bow we bent:
What will it serve us from the Occident
I have drawn this splendid force, and to have strown
These fires abroad o'er Asia, if th' event
Of our so mighty movement be alone—
Not glorious kingdoms raised, but ruin'd and o'erthrown!

"He who would here raise empires, must not seek
On worldly policies the base to found,
Where of a fellow-faith his friends are weak
And few, amidst the countless Pagans round,
The land that people,—here, where he no ground
Can have on Grecian succor to presume,
And all too distant from his trumpet's sound
Lies the far West; he builds, but the Simoom
Sweeps round, and instant his palace to a tomb.

"Turks, Persians, Antioch, (an illustrious prize,)
In fain and fact magnificent,) attest
Not our past skill, but the assisting skies;
Victory a wonder was: now, if we invest
These purposed blessings to an end unblest,
Wronging the Giver who so far has crown'd
The hopes we cherished,—Chiefs! I tremble, lest
We vanish to a fable and a sound,—
The brilliant by-word pass'd through the wide nations round.

"May there be none among us, O my friends,
So to misuse such gifts! your interests see;
With these sublime commencements; let the ends,
The filament and woof throughout agree,
Now that the passes of the land are free;
Now that the vernal season clears the plain,
Apt for the enterprise, why rush not we
The crown of all conquests to attain?
What should prevent the deed? what here our arms detain?

"Princes! I vow to you (and what I vow,
Present and future times alike shall hear;
The very angels, while I speak it, bow
On their bright thrones, and lend a list'ning ear,)
The period is arrived that we should rear
Our flag aloft; less fortunate will flow
The tide, the longer we delay; things clear
Will set in night, and if our course be slow,
Egypt—assured I speak—will aid the Syrian foe!"

CLXXVII.—THE "FURIES."

PARAPHRASED FROM "LES DJINNS."

1. The wide wall-encompassed city and its haven, are silent as the asylum of death; the sea which the wind may lash into a tempest, is now placid as a slumbering infant.

2. Suddenly, in the plain, a muttering sound is heard; it is the breath of the night; it murmurs like a soul tormented with an eternal flame of despair.

3. The loudest voice seems but the tinkling of a little bell, the farthest bound of the wild horse is but the step of a dwarf in comparison; it seems to recede; then it advances, and now, in harmonious cadence, it dances on the summit of the swelling wave.

4. The uproar comes nearer; the echo sends back the sound; it is like the bell of a deserted convent; like the tumult of a crowd, which thunders and rolls on in horrible discord; one while sinking low, and then again swelling into loudest fury.

5. Heavens! it is the sepulchral voice of the demons! what a thundering uproar they create; let us fly from their dread approach; alas! my lamp is extinguished, and thick darkness gathers round me.

6. It is a cohort of Furies who pass and whistle like a whirlwind. The yew trees are shattered to pieces by the flutter of their wings, and crack like tall pines in flames. In their rapid flight through the empty air, they seem like a livid cloud lined all round with dazzling fire.

7. They are very near! let us close the hall door and defy their wild fury. What an uproar without! a hideous army of vampires and dragons! the beams of the shaking roof bend like a weak bulrush before the tempest, and the door trembles as it would tear itself away from its rusty hinges.

8. It is the cry of hell! the voice which shrieks and weeps; the hideous gang driven by the north wind, will, O Heavens! overwhelm my abode. The walls bow under the power of the infernal crew. The whole house creaks and totters, and now uprooted from its deep foundations, the tempest hurls it along in a whirlwind of fury, as it were a dry leaf in autumn.

9. Prophet! if thy hand should save me from these impious

demons of the night, I will prostrate myself before thy sacred altars! Grant that the blast of their flashing flames may fall harmlessly upon my habitation, and that in vain their strong and sooty wings may strike against the glass of my darkened windows.

10. They have passed! the battalion of Furies has fled; and their cloven hoofs cease their ponderous blows against my door. The air is full of the clanking of chains, and in the neighboring forests all the tall oaks shudder and bend under the fiery flight of these demons from hell!

11. As they recede, the confused uproar of their flapping wings decreases, and it gradually dies away into a gentle murmur; it sounds like the chirping of the grasshopper or the rattling of the light hail upon the leaden roof of an antiquated castle.

12. Strange utterances come to us still! then, when the Arab sounds his horn on the borders of the sea, a song is heard at intervals upon the sandy beach, and the slumbering infant dreams of everything beautiful and bright.

13. Those children of death, those demons of darkness, press their steps; the swarthy multitude murmurs like a deep sea-wave which does not rise to the surface.

14. This hollow murmur, which lulls to sleep, is the half-suppressed, doleful bewailing of some holy saint for the dead.

15. I doubt whether it is night; I listen! everything flies, everything passes by me, and the sound of the footsteps of time is lost in the immensity of space. VICTOR HUGO.

CLXXVIII.—FROM DANTE.

His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began:
"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings
My heart, or ere I tell on 't. But if words
That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,

The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou may'st be
I know not, nor how here below art come:
But Florentine thou seem'st of a truth,
When I do hear thee. Know I was on earth
Count Ugolino, and the Archbishop he,
Ruggieri. Why I neighbor him so close,
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en
And after murder'd, need is not I tell.
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,
And know if he have wrong'd me. A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seem'd tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?
Now had they waken'd; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath lock'd up
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
I look'd upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.

They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'st not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretched did fling him, crying 'Hast no help
For me, my father!' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Call'd on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,
Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth
He fasten'd, like a mastiff's, 'gainst the bone
Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou Pisa! shame
Of all the people who their dwelling make
In that fair region where the Italian voice
Is heard; since that thy neighbors are so slack
To punish, from their deep foundations rise
Capraria and Gorgona, and dam up
The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee
May perish in the waters. What if fame
Reported that thy castles were betray'd
By Ugolino; yet no right hadst thou

To stretch his children on the rack. For them,
Brigata, Ugueccione, and the pair
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did make
Uncapable of guilt. Onward we pass'd.

CLXXIX.—SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

My heart is full of tenderness and tears,
And tears are in mine eyes, I know not why:
With all my grief, content to live for years,
Or even this hour to die.
My youth is gone, but that I heed not now;
My love is dead, or worse than dead can be;
My friends drop off like blossoms from a bough,
But nothing troubles me,
Only the golden flush of sunset lies
Within my heart like fire, like dew, withering my eyes!

Spirit of Beauty! whatsoe'er thou art,
I see thy skirts afar, and feel thy power;
It is thy presence fills this charmed hour,
And fills my charmed heart;
Nor mine alone, but myriads feel thee now,
That know not what they feel, nor while they bow:
Thou canst not be forgot,
For all men worship thee, and know it not;
Nor men alone, but babes with wondrous eyes,
New-comers on the earth, and strangers from the skies!

We hold the keys of heaven within our hands,
The gift and heirloom of a former state,
And lie in infancy at heaven's gate,
Transfigur'd in the light that streams along the lands!
Around our pillars golden ladders rise,
And up and down the skies.

With winged sandals shod,
The angels come and go, the messengers of God!
Nor do they depart—
It is the childish heart,
We walk as heretofore,
Adown their shining ranks, but see them never more!
Not heaven is gone, but we are blind with tears,
Groping our way along the downward slope of years!

From earliest infancy my heart was thine;
With childish feet I trod thy temple aisles;
Not knowing tears, I worship'd thee with smiles,
Or if I ever wept, it was with joy divine!
By day and night, on land, and sea, and air,—
I saw thee everywhere!
A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
The mists enfolded me with soft white arms;
The birds did sing to lap me in content,
The rivers wove their charms,
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass!

Not long can Nature satisfy the mind,
Nor outward fancies feed its inner flame;
We feel a growing want we cannot name,
And long for something sweet, but undefined;
The wants of Beauty other wants create,
Which overflow on others soon or late;
For all that worship thee must ease the heart,
By Love, or Song, or Art:
Divinest Melancholy walks with thee,
Her thin white cheek forever lean'd on thine;
And Music leads her sister Poesy,
In exultation shouting songs divine!
But on thy breast Love lies—immortal child!
Begot of thine own longings deep and wild:
The more we worship him, the more we grow
Into thy perfect image here below,
For here below, as in the spheres above,
All Love is Beauty, and all Beauty, Love!

Not from the things around us do we draw
The light within; within the light is born;
The growing rays of some forgotten morn,
And added canons of eternal law.
The painter's picture, the rapt poet's song,
The sculpture's statue, never saw the Day;
Not shaped and moulded after aught of clay,
Whose crowning work still does its spirit wrong;
Hue after hue divinest pictures grow,
Line after line immortal songs arise,
And limb by limb, out-starting stern and slow,
The statue wakes with wonder in its eyes!
And in the master's mind
Sound after sound is born, and dies like wind,
That echoes through a range of ocean-caves,
And straight is gone to weave its spell upon the waves!
The mystery is thine,
For thine the more mysterious human heart,
The Temple of all wisdom, Beauty's shrine,
The oracle of Art!

Earth is thine outer court, and Life a breath;
Why should we fear to die, and leave the earth?
Not thine alone the lesser key of Birth,—
But all the keys of Death;
And all the worlds, with all that they contain
Of Life, and Death, and Time, are thine alone;
The universe is girdled with a chain,
And hung below the throne
Where Thou dost sit, the universe to bless,—
Thou sovereign smile of God, eternal loveliness!

RICHARD H. STODDARD.

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